No. 222 (New Series). Vol. 5. June 20, 1936

The PASSING SHOW

Summer
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Number
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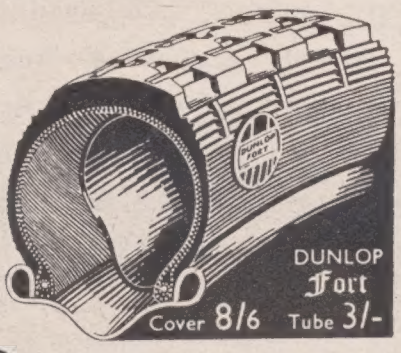

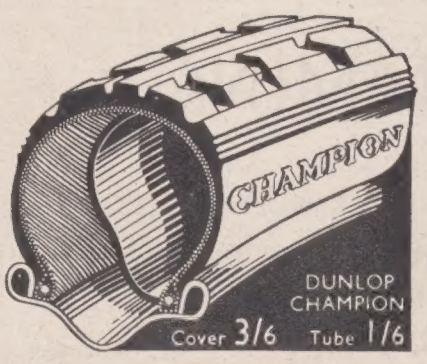

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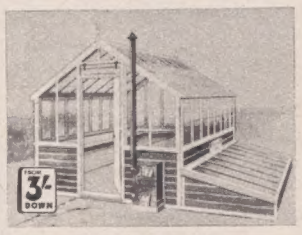

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Mrs. M. T. (wife of a prominent hotel owner) writes: "After using 3 bottles in 24 days, I reduced 11 lbs. in weight and 4½ ins. in measurements."

●

*The originals of these, and of all the other letters used in this advertisement, can be seen at our London Office.

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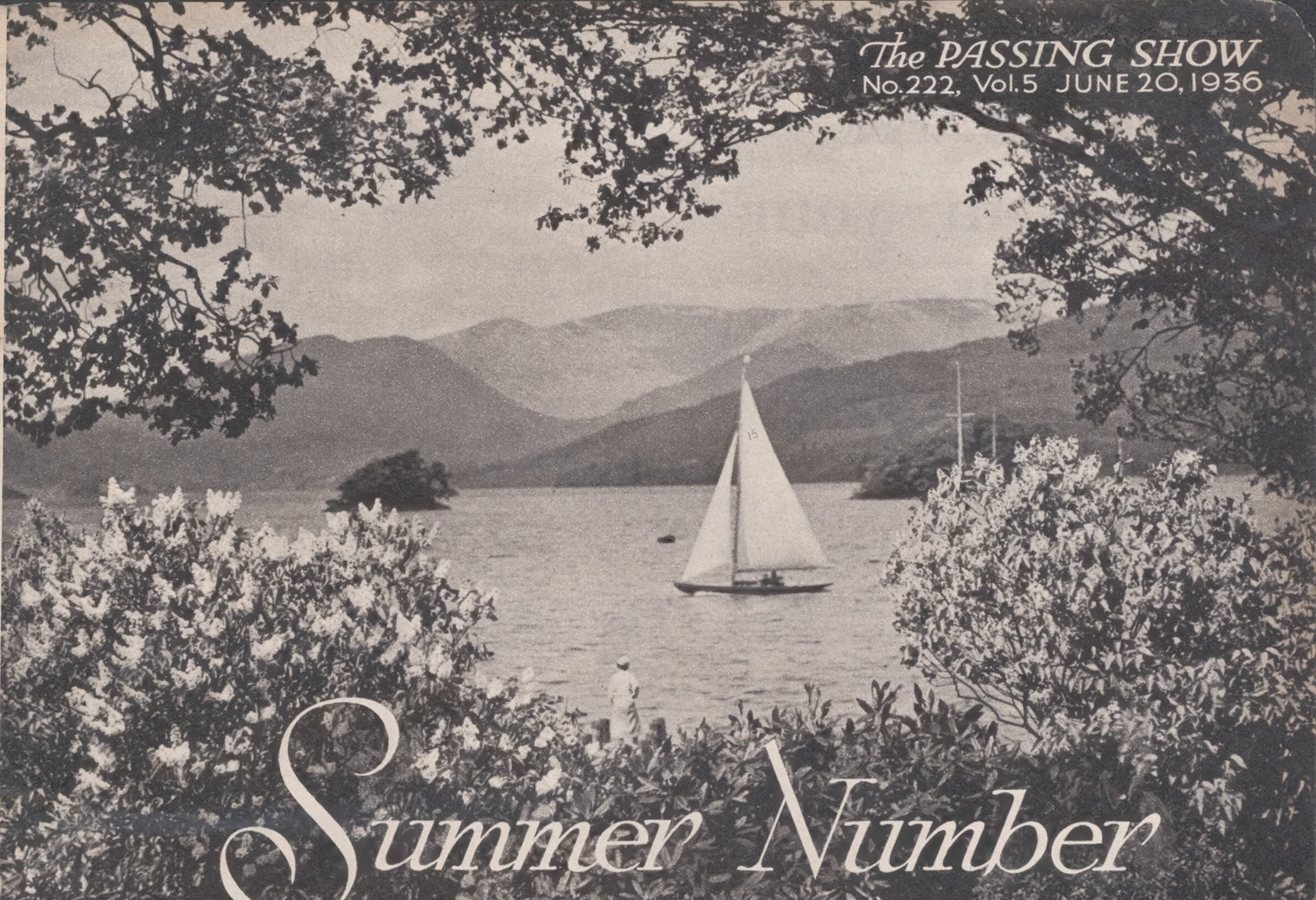
R60 PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN CAPITAL LETTERS.

Hedley, Byrne & Co.

The PASSING SHOW
No. 222, Vol. 5 JUNE 20, 1936



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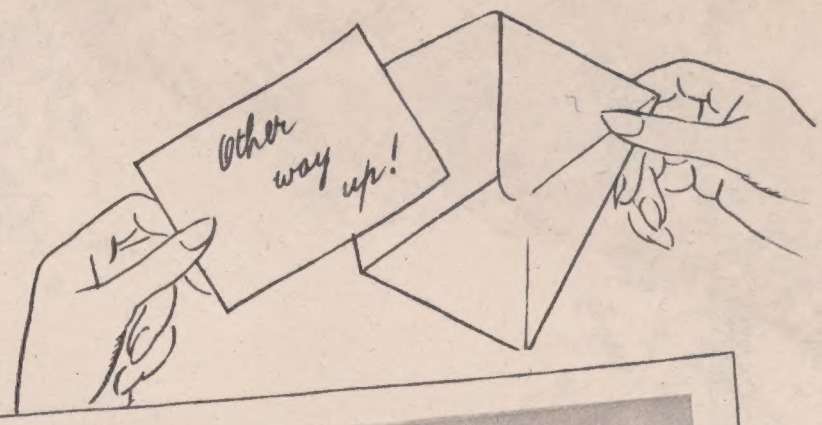
Take SNAPS to put in your letters



When you see the children having a high time, when the family gets together in the garden, think how much your friends and relations would like to see it — and how much you would like to see it again. Then — out with the 'Kodak'!

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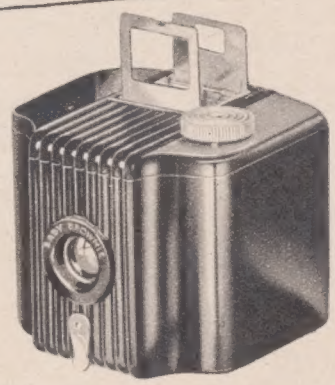

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FRANCIS BEEDING

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

The Legacy *Murders*

VALERIE BEAUCHAMP, *alias* Vera Brown—but the *alias* was carefully concealed from her numerous public—sat back in her chair and tapped her front teeth with the end of her fountain-pen. The pen was of gold, and it was a symbol of her success inscribed, in homage, by a group of devoted readers, to the author of "Love Among the Bluebells." It had now been in constant use for the last eight years, ever since, in fact, "Love Among the Bluebells" had put her in the front rank of popular lady novelists. "Passion Fruit," the new great work now approaching completion on this fine May morning, was also a masterpiece.

She stared at the sheet of neatly ruled foolscap on the silver-cornered blotter in front of her:

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," he said, as he drew her close.

Valerie Beauchamp looked doubtfully at the script. She was not quite sure of that opening phrase. It struck a memory. Someone, perhaps, had used it before. No matter. It was the divine right of genius to transmute the baser metal of its predecessors.

Rosemary Vallance clung desperately to her lover. He turned away. She looked at him with misty eyes. "Luke," she cried. "Why do you make it so hard for me?"

That would pass. But now she must finish the scene. Should he fling from the room with averted face before her spell upon him grew irresistible? Should he bury his head in her lap?

Valerie Beauchamp considered the matter, till her eyes, rising from the paper, fell suddenly upon a familiar figure coming up the garden path. It passed on its way to the front of the house. It was only the postman on his midday round, but her heart, as frequently happened to those of her heroines, missed a beat, and the double rap that followed shortly afterwards was, as she phrased it to herself, like fate knocking on the door.

Should she go herself to the letter-box? She rose from the table. But no—that would be unworthy. Shorter, the maid, had strict orders to bring in the post immediately.

There might not, of course, be a letter. Yet this was Thursday, and there was usually a letter on Thursday. She stood a moment facing the door, trembling with impatience. Love's messenger should come to her on wings, not crawl to her with leaden feet.

There came a sound from the hall outside, the click of a key in the box. Valerie Beauchamp sat quickly to her desk and, when Shorter entered, she was writing steadily.

"Well," she said, as the maid approached with a salver, "what is it?"

"Second post, madam."

Valerie Beauchamp sighed and looked upon Shorter with dreamy eyes.

"Is it as late as that? How quickly the time passes. You may put the letters there."

She pointed vaguely to a free space on the table. The maid deposited the letters and left the room.

Valerie Beauchamp dropped the gold pen. She had seen an envelope. It was of the shape and colour she expected. She swept the rest aside and took it up. That was his writing—a firm, clear hand, not unlike her own. She had told him not to write. But he had disobeyed her. O sweet defiance!

She would not open it yet. She sat back trembling a little in her chair. She had written of romance for many years and now at last it had come to her.

Her mind went back to the origin of it all. The first letter had come not six weeks ago. He had signed himself Arthur Scott-Digby. From the start he had hinted at mystery, writing from a modest address in Long Acre, 151 Baffin's Court, but hinting at a more spacious existence and at special reasons for a wilful obscurity. She divined a sensitive nature, saddened and driven to a voluntary seclusion by disappointment. He had loved, perhaps—not wisely but too well.

"I find in your books," he had written, "the suggestion of a lonely spirit that must create for itself a world in which it can live dedicated and apart from common life. Yet all that you write is inspired by so exquisite an understanding of men and women that, though I must continue to live apart from my fellows, you have restored my faith in human nature."

Almost against her will she had answered that first letter. Arthur Scott-Digby had replied. The correspondence had grown up like a grain of mustard-seed, each letter more intimate and more moving than the last. Very soon a personal note had entered. He had begun to wonder what she was like in her home, intruding upon her private hours with daring speculation.

"When next you look into your mirror," he had written, "imagine that I am peeping over your shoulder"; or, with an audacity that took her breath away: "It is midnight. I think of you sleeping in your room where only the moon may visit you or my thoughts, walking softly, lest they tread upon your dreams."

Shortly after that, of course, he had asked for her portrait, pleading that he had nothing to know her by except a picture cut from an illustrated paper. After much hesitation she had sent him a photograph—a camera study by the famous Miller of Dover Street, born to disprove that the camera cannot lie. The photograph stood now upon her desk. Certainly it flattered her, but not excessively.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING

The Legacy Murders

She turned to the mirror that hung upon the wall beside her. She looked at her image with detachment—not, she thought, as a lover would look, peeping over her shoulder. She saw a pale, oval face, flushing at her thoughts so that it scarcely needed Max Factor's No. 5 for Brunettes which gave it colour for normal occasions. It was not a beautiful face. Nor was it exactly plain. It was nondescript—a blank page, on which much or little might be written.

The eyes were between green and blue, a neutral tint. But eyes, so she told herself, were but windows of the soul. The nose was short and undistinguished—a woman's face should not be too resolute. Her mouth, she had always thought, was her best feature, full and rich in promise, almost voluptuous. Her chin, not so firm as it had been, nevertheless kept its outline. Her hair was smooth and plentiful. She had kept it long—woman's crowning glory—and there was as yet only a suspicion of grey at the temples. There were lines about the eyes and across the forehead, but youth did not last for ever.

Valerie Beauchamp turned from the mirror. She was not discouraged, and any misgivings she might have had were dispelled as, with fingers that trembled a little, she slit the envelope with a jade paper-knife and sat forward to read the precious sheets.

"Queen of a thousand hearts," she read. "I am looking at your picture and can wait no longer. I must now behold the sweet original. Put down for a moment the busy pen which, between your slim fingers, weaves magic for us all, and take pity on one who longs to see you in the flesh. I have lain these three nights without rest, and this morning I walked the streets of the city till I saw the dawn come up over Clerkenwell. Now I am writing these lines, which I shall confide to His Majesty's mails before my heart fails me. Valerie, our meeting can no longer be postponed. I perish like a traveller in the desert, consumed by the sun of my own desire."

"Beautiful," murmured Valerie Beauchamp.

She began to read again.

"You shall meet me on the old turnpike road where once the highwaymen would spring from the trees upon unsuspecting travellers, bidding them stand and deliver. But you shall deliver only your heart. I will be waiting in ambush by the Wood called High, at the chap of seven, with the dying sun behind me. There will I watch to-night and every night until you come.

"Again I entreat you to take pity. Think of me to-day and every day at nightfall, a wretched wight, alone and palely loitering."

Valerie Beauchamp shook her head gently.

"The poor boy is delirious," she said.

There was nothing to follow—merely the word "Arthur" at the foot of the page, standing quite alone as though it would suggest a solitary figure waiting . . . waiting.

Valerie Beauchamp opened one of the drawers of her writing-desk and pulled out a photograph. It showed her a young man with a Van Dyke beard and moustache and an open collar. The portrait was inscribed: "To Valerie Beauchamp from the humblest of her admirers, Arthur Scott-Digby."

She looked long at it. Almost she raised it to her lips; but at that instant a knock sounded at the door.

She thrust away the picture and, seating herself quickly in the chair, picked up again the golden pen.

The door opened. She did not turn her head, engrossed now in the work of creation.

"Your sherry and biscuits," came a voice at her elbow.

Lavinia Brown, cousin, companion, and a very useful person, deposited a tray upon the table.

"Thank you, Lavinia."

Valerie Beauchamp looked at the thin, unlovely creature beside her. Poor Lavinia would never know romance.

"Could you perhaps receive Mrs. Carey? She is most anxious to have a word with you."

Valerie Beauchamp stiffened and a cold gleam came into her eyes.

"The charwoman?"

Her voice held all the qualities of water preparing to form an icicle.

"What does she want to see me about? That sort of person should be kept in the background."

She composed herself in a suitable attitude, one elbow on the writing-desk, her left hand lying across her right knee. Her thoughts, drifting to a full-page illustration of Miss Valerie Beauchamp, celebrated author, as our representative found her in her charming house at Highwood, received an unpleasant jolt from a series of sniffs behind her.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, m'm, but it's like this. Y'see, my daughter's in trouble—leastways, not what *you* would call trouble, m'm, but her eldest, well, he's got the measles. Very bad they are down our way and the doctor he says he can't be moved and my daughter's husband, he's on relief and if I could have a little bit in advance, as it were, on my next month."

Valerie drew back.

"A most thriftless and improvident suggestion, Mrs. Carey. Your daughter ought to take her boy to the isolation hospital. You will find my name on the list of subscribers. I do not believe in promiscuous charity."

"The doctor says it would be dangerous to move him, m'm, and I'm not asking for charity. I'm only asking for an advance."

"It's quite out of the question," answered Valerie firmly. "You must learn to manage your affairs more wisely, Mrs. Carey. Business is business. You have made a contract with me and contracts must be strictly observed on both sides."

There was a short silence and Valerie turned, with a gesture of finality, to her desk. Suddenly she recollected something.

"You have not yet had your wages for last month?"

"No, m'm."

"You've been absent this month for several days."

"It was my knees, m'm. Rheumatism, but the panel doctor gave it another name. Crippled for life you'll be, he says to me, if you're not more careful."

"For how long?"

"It was for three days," said Lavinia.

"Then you will please deduct seven and sixpence from Mrs. Carey's wages," said Valerie firmly.

"But please, m'm——" began Mrs. Carey.

"If you don't like the arrangement, Mrs. Carey, you needn't come here any more. I can always find someone to replace you."

Mrs. Carey darted a frightened look at the two women.

"Please, m'm," she said hastily. "It's quite all right. I'm not saying but what you've always treated me right."

She stared a moment at the rigid back of her employer and shuffled hastily towards the door. It was no good quarrelling with the scrap on your bread.

Five minutes later Valerie raised a glass of Amontillado to the light.

"That class of woman," she remarked to Lavinia, "is quite hopeless."

Lavinia eyed the sherry decanter thirstily.

"Quite," she said, with resignation.

◆ ◆ ◆

"The Reverend Canon Garnett and Miss Garnett," Peters announced.

"Officer," she said, "come quickly . . . Miss Beauchamp . . . dead in her bed . . . murdered."

The Canon came forward across the shaven lawn into the pleasant walled garden of "Avilion," the Highwood home of the celebrated novelist, and cleared his throat preparatory to greeting her. Except for a Roman collar and stock, he wore mufti in the shape of a dark grey suit, presumably in deference to the splendid summer weather. But his voice proclaimed his profession.

"How do you do?" he was intoning. "These are busy days, Miss Beauchamp. But I simply had to come. I should hate to miss one of your parties."

"Dr. and Mrs. Reeves," declaimed Peters from the stone steps at the foot of which Valerie was receiving her guests.

Why did the doctor always cheep and chuckle as though life were just too amusing for words?

A stout little man with a round, weatherbeaten face, grey hair and pale blue eyes, accompanied by a tall, angular woman, came down to the terrace.

"How do you do, Miss Beauchamp? Ha ha."

The man had a nervous laugh at the end of every sentence. Lavinia found the habit intensely irritating. She had no use for the doctor or his faded wife or for his oafish son, an enlarged edition of his father, who was making, she noted, straight for the claret cup. Freddy Reeves was like that. The table on the lawn, set with fair linen, assumed, as he approached it, the aspect of a bar. Such young men were mere wasters of substance, and Valerie would never have invited him but for the fact that, between rustications, he was an Oxford undergraduate and was on the Committee of the Highwood Literary Society.

Lavinia searched the gardens for other members of the Highwood Literary Society and in a corner of the rose-garden discerned Edward Calcott, the honorary secretary, talking earnestly to Adelaide Tring.

Adelaide, author of "Acid Drops," was the Society's oldest and most formidable member. She admitted her age. She even proclaimed it aloud. But she insisted on sharing it with the younger women of her acquaintance. She was prepared to grow old, but not to admit that anyone else could still be young. She was talking to Edward Calcott with an affected animation.

Lavinia wondered what could be amusing them. She distrusted that young man profoundly. He was bright in a way that she did not understand and bitter in a way that she did not approve. He was vain of his slender figure, his small black moustache, his weak profile and his long, rather silken hair, through which he would frequently pass a finger and thumb. He, too, had literary pretensions, rather more serious than those of Freddy Reeves. He was a shining light among the imagists and his verse, which appeared from time to time in quite good periodicals, had just been collected into a slim volume which none of the critics had been able to understand or honest enough to condemn.

His attention, Lavinia noted, was not wholly given to the conversation in which he was engaged. His pale grey eyes wandered more or less continuously towards the tea-table where Freddy Reeves, over the claret cup, was quizzing Naomi Garnett, the Canon's daughter.

Naomi, of course, had no right to be talking to Freddy Reeves. She should be helping to make the party a success. But Naomi had a tendency on these occasions to remember that she was the Canon's daughter and to forget that she was Valerie Beauchamp's secretary, paid at full market rates.

Naomi, of course, was being nice to Freddy Reeves simply to annoy Edward Calcott. The two young men were rivals for her favour, though why they should be rivals for a girl like that was difficult for Lavinia to understand. Naomi Garnett was not even pretty. She had a snub nose and a freckled face. A good figure, of course, and did not hesitate to show it at the bathing-pool. Men were easily taken in that way.

"Lavinia."

The voice of Valerie Beauchamp broke in upon her meditations. She started nervously and began to bestir herself with the tea-cups.

"Councillor Stanton," announced the indefatigable Peters.

Lavinia, pouring tea, watched the new arrival as he came down the steps. Councillor Joshua Stanton was also a member of the Literary Society. He represented the older generation and brought a conservative mind to bear upon its aims and activities. He was big and hectic and was reputed to read Dickens aloud to his family on winter evenings. He also claimed to be the greatest living authority on Shakespeare's sonnets. He had altered the order in which they should be read and inclined to the belief that they had been written by Queen Elizabeth.

Relieved at last by Peters of her duties at the urn, Lavinia walked across the lawn. She had seen her old friend, Olive Higham, a plump, merry little spinster of forty summers—not, heaven be praised, a literary light, but just a normal person who loved a bit of chat over the muffins. Lavinia greeted her warmly and, after a few kind words, resumed the path of duty. It took her past the strawberry beds where Edward Calcott was still talking to Adelaide Tring. She noted lyrically and in passing that a thrush was singing among the fruit. She remembered not so lyrically that the net had wanted mending, and that she had taken it to the house only to find that it was almost beyond repair. She must order another from the stores, else Valerie would rage.

Edward Calcott was still talking to Adelaide Tring.

"Honest to God," he was saying, "you shall see for yourself."

Lavinia drew near and their voices fell at her approach. She caught, however, a name that was strange to her . . . Arthur Scott-Digby.

"Too priceless," added Calcott, and said no more.

Who was Arthur Scott-Digby, and why were they talking about him?

"At last, Naomi. I have been looking for you everywhere."

Naomi turned abruptly, powder-puff in her hand, at the sound of Calcott's voice.

"Repairing the ravages?" he added.

She nodded without speaking, her eyes fixed on the round mirror of her compact. The freckles on her nose seemed more aggressive than usual, and she was feeling tired.

"You are the last to read this one," continued Calcott, "but it's worth waiting for, let me tell you."

He pushed towards her a slim envelope whose shape and size—exaggeratedly oblong—was too familiar. Naomi took it doubtfully. It was addressed in her employer's hand to Arthur Scott-Digby, Esq., 151 Baffin's Court, Long Acre, W.C.2.

"Better not read it here," he cautioned. "But I can tell you at once that the old trout has swallowed the bait, hook, line, and sinker this time."

He took her by the arm and drew her into the shade of the Cypress Walk, as Valerie Beauchamp called it, though it was, in fact, bordered with yew His sallow, eager face, with the little black moustache, twitched a little as it did in moments of excitement.

"Naomi, the crisis has come," he continued.

Naomi looked at him in alarm.

"You don't mean she has found us out?"

"Good Lord, no! Nothing like that. But journeys end in lovers meeting, and Arthur Scott-Digby will now have to put in an appearance—in flesh and in bones, as they say in France. The famous female novelist has agreed to meet her admirer on the road bordering Highwood, at the stroke of seven, on the day after to-morrow. She will find him large as life and twice as natural. It is a pity that all of us can't be there, but a full report of the proceedings will be distributed in due course."

Naomi looked at Calcott distastefully.

"Teddy, you can't," she protested.

"You remember how I was made up for the photograph. It will be a repeat order—all the proper fixings."

"Listen, Teddy."

"Go ahead."

"This business has gone far enough, too far, perhaps. If she should ever find out . . ."

"You'd lose your job, of course."

"I'm not thinking of that. The poor old girl would die of shame or go clean off her head."

There was a short silence. Calcott stirred the gravel of the path moodily.

"Don't take it any farther," she begged. "Just drop the whole thing and let's hope she may never find out anything about it."

Calcott passed his finger and thumb through his hair. Rebellion stirred in him.

"You're making too much of this business, Naomi," he said. "You're soft . . . no sense of values. That wretched old woman deserves no mercy. Those letters of hers to Arthur Scott-Digby make me feel as though I were looking through a microscope at the wriggling of some filthy little microbe."

"You wouldn't make fun of the microbe."

Calcott flung out his chest.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose it comes to this: you don't approve of my meeting love among the bluebells?"

"No, I don't," Naomi answered steadily.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"'Nuff said, Naomi. The Passion Fruit will wait in vain . . . where the blue of the night meets the gold of the day."

"Now, Edward."

The loud voice of Valerie broke in upon them. "I can't have you flirting with my secretary in the Cypress Walk. Naomi, run along and help with the sandwiches."

Naomi hastily turned away, crushing into the palm of her hand an envelope and letter addressed to Arthur Scott-Digby, Esq.

Valerie Beauchamp looked once more at the platinum and diamond watch on her wrist. It was nearly half-past eight and she had been alone for the last half-hour, having dined at half-past seven. That, of course, was unusual, but no questions had been asked. Lavinia and the servants knew better than to ask questions.

Valerie, as she slipped on a light silk coat and moved over the tiled hall to the mahogany front door, wondered, not for the first time, why she still kept Lavinia. Blood, she supposed, was thicker than water, and there was no getting away from the fact that Lavinia inherited certain peculiarities from a grandfather who was common to them both. They were not very pleasant. No one had ever mentioned insanity, of course, and the "home" in which Lavinia had once spent several months had been called merely a "Home of Rest." Lavinia, however, was useful, very useful indeed, and properly grateful to the dispenser of bounties.

Valerie walked steadily uphill, away from the garden suburb towards the west. She glanced yet again at her watch. The sunset was now a crimson glory. Unconsciously she quickened her pace. She must not keep him waiting. But that again was absurd. It was right and proper to keep him waiting. It was even necessary to do so. She must on no account show haste. None of her heroines ever showed haste. They might be overtaken, but never did they pursue.

She reached the high road and walked slowly in the direction of the wood. Arthur had said that he would await her with the sunset behind him, but that, perhaps, was only a figure of speech.

She crossed the road. The woods spread before her, falling away to east and west. The light was fading quickly. A number of couples were strolling enlaced beneath the trees and a low laugh came from the shadow of a thicket somewhere below. At the sound of that laughter her cheeks flushed. Whoever that girl was—some maidservant probably—she had found someone who loved her.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING The Legacy Murders

She quickened her pace, looking eagerly to right and left.

Someone was walking towards her and undoubtedly it was a man. He was approaching slowly with the sunset behind him and he wore a beard. Her knees went soft and her hands were trembling. She must pull herself together. She had almost halted, but forced herself forward. He was coming towards her. She could not see him clearly. Now he was only a yard away. She must not look him in the face.

"Excuse me, lady," came a whining voice in her ear. "I've got just fourpence for a bed to-night. Care to make it sixpence?"

She turned quickly. The creature beside her was dirty and he smelled of spirits. She shook her head

"Go away," she said. "Go away."

The beggar looked at her a moment and then, without a word, padded off, hunching his dejected shoulders.

Valerie Beauchamp waited for him to go. She had walked, she noted, almost to the limit of the wood, where the road curved sharply down towards civilisation once more. This was no trysting-place. She had come too far and the sky was fading. For a moment she was assailed by doubt—even by a presentiment of something worse.

A man and a girl, with arms interlocked, their faces in shadow, passed by her. She watched them leave the road. The man waited and reached out a hand to help his companion down the steep incline, and the girl almost fell into his arms as they moved away into the scrub. Two chattering maids followed; then a telegraph boy on a red bicycle and an elderly gentleman wearing eyeglasses and leaning on a stick.

She began to walk back the way she had come. The sky was pricking now with early stars. Somewhere down in the valley a train was fussing; windows and lamps gleamed here and there.

But there was no touch upon her elbow, no voice in her ear.

She looked again at her watch. It was a quarter-past nine. She walked along the whole length of the wooded road. On her left was the turnpike corner where the highway narrowed and seemed like a mouth open to receive the traveller. She passed into the shadow and walked down between high banks. There were tears in her eyes. The night seemed drained of its fullness and warmth.

What had happened? Something had intervened. Or had she perhaps made some silly mistake about the time and place of meeting?

Perhaps there would be a letter waiting at "Avilion." Or must she spend all that night in conjecture?

There would certainly be a letter.

But there was no letter in the box when, ten minutes later, she came to "Avilion."

"The Canon to see you, madam."

Valerie Beauchamp completed a sentence and waved her pen dreamily in the air.

"Yes, Peters?" Her voice was as distant as her gesture. "Show him into the morning-room."

What did the Canon want with her at this early hour? She had received a short note from him at breakfast that morning, written in his characteristic upright hand. It had asked for an immediate interview on a serious and painful matter.

She passed to the morning-room.

The Canon, sitting by the window on the edge of his chair, jumped to his feet.

"I had your letter this morning," said Valerie. "Serious and painful, I think you said?"

The Canon did not answer at once. He was evidently in great distress.

"Painful, certainly," he said at last. "Certainly painful."

Valerie Beauchamp waited.

"Frankly, Miss Beauchamp, I hesitated to come to you. I thought at first it might be wiser to spare you the knowledge that has reached me. I was, in fact, inclined to shirk an unpleasant duty, but my conscience would not allow me to let the matter rest. My strongest motive is that a member of my own family is directly concerned in this affair and I cannot therefore risk a possibility of any misunderstanding between us."

The Canon had taken out his handkerchief and was nervously wiping his palms.

"Does this matter, then, concern your daughter, Naomi? Shall I send for her, perhaps?"

The Canon was fingering his Roman collar as though it would choke him.

"Please, Canon," she urged. "You know you can rely on me."

The Canon nodded.

"Let me first of all assure you that Naomi, though she is undoubtedly to blame, is not the worst offender. She was, I think I may say, led away by her companions and she began almost at once to have . . . em . . . misgivings."

The Canon had paused. He was groping in his pocket. He produced a rectangular envelope of the kind which she reserved for her own personal use. His hand was trembling as he held it out to her. She took the envelope and the address, written in her own hand, jumped at her from the mauve sheet:

Arthur Scott-Digby, Esq.,
151 Baffin's Court,
Long Acre,
W.C.2

The name startled her. Then she saw that the envelope had been neatly slit with a pen-knife down the right-hand edge.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"I found that letter in my daughter's possession,' said the Canon.

"But I never gave it to Naomi."

"I am sure you did not."

"What does it mean?" she asked again.

Fear had gripped her now. She spoke harshly and he jerked like a fish which has felt the hook. He pointed to the letter.

"That," he said firmly, "is not, I believe, the only letter you have written to . . . er . . . Mr. Arthur Scott-Digby."

"No, it is not. But what has this to do with you? What has it to do with your daughter?"

The Canon bowed his head.

"Naomi," he said, "has read them all."

"Naomi has read them?"

Surprise robbed her almost of the power of thought.

"Not only Naomi, but the other members of this deplorable conspiracy—Edward Calcott, Adelaide Tring and the rest. If you will look at the letter you will see the names."

She tore the letter from the envelope. It was the last she had written, the letter in which she had promised to be at the meeting-place.

So that was why he had not come. The letter had somehow been intercepted—not only intercepted, but read by Naomi and her friend. Pinned to the top left-hand corner was a slip of paper with a list of names: Edward Calcott, Joshua Stanton, Frederick Reeves, Adelaide Tring, Naomi Garnett, Cyril Sidebotham. There was a tick against them all except that of Naomi.

The Canon was leaning forward. She dropped the letter on her knees and looked at him. She was beginning not to see him very clearly.

"How was this letter intercepted?" she demanded.

Her lips were trembling violently and the words came from her so distorted as to be hardly intelligible.

"My dear Miss Beauchamp," the Canon continued. "I am afraid you do not yet grasp the situation. Arthur Scott-Digby does not exist. He has been invented by these un-Christian people. They are playing upon you, Miss Beauchamp, a cruel hoax, and I am ashamed to confess that my daughter has been a party to it."

She heard the words, but they did not convey any meaning. Then, as something of what he was saying began to penetrate, she felt the blood rush to her cheeks. As suddenly, she felt icy cold. She rose, but the room was full of mist and, blindly, with her hands thrust out behind her, she felt for the arms of the chair. A meaningless voice was speaking to her from a distance.

"My dear Miss Beauchamp, please be calm. I fear the manner of my communication has been somewhat abrupt, but I had no choice in the matter. I surprised my daughter reading that letter only this morning. I do not, of course, supervise my daughter's correspondence, but she was so obviously startled by my approach that I began to question her. I think she was glad to relieve her mind on the subject. Anyhow, she made me a full confession."

"Confession . . . what did she confess? How did she get these letters? I posted them myself. Has the person to whom I wrote—but that is impossible. He would never have betrayed me."

"My dear Miss Beauchamp let me repeat. There is no such person as Arthur Scott-Digby."

"But I have his photograph," she heard herself saying, though even as she did so she wondered why she should be grasping at straws.

The Canon flung out an arm.

"The photograph was a fake. Naomi tells me that Edward Calcott posed for it himself. It was Calcott, too, who wrote the letters to you and who received your replies. They were handed round to the others."

The room was wavering again. The hand of the Canon was on her arm.

"Sit down, please, Miss Beauchamp. Let me get you something—a glass of wine."

She paid no attention to him now.

"So they have done this to me," she said. And then her voice passed beyond control. Suddenly she sprang to her feet.

"It is monstrous," she screamed. "Your daughter should be whipped. Nasty minded, prying little slut. . . . She shall leave my house at once."

The Canon flinched.

"My daughter, I must repeat, is not the worst offender. She is bitterly ashamed of her part in this conspiracy. She is ready to beg your forgiveness and, of course, she shall never trouble you after this."

"Go! Go at once! Take her away! Never let me set eyes on her again!"

The Canon stood sadly for a moment and then mechanically stooped to pick up the letter which had fallen to the floor.

"Leave that," said Valerie Beauchamp harshly. "Why are you still standing there? Damn you . . . damn you all. What are you waiting for? Have the decency to go . . . go at once."

The Canon, amazed and frightened, turned and almost ran from the room.

There came a tap upon the door.

Lavinia Brown tapped again. Her hand was shaking and the sherry in the cut glass had spilled over, wetting the surface of the silver tray. At another time she would have carefully wiped the tray, for Valerie was most particular about the wet bottoms of glasses. They made rings on furniture. But Lavinia had no mind for such details as these, not after what the Canon had said.

She had been down to the garden to cut some flowers and had run into the Canon as he was leaving the house. He had laid a hand on her forearm and he had uttered these mysterious words: "Miss Beauchamp is much upset. She has had bad news. Please tell my daughter to leave the house at once."

Then he had paused, but added, almost immediately and even more gravely:

"I want you to remember that Miss Beauchamp stands in need of all the comfort which it is in your power to give her at this moment."

That was all he had said, and then he had walked rapidly down the path.

An even more disturbing thing had happened next, for, as she went back to the house to put the flowers in water and prepare the customary sherry and biscuits, Naomi Garnett had come downstairs.

"Was that my father?" she had asked and, without waiting for an answer, the girl had seized her hat from the hall table and dashed down the garden path with a face like chalk and her hair flying.

What could possibly have happened?

Lavinia tapped again upon the door. Still there was no answer. She was seized with panic. Valerie was ill, dead perhaps?

She had never dared to enter that room without permission, but now she thrust open the door.

Valerie was standing by the mantelpiece, fingering a china vase. She turned and faced Lavinia. Her face was vacant.

"It is twelve o'clock," said Lavinia, and put down the tray on the rosewood table by the mantelshelf.

Still Valerie did not move and Lavinia forced herself to look. It was as though she were gazing upon a mask of stone. Nothing was alive in that terrible face, except the eyes. The mouth, usually so firm, sagged at the right corner.

Lavinia wanted to scream.

"What's the matter, Valerie?" she stammered.

The sagging lips straightened suddenly.

"Shut the door, Lavinia."

Lavinia obeyed.

"Come here!" commanded the dreadful figure.

Lavinia came obediently forward. Valerie's hand shot out suddenly and gripped her by the arm.

"You, too, are in this," she cried. "Don't lie to me. You knew what they were doing to me. Everybody knew."

"What do you mean, Valerie? I don't under-

(*continued on page 74*)

There's a *Winding Roman Road...*

by

S.P.B. MAIS

who continues to explore the unknown corners of this island.

"I'll show you a winding Roman Road."

WHEN you think of a Roman road you think of something as straight as a ruler, don't you? In fact, if you wanted to use a good simile for straightness you would say "as straight as a Roman road," wouldn't you?

Well, I will show you a Roman road, the most famous of all Roman roads, that is not only not straight, but also breaks into many pieces in one place.

This is, of all unexpected roads, Watling Street.

You have probably dashed along its fine surface from Dover to London, from London through St. Albans, Dunstable, Towcester and High Cross to Wellington, but after Wellington without any warning you will lose it. It swerves violently away from the road to Shrewsbury and you will have to be very shrewd to see where this happens.

It goes off to Chester, thence to York, and so over to Cheviots into Scotland; but it also disappears into the wildest parts of wild Wales, and it was in this direction that I followed it.

The junction of the roads is at the once-famous Roman city of Uriconium, of which all you can see from a distance is a fragment of a wall. That is the highest Roman wall in Britain.

I chose the only wet morning for months for my visit to this once-famous Roman city. The whole green land was veiled in a thick grey pall of mist. Swallows dipped merrily over the Severn. They like rain.

I left the bus at Wroxeter post-office, a lonely red brick cottage at four cross-roads, past which the bus runs twice on Wednesdays, once on Fridays, and not at all for the rest of the week.

A hundred yards away in the middle of a field stood this high Roman wall, and on one side of the road I passed the bases of thirteen pillars that once formed the great colonnade of the Forum.

As I entered the field, I was greeted by the custodian, who looked like a master of foxhounds.

"It was October the eleventh last year that the east wind started to blow. It's blown every day since, and to-day's the what-is-it, the something of May, and this is the first day the wind's changed; so, of course, it rains. Come into the museum till it stops. It's only a thunder shower."

He led me into a tin-covered shed, where I saw three empty bottles of beer, a joint of lamb eaten right down to the bone, and on the wall the horns and heads of wild beasts.

I tried to make something Roman out of all this, but he shooed me out of the place.

"I shot all those in Rhodesia. The museum's over here."

"Not the bottles of beer?" I asked. "Rather a mixed bag."

Outside, sparrows, wagtails, and a score of other birds were bathing in bird-baths close by the ruins of the Roman baths.

"Birds always bathe in the rain," he said. "They won't come near 'em in the dry weather."

He led me into another shed, with cases full of tuggles, ear-cleaners, and all sorts of ultra-civilised inventions.

I stopped before an exceptionally handsome signet ring.

"The wearer of that ring," he said, pointing to a bottle of rich water-blue glass, "is inside the bottle. He must have been rich, because it cost £2 of Roman money to be cremated in that."

A deep blue glass bracelet lay coiled up inside a carved iron necklace in front of an earthenware urn.

"The girl who owned those pretty things is inside the urn," he said. "She was English, I think, very slim and very young, I'm sure. You see the necklace is only twelve inches round. She must have been tiny, but much loved." He pointed to three skulls.

"That's an old man, that's a woman, and that's a girl. They were all found together under the baths. When the Welsh attacked, these three dashed underground for safety and died there, the man still clutching 130 coins in his hand. I'll show you the coins."

I lifted the covering from one of the cases.

"Oh, those won't interest you," he said, "they're not Roman. They're birds' eggs."

"Not birds that I know," I said. "What's that one?"

"That? That's the secretary bird, a grand fellow for snakes. I've eaten him. I've eaten most living things. A couple of buzzards fighting over a moorhen in mid-air yesterday dropped him, and I ate him. Coots, too. People no longer eat wild birds unless they're preserved, but they used to. I'm glad they don't, because I love birds. You'll see plenty here. It's stopped raining. Let's go out."

He led me to the excavated ruins. He was right about the birds. Their nests were everywhere—wagtails, thrushes, sparrows, and tits were all over the place. In a wall that was once a Roman shop I saw a nest of three young thrushes.

"The mother's gone off to breakfast. The father's a lazy devil. He sings for his living; he won't feed them."

I saw a jackdaw's nest high up in the great wall.

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING

There's a *Winding Roman Road* . . .

Boughton Street, on Watling Street, in Kent.

Swallows were building in a hut out of which the custodian had knocked the windows.

"They'll only nest inside a building, but I'd rather have swallows and no windows than no swallows and windows. After all, they've been used to this place longer than we can reckon. It's their home."

He waved his hands towards two fields of rising young corn.

"It cost us a thousand pounds to open those up and now we've given them back again with the tessellated pavement buried for ever, deeper than before."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because the frost destroys the pavement if you open it more than the soil will if it's hidden. So we preserve it by not seeing it. Silly, isn't it?" We moved over the ruins of the baths to some men who were moving rubble in a cart.

He kicked an unearthed tile with his feet.

"That's eighteen hundred years old," he said.

"Do you want it?"

I filled my pockets with tooth of first-century cow, rusty nail of second century and bits of early brick, and then hurried away from this Roman bird sanctuary to catch the only bus which would take me back to Shrewsbury that day. Outside Wroxeter post-office, which was locked, a young blue-eyed hedge-cutter stopped in his work to make a comment.

"Roman carving beats any you'll find these days," he said proudly.

Obviously, as a native of Uriconium, he regarded himself as an ancient Roman.

"Where is there any?" I asked.

"Atcham Bridge is full of it," he replied.

"I want to get along Watling Street," I said. "The map shows it going to the river, but there's no bridge."

He smiled. "And no ferry, either. You'll have to go round."

I went round.

This necessitated taking a bus back to Shrewsbury and picking up another to take me along the western bank of the Severn.

Just before Cound Village, I saw Watling Street again. That proud highway had now dwindled to a narrow green lane at right-angles to the road. It then disappeared into a ploughed field on the farther side.

I went on to Cound Lodge Inn to make sure of a meal. The Shropshire countryside is thinly rationed with inns (they're all in Shrewsbury) and thinly rationed with buses. You take them as you find them.

These inns, however, make up in quality what they lack in quantity.

Cound Lodge Inn I found to be a large eighteenth-century red-brick posting-house of three gables and three storeys standing above the banks of the Severn, opposite the point-to-point course of Eyton and looking out on the razor-edge volcano that we call the Wrekin.

The landlord in a white smock welcomed me. I was admiring his cattle.

"They're Devons," he said. "I bought them in Hartland last week. Cattle showing's my hobby. It's funny how soon they get to know you. These cattle'll follow me anywhere already."

He took me off to the stables while the luncheon was being prepared and at the end of half an hour I felt like making a pet even of his prize bull. But I was not prepared for the tender hot lamb, new potatoes, and green peas that were my portion.

"We cater for anglers," he said, "and anglers care for their stomachs. We've got to be prepared."

After this excellent meal he put me on my way to rejoin Watling Street.

"You go straight across the park," he said. "You will see more of my Devons there."

In that park I found all the richness of the English spring at its best. Fat, red partridges got up with a startled whirr from under my feet, the chestnuts were in the first sudden glory of their flower, a little owl flew brazenly in broad daylight among the chattering frightened birds looking for his prey; in the distance I saw a gardener mowing the lawn of the big house, and quite near—much too near for my liking after that big luncheon—I saw a Devon bull with head lowered and tail flickering, on the point of following me.

The park seemed suddenly to be very large and unprotected. I found myself wishing that the bull's owner had discouraged following. I pretended to be interested in trees, and darted as quickly as I could from the inadequate shelter of an ancient oak to that of an elm. The bull thought it a good game and joined in.

I reached the churchyard of Cound with perhaps five yards to spare.

According to my map, Watling Street reappeared in the form of a fieldpath a few miles farther on; but to avoid followers, I chose a steep high-banked lane to reach it. The hedges of this lane were riotous with violets, cowslips, anemones, and bits of straw from the farm wagons hung from the holly and the wild-rose branches.

All the boughs were crowded with singing birds and overhead the meadow larks joined in the chorus.

At the top of the hill I arrived at an immense Tudor brick gabled farm called Golding, from where I turned at right-angles into a straight, narrow, green lane along which, in the far distance, a group of small children were coming back from school.

In a dip at the bottom I came to a stream and here, according to my map, ran Watling Street. I climbed into the field to see it, but there was nothing discernible except a very faint rounded dent. No track, no cart-rut, just a rich green meadow with the smallest suggestion of a scoop like a chutney spoon.

There wasn't a house in sight, nor any sound of civilisation. It was now as it had been before the Romans had built the road. Butterflies chased each other among the buttercups. A cuckoo mocked me, now from this side, and now from that. A score of white-faced calves, young Herefords, charged down on me skittishly and followed me to the gate, where I changed company to a chestnut mare and her foal who escorted me to the next gate where I was met by about a hundred black-faced sheep and their lambs, and they accompanied me to the next field, where two newly hatched plovers, all white and brown fluff, danced and ran before me like a couple of Salomes, stopping now and again to pick at a worm, entirely regardless of the cries of warning and anger of their parents who wheeled and cried overhead.

Watling Street is most itself where it is least obtrusive. A field or so farther on it became visible again as a narrow hedged green lane, and a few hundred yards after that with no more warning than a brown gate it merged into a tarmac road.

I followed this as far as a stone bridge over a brook, where a woman and her children gathering dandelion tops for dandelion beer showed me the path along the river bank that led back to Cound.

Here for once I was not followed, for the five ducks that I disturbed on the water outstripped me in the race to Cound, the four farm horses who were scratching their backs under the boughs of an apple tree in full blossom were too busy to notice me, and all the steers in the field were gathered round a bonfire of straw, though the day was hot enough for small boys to be bathing in the river.

Cound is a lonely hamlet of black and white houses with no inn, and no shops other than the post-office where they could not even supply me with minerals, but in a field by the water I found swing-boats and a merry-go-round which occupied me till the bus arrived to carry me back to Shrewsbury. It runs on Wednesdays only.

The next day I made another attack on Watling Street. I caught the bus to Church Streeton, which lies picturesquely in a hollow between the mighty hills of Caradoc and Long Mynd.

On the east side of the station I saw two notices, "Watling Street N." and "Watling Street S." I chose "Watling Street N.," which for a hundred yards passed between new brick houses, and then changed its character entirely and became a rough-surfaced high-banked country lane.

At a gate I stopped to look into a field, and surprised a whiskered farmer watching his sheep and lambs grazing.

"It's all that east wind," he said. "Now, last year was a good year for lambs. This year I've lost twice as many, a hundred ewes and not a hundred lambs, and I can't do nought with them I've saved. I can't put 'em out on the hills. I've had to bring 'em down here. This is cattle pasture by rights, but these sheep are milk fed. They're worse than cats for following me about, these Kerry sheep."

I thought of my cattle breeder and the bulls. Shropshire seems to be a county for animals to follow their masters.

As soon as I left the farmer the cuckoo again started, and he mocked me all the way along the Roman road. Perhaps the ghosts of the Roman legionaries inhabit the bodies of cuckoos.

But I heard and saw a curlew as well, almost the loveliest music I ever hear, and how rarely I hear it. Never more than once or twice a year—and certainly only once on Watling Street. It was just by an ancient trysting beech-tree whose trunk was carved with a hundred intertwined hearts and initials of Shropshire lads and lasses gone.

On this May morning this stretch of Watling Street was alive with young things. I had begun with lambs. At the next farm (how warm and rich these tall red-brick Shropshire farms look!) seven yellow goslings strutted about the farmyard, and at another the pond was occupied by ten ducklings out for their first swim.

By the side of a stream—Shropshire is rich in streams—men were dipping sheep, otherwise I passed no human creature except one newspaper boy doing his rounds on a bicycle, and one hedge-cutter.

On and on the rough-surfaced narrow lane ran, its hedges riotous with flowers, and occasionally decorated by a tall pine or poplar or beech. And then I grew thirsty. There were no villages marked on the map, only these occasional farms, outside one of which stood a car—the only car I had seen since starting. I asked the occupant where the nearest inn on Watling Street was. He said there was no

Shropshire beauty—a view of Clee Hills from Wenlock Edge.

inn on Watling Street. He was going to Dorrington where there was an inn. Did I want a lift? Was I thirsty?

A man in the bar at Dorrington showed me a snuff box with a quaint device on the cover that he assured me was three hundred years old. He also told me that all great orators took snuff ("Look at Marshall Hall," he said) and he continued to orate while I consumed a plate of excellent tongue, followed by blackcurrant tart. Few, as I said, are the Shropshire inns, but food is not only obtainable, but also delicious.

After this I felt disinclined to walk the miles back to Watling Street, so I hired a car in the village which took me back to the street where I had left it, and lo! a mile or two farther on at Frodesley there was an inn.

Then the road suddenly turned away to the right, so I got out of the car and followed Watling Street, which now became a footpath running along the hedgeside of a field of young wheat and in the next field became a broad green track scarcely discernible from the grass.

It descended steeply to a wood and a drove of inquisitive young bullocks stampeded gaily towards me

Then, suddenly, the faint green track stopped abruptly. There had been a landslide, or the stream below had eaten Watling Street clean away. I found myself looking down a precipice of red earth some fifty feet deep, and across to the other side some forty feet away where the road began again as a broad green track covering rich red earth. But here its surface was enriched not only by tall pines growing out of its heart, but by deep purple orchids.

There was a stone bridge lying a little to the left by which I crossed the gully, and regained Watling Street.

A little farther up the hill it changed its character again and became an overgrown green lane with hedges of holly, elder and wildrose, its surface still wet with the winter's mud.

Woodpeckers were hammering away in the wood, and jays screeching. Rabbits bustled noiselessly from burrow to burrow.

Pheasants rose clumsily and with a mighty noise as I retraced my way over the field back to the car, and I picked up fragments of the bright blue discarded eggs of the hatched blackbirds.

Just round the bend of the road I came to one of Shropshire's most lovely hamlets, as near to Watling Street as makes no matter.

This was Acton Burnell, which has no inn, no post-office, and no shops; but it has a churchyard that was ablaze when I saw it with daffodils and narcissi. A rhododendron avenue led me to a wicket-gate where I was invited to ring a large bell to call the ancient custodian. He let me gaze on the ruins of the old red sandstone crenellated thirteenth-century castle where Edward I once stayed.

The only tenant of the castle was a fat toad sunning himself in the green courtyard, and outside in the crevices of a rotting tree trunk two more toads, with beating hearts, watched me pass by.

A mile or so farther on, where Watling Street as a fieldpath joined the Watling Street that I had traversed the day before, I found Pitchford Hall, a perfect example of the black and white half-timbered manor house, standing in a valley with trees behind and a river in front. It was built in 1487 and has never been bought or sold. It still belongs to the descendants of the family who built it.

Then I came to a third, equally picturesque, but quite different country house at Condover, the hall of which is Elizabethan and built of stone. In the church of Condover I was surprised to find an oak roof exactly like the superb roof of Westminster Hall. It was built at the same time—1666.

A monument of Squire Cholmondeley of Condover in alabaster by G. F. Watts was less moving than one of the squire's lovely lady and her infant modelled by the squire after she had died in child-birth, his sole piece of carving. I was told that of all churches in Shropshire this is the one that every girl desires most of all to be married in. But the gem of all this neighbourhood lies on the other side of Cound, a few miles off Watling Street.

Years ago as I was riding along Wenlock Edge with snatches of "A Shropshire Lad" ringing sweetly in my ears, I saw a signpost marked "Wig-Wig" and "Homer." I vowed to come back and explore those places. Now the opportunity had come, I felt nervous. Was it not better to leave unvisited places so sweet-sounding? They were bound to be modernised and disappointing.

But I was on Watling Street. I had the time to spare. This time I turned aside. At the top of the hill leading down to them I found a small girl gathering flowers.

"It's better across the fields," she said.

I agreed. It always is.

I crossed the road, found a very faint track, and as I curved over the hill saw a most formidable bull. He made no bones about it at all. He followed me fast and close. I just went faster, and when I reached the safety of the Shropshire three-barred stile, breathing heavily, I found the bright-eyed girl with the flowers by my side laughing merrily.

"We get lilies in this wood," she said. I had no breath to say anything. We came to a clearing, and I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"That's Homer," said the child. "I live in the house with the blue smoke."

I sat down to take it all in. She sat by my side. I looked down five hundred feet. There were perhaps a score of houses not huddled together as in nine hamlets out of ten, but embowered, each in its pink and white bed of apple and pear blossom orchard, each with its own field of vivid green, and beyond lay woods, and beyond the woods the tall Wrekin.

"And that's where you go to school?" I said dreamily.

"No," she said proudly, "we haven't got a school and we haven't got a church. We have services in Mrs. Edward's kitchen. We haven't got a post-office. We haven't got a pub." (You needn't tell me that, I thought, or a bus, I bet.) "We haven't got a shop, except Mrs. Evans, who sells such things as sweets and blacking. But every Christmas we have a lovely treat in the boys' hut, and we have a toy each."

It was not yet mid-May, and this child could still remember the joys of Christmas past and anticipate those of Christmases to come.

"And you see those three farms over there?" she said. "They belong to Mr. Jones, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Morris. That's Wig-Wig."

So I had found my Wig-Wig and Homer at last. And they had exceeded by far my expectation. I was not surprised, as I went on my way through the woods, to see a badger in full daylight.

In the neighbourhood of Wig-Wig and Homer, anything may happen to you. This is the real England.

"It's better across the fields," said the little girl who was gathering flowers.

A COMPLETE STORY—

"Now what's the matter?" she asked, glancing from author to director

The Chapel Set

IT was their first genuine misunderstanding and they were thoroughly upset over it. For two years they had sailed along blissfully, no trouble at any point, all serene, and now they were sitting, each in his own office, Mr. Pryor glowering through the open window and Miss Bartell not twenty feet away pecking at her typewriter.

It happened to be Monday morning, and their first touch of trouble had carried over from Sunday afternoon, when he had called as usual at her flat in the centre of Hollywood expecting to drive her into the picturesque mountains. She greeted him warmly and said at once "We're to play bridge this afternoon with the Thompsons. They just telephoned."

"Not me," he replied instantly. "I played bridge last Sunday and didn't want to then. We have one day off per week and you said we were going driving to-day."

"I know, but Mrs. Thompson asked me and she's so lovely and I promised her we would."

"Very well," he said defiantly. "You go and play bridge with the Thompsons and get that dumb friend of yours to be your partner, and I will go driving alone in the mountains, as I love mountains and do not love bridge."

That was what happened on Sunday, their big day off, to Miss Marjorie Bartell, who had very blue eyes and a bright manner, and Mr. Mark Pryor, a determined fellow. They had been engaged for a year, without a cloud in the sky, and everybody in Hollywood prophesied that theirs would be a marriage for all to behold and admire.

For a year or more they had been working in the studio, writing scenarios along with the other labourers on Writers' Row, and usually each was occupied with a different assignment. Mark was considered first-rate in certain fields and Marjorie had her own specialities at which she excelled, and so they generally worked in separate grooves, met at lunch, and gave each other good advice.

But now for seven weeks they had been pegging along together on the same task, co-authors shoulder to shoulder, grinding out the scenario for a tale the studio had ordered and which eventually would become a motion picture, probably called *Clinging Vine*. At any rate, that was the working title.

Commencing the task, they both violently disliked *Clinging Vine*, prophesied it would bring shame and regret to the studio and also lose money in chunks, but as time went on they strove to make it a live thing for the screen, and wound up by loving it and praying it would turn into a masterly drama.

Their work was all but finished, the script was done, the cast was already at work, the director had been shooting steadily for a week, and at ten o'clock on Monday morning he sent hurriedly for Miss Bartell and Mr. Pryor, and together they strolled across to the stage and explained a minor point in the story and the meaning of a bit of vague dialogue. It was while they were on the set that Marjorie happened to glance at a dark-coloured limousine standing in a corner, an enormous car, decorated with streamers. She stared at it for a moment, frowning slightly, and then said to Mr. Mattison, the director:

"What's the limousine for?"

"We're going to use it—when they're married they start on the honeymoon by motor-car. That's what the script says, Miss Bartell."

"It doesn't say anything about such a car. I ought to know, as I wrote it myself. That car is ridiculous and absurd."

Mattison smiled patiently and shook his head.

"Why is it ridiculous?" suddenly demanded Mark Pryor. "What's the matter with it?"

"It looks like a truck, that's what. It's antiquated and old-fashioned, like some vehicle very old people might ride in, or invalids en route to the spa. Our hero and heroine are young, gay, happy, full of the joy of living. They are just married and are dashing away on their honeymoon—but not in that confounded old fossil of a motor-car! The machine we want is a smart roadster, covered with gadgets."

"Yes," Mark grumbled, "which we'll have to rent outside the studio, paying, therefore, extra money. This is a studio car, so we get it for nothing, holding down our costs. It's a perfectly good car for the scene."

"It will ruin the scene. You may as well start the honeymooners off in a hearse or an oil tanker."

"Marjorie," Mark said in a low tense tone, "there are times when I think you do not possess an atom of sense. I know you are a beautiful and intelligent creature, with lovely blue eyes and the soul of an angel, and yet sometimes you talk like a permanent imbecile. The limousine is all right. It's been in the studio three years."

"Ten years, you mean," she sniffed. "Silly old wreck."

They strode back to Writers' Row, talking in low but distinct tones, Marjorie remarking that it did no good for one scenario writer to try for happy results if the stupidity of another scenario writer was to destroy everything. He stalked into his office, sat down, and scowled awhile. He told himself that this was the first time he had realised that she could be both unreasonable and pugnacious. They did not go to lunch together on Monday.

In the mid-afternoon Marjorie hurried along over to the office of the general manager, Mr. King, described to him the outrageous limousine that would assuredly bring ridicule to their lovely motion picture if used, and so eloquent was she that Mr. King ordered the limousine removed. A green roadster was ordered into the set, to roll the newlyweds away on their honeymoon.

Marjorie was quietly triumphant over it, but when she sauntered into his office to forgive him and kiss him, and also to tell him of the green roadster, there was no Mark present. An office lad informed her he had gone home with a headache, and he must have suffered from it all evening, for he failed to telephone her.

On Tuesday Mark spoke with Director Mattison, who grinned at him and nodded to the green roadster adorned with streamers.

"Yes, she had to have her way," Mark grunted. "I'm all wrong, of course, trying to save money for the shop. What I don't like is her going to King about it. Sort of makes a fool out of me."

On Tuesday the co-authors lunched together as usual and there wasn't much difference in their manner. Perhaps an expert observer might have detected a faint note of discord. He was studiously polite and Marjorie was even more polite, and mostly the conversation was of the next assignment.

Early on Wednesday the studio officials shipped Mark up to San Francisco on a special task of research.

Meanwhile Director Mattison wrestled along with *Clinging Vine*, and it was afternoon when Mark strolled across the lot to see how the work was coming on. He glanced into Marjorie's office as he passed, feeling a stronge urge to take her in his arms, give her a friendly kiss, and let bygones be bygones.

She was elsewhere at the moment, so he went across to stage three, where Mattison was busy. The action had moved toward the marriage scene, which was to occur in a handsome chapel, and there stood the hero and heroine of *Clinging Vine*, ready to be married as soon as Mattison said so.

The minister who was to perform the ceremony sat in a corner, a tall, serious-faced man. Mark Pryor looked at him with a questioning scowl. The scowl changed slowly to an expression of utter disbelief, and the young man walked at once to where Mattison was sitting.

"That fellow over there—that's the minister?" Mark asked.

"Yes."

"Well, he won't do. Great Cæsar, Matt, he isn't the right type at all. There must be forty extras here in Hollywood who look like ministers and yet you pick this man."

"I didn't select him alone. Miss Bartell chose him and I approved."

"No audience in the world will believe he's a minister," Mark snorted.

Marjorie came across the set in a smiling mood and observed the scowl on the face of her co-author.

"Now what's the matter?" she asked lightly, glancing from author to director.

"He doesn't like our minister," Mattison grinned.

"A motion picture should, of all things, be plausible," Mark grumbled. "The characters ought to seem real, or the public will sneer at your movie. That bird playing your minister looks more like a race-track tout or a Mississippi River gambler on a paddle-wheel boat."

"Oh!" said Marjorie, "you think that?"

"Certainly, I think that. I know what a minister looks like, and you ought to."

"I do know," she said smilingly, "and so does Mr. Mattison, and he is the one directing this photoplay drama of love and merriment. He has

—*by* FRANK CONDON

Illustrated by OAKDALE

selected ministers for other pictures and so have I, and therefore we cannot be as stupid as you think. The man is all right."

"Have it your own way," Mark said quietly.

He then walked off the set without another word, entered his office, and plunged into work.

The slight rift was rapidly becoming a breach, and every hour that fled by only made the matter more serious.

The breach widened. Marjorie waited at home hopefully, wishing the telephone would ring, but it remained silent. No jolly voice came over the wire. Mark was still nourishing his grouch when King sent for him.

"We want you to go to New York," the manager informed him. "When can you start?"

"I can start now," Mark said.

"Here's the job. We are going to make a navy picture, and you'll probably be there for some time."

"That'll suit me—fine."

He left Hollywood at midnight and felt a kind of gloomy joy in stealing off without even a word of good-bye. He packed his bags and went aboard the train without a pang of regret, feeling rather savage, telling himself that if she wanted to make up with him she could go to a telephone and call him.

Long, long before he reached New York he began to feel gloomy, down in the mouth, and regretful. Still, he refused to send her a telegram—the old Mark Pryor pride.

After a long while *Clinging Vine* was finished, sent out into the theatres, and was immediately hailed as a success, a credit to the company, and a rousing good job. Critics referred to Miss Bartell and Mr. Pryor, praising them for a splendid effort.

When *Clinging Vine* came to Broadway it made a hearty splash, continued its successful march through the theatres, and in due time was recognised as the best picture the studio had made in five years. A competing firm in Hollywood almost immediately hired Director Mattison away from his employers, much to their chagrin. Still another studio offered Marjorie a weekly wage that frightened her, and after a melancholy chat with Mr. King she accepted the offer.

In New York Mr. Pryor was approached, listened to tempting proposals, signed a new contract with a new concern, and resigned from the studio that had brought him fame. After that, he returned to Hollywood to bang out masterpieces for the new people.

When he first saw Marjorie again it was in a well-known restaurant at the dinner hour. Mark strolled in, a pretty young extra girl at his side, and there was Marjorie in a dim corner, dining with one of the younger movie officials. It was a brief moment of bowing and smiles—"Hello, how are you?" "You're looking splendid," and Mark went on, the young movie person staring and asking him who that was.

In the gossip columns of the papers it was hinted that Marjorie Bartell might soon agree to wed the handsome young movie magnate, as they were often seen together, and the same papers joined Mark in holy matrimony with half a dozen personable actresses, the truth being otherwise in both cases.

He was vastly occupied with his new job, making good in a big way, and although he knew many a handsome lady he had no thoughts of marrying. He felt pretty certain he would remain a bachelor to the end of the run, and that is exactly the way things stood for two years.

They met a number of times in the two years, smiled politely at each other, were pointedly pleasant, and passed on their respective ways; and then a certain Mr. Messenger, rich dilettante, gave one of his celebrated tennis parties at his estate on Malibu Beach.

Mark Pryor was invited and went forth to the seaside clad in a blue coat, flannels, a hat fresh from Panama, and a startling new necktie intended to impress. He drove out leisurely in his own car, met his host, strolled around the grounds, and noticed Marjorie in a steamer chair. He automatically dropped on the sand beside her. She smiled and stopped eating what appeared to be a hot dog between buns.

"Hello," he said. "Lovely day for tennis, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"You look as nice as ever," he added. "Haven't changed a bit, except for some mustard on your chin."

"Nor you. Quite a tie you have there."

They began talking of casual matters, like any two movie workers—the new pictures, the latest shake-up, the gangster problem. He reflected that she was actually prettier than when he had seen her last and that her eyes were lovelier; and in probably fifteen minutes—maybe ten—the entire world suddenly changed, the two years were wiped out like magic. They stared at each other in bewilderment.

"You can't make me cry," she answered, "no matter what you say. Too many people here."

"We have been a couple of complete absolute idiots," he said grimly. "At least I have been a couple of idiots. Two precious years wiped out of our lives and I did it."

"With my help," she laughed. "Anyhow, maybe it was fate. I shall tell you one thing—if I had never seen you again, I would still go on loving you."

Eventually they departed from the scene of tennis, forgetting to thank Mr. Messenger for an important afternoon. They rode into town in Mark's car, talking excitedly.

"I want everybody in the world to know about this," he said earnestly. "I wish all our friends could see us married. Married. There's a grand word, isn't it?"

She laughed again and he stared ahead for half a mile, his brow wrinkled.

"Marjorie," he said in sudden earnestness, "I have just thought of a perfectly marvellous idea. This is a whopper. We want to be married without any great delay, don't we?"

"I do, if you do."

"Very good, and all the kind Hollywood folks know of our sad two-year tailspin, don't they—our friends? So what if we go in for a very special sort of wedding and also hit the first pages as well?"

She patted his arm and said: "The old Mark hasn't changed a jot. Same publicity hound as ever. Now what is it?"

"Just this, darling. You'll love it. We shall be married in pomp and state in the studio where we made *Clinging Vine*, our best picture, and also the movie that almost wrecked our happiness. I'll get them to rebuild the set, the same chapel set where our hero was married, and it'll make a neat little news story as you can see."

So it came to pass that on a lovely spring morning the famous old studio stopped all regular work to attend the wedding of Marjorie and Mark. It seemed as if half of Hollywood had dropped everything to motor over and attend the ceremony. Studio carpenters had built again a detailed likeness of the *Clinging Vine* set, down to the last board; and hardly a soul was present who didn't know that these two young people had almost missed the boat.

As both principals were working, now in separate studios, it was obvious that the honeymoon would have to be brief. Mark had asked: "Where shall we go on this short honeymoon?" and she had answered instantly "Santa Barbara."

With the reporters looking on and cameras snapping, the marriage ceremony got under way and went off like clockwork. Smiling faces were everywhere. The set was a mass of colour, streamers, flowers, confetti everywhere and the wedding guests crowded about, kissed the bride, kissed the bridesmaids, threw shoes and rice, and the newsreel department took enough pictures to last for years.

Mr. Pryor beamed contentedly throughout, shook hands until his arm ached, and stared admiringly at his bride. When the last words were said, they made a run for it, hopped into an automobile already decorated with streamers, a sign on the back reading "Just married." More rice fell on the newlyweds. More shouting. The studio siren broke into a steady roar, and the happy couple slid out through the wide entrance, alone and tearing along the broad highway that leads to Santa Barbara.

Mark took her in his arms as they departed, crushed her to him, ruining the flowers, kissed her happily, and swore once more that this was the greatest day in his life.

They rode in silence for a time, the car humming over the roadway at sixty miles an hour, the fields flowing by like a green carpet. Finally he smiled. "Darling," he asked, "do you like this automobile?"

"I think it's perfectly lovely," she answered. "It's gorgeous, inside and out. Why?"

"Because this is the same studio car you wouldn't let me use in *Clinging Vine*. Remember? Called it a truck?"

"Not really, Mark?"

"Hope to die dead. It's been done over and repainted, but it's the same old crate."

He chuckled heartily, leaned over, kissed her on the ear, and then she too began to laugh.

"That's one on me, isn't it, dear? Oh, wasn't I silly? How'd you like the minister who married us?"

"I never noticed him. Why? The studio got him for us."

"Certainly, and that's Father Tom, the movie parson—same man you said looked like a racetrack tout or a Mississippi River gambler. He was studying for the ministry then—wait a minute, dear—what are you doing?"

The new bridegroom was struggling to rise to his feet.

"Sweet spirits of light," he cried. "Stop the car and let me out so I can telephone the reporters, for that is a pippin. That is positively a knock-out. I thought the man's face was familiar."

"Sit back and calm yourself," she said sternly. "I am now your wife and can boss you, so just remain where you are, while the beautiful automobile rolls us up to Santa Barbara."

• SAVARAN

Number Seven

by

DOUGLAS NEWTON

Pawn *to Check a*

THE tall, gipsy-faced man asked fiercely: "Why does this bwana mafula minggi (much fat master) and the Missy send a dog of a Jerd to spy on Savaran?"

The captured negro squirmed. He feared his master, but this was Savaran; that wild adventurer whose exploits, mainly illegal, and reputation wholly terrifying, were known to all Africa.

"Because of the hate they have for thee, O Eagle," he muttered.

"Why such hate?" the spidery man demanded.

"Lord of Lions, how can a base slave know? I am but the eyes to count your spears, the mouth to tell this Bwana Vardier what I see."

"Yet you know that he and this Missy hate me?"

"Does not death itself look out of their eyes when they speak of Zavarani?" the man said.

John Hyde, the young American who was collecting native antiquities under Savaran's wing, broke in: "Do you know this Vardier and the girl, Savaran?"

"Not from Adam—or Eve," the bizarre man grinned cheerfully. "What kind is this Missy?" he asked their prisoner.

"As lovely as the passion tree in bud," said the Jerd. "Her name is Athenie and she is the daughter of the Bwana Vardier's brother."

"I'd have remembered that combination if I'd ever made love to it," Savaran frowned.

John Hyde, with his youth and his race's disgust for such philanderer's boasts, said curtly: "But if they hate you, you must know them."

"Africa is far too full of those who hate Savaran for me to meet them all," the lean man shrugged. "How do these lice hope to trap a lion?"

"Would a white bwana tell a slave?" muttered the negro.

"Are a Jerd's eyes so dull that he cannot see which way the wind blows the reeds?" mocked the fierce man.

"We dare not see. The Bwana Vardier holds us in fear," the man said, and cringed under the flame of the eagle eyes. "It is true, O Lion. All I know is that thou art to be held at Pitichi-dai till vengeance is done to thee."

"Rubbish," John Hyde broke in. "How can he hold us since we take the steamer at once?"

"There's more cunning in Africa than even a Yale education can perceive," grinned Savaran. "Is there a bulamatari (government official) at Pitichi-dai?"

"There is only the Bwana Vardier, the trader," the Jerd said. "He is the whip and the law over all the Bitter River lands."

"You see, the sole white power in six days' march," said Savaran. "He can do as he likes."

"He's still answerable to the Kruman government, though," the young man objected.

"Oh, I don't doubt our removal will be managed so neatly that there'll be no blame attached," said Savaran genially. "We'll find it a pretty plot, innocent as sunlight and bedazzled with beauty."

"We'll find——! You're never going to walk into that jackal's den?" gasped the young man.

"It's Savaran's way with jackals. Also, hates are always interesting, especially when mysterious and concerned with beautiful women." He turned with tigerish ferocity on the trembling Jerd. "Zavarani spares your life, dog. But only thus: you return to the Bwana Vardier telling him only what you were sent to find. That is, that Savaran is on a peace safari, that he has no fighting spears, only Dumbi carriers, and that he behaves like a man suspecting no evil. Of what has passed between me and thee no word—Is it understood?"

"It is understood, O Fear of Elephants. Of my palaver with thee no word shall pass, by the Beard I swear it," the negro mumbled, then his eye gleamed: "Aie, and with my heart, for it may be that Zavarani will deliver the Bwana Vardier to the vultures."

"Vardier doesn't seem too popular," Savaran grinned as the Jerd escaped like a shadow into the hot jungle glooms.

"I don't see that that adds much pleasure to having our throats cut," John Hyde growled.

"My throat never had the habit, and yours," the keen dark eyes dwelt on the youngster's marked good looks, "is far too handsome to run such a risk."

* * *

"I guessed," Savaran said with fierce cheerfulness, "that beauty was to be the bait. He knows Savaran better than I imagined this mysterious Vardier."

Leading the caravan next day the two men had stopped dead just short of a sun-drenched clearing. In that clearing was a girl, lovely and startling.

A girl as ardent as a flame; young, yet with that ripeness in honey-gold splendour that told of Arab blood, but with, also, a sense of race and grace that suggested France. John Hyde gasped at her beauty, while even Savaran, connoisseur of women, thrilled at her young wonder, and frowned, too. He found something elusively familiar in the fine cameo of her features.

She stood boldly in the sunlight fashioning a garland from the scarlet and blue bush flowers her lithe Jerd women brought her. Seen like that after days of jungle glooms, her loveliness was as instantly conquering as the stroke of a sword.

Savaran felt it so. Also he knew it was meant to be.

"Perfectly stage-managed," he chuckled.

Savaran, smiling like Lucifer, refused to stand. He walked steadily towards Vardier.

Queen

"You mean," John Hyde said thickly. "She purposely——?"

"Behold Athenie whose charms are to lure Savaran to his doom," said Savaran, white teeth flashing in a Lucifer smile.

"That lovely thing! I can't believe it!"

"Even that does not prevent it being true. It's going to be entertaining—very." The lean adventurer broke off to peer into the depths of the bush. "Yes, very—for we can make it even more romantic. The hero will gain his introduction to the beautiful and innocent maiden by saving her life—all in the best tradition."

He bent swiftly, caught up a dead branch and flung it into the undergrowth. There came a coughing snarl, a crash of bushes and a tawny flash, a leopard bounded on to the trail ahead. John Hyde cried out in fear for the girl and the big cat turned snarling on him, only to meet the fierce eyes of Savaran, who advanced with clapping hands.

Intimidated by such daring the brute turned again and loped into the clearing. There the sight of Athenie and her woman halted it—but this time dangerously. With a throaty roar it sank to spring, ready to fight a way to freedom with fang and claw.

It was a moment that drained John Hyde's heart of blood. The Jerd women screamed and vanished into the bush. Athenie did not scream, but stood spellbound, watching death crouching to spring on her. John Hyde, sick with horror and anger at Savaran, fumbled with his rifle. He was a good shot, but he dared not fire for fear of killing the girl. As he fumbled the great cat leapt.

It hurled straight for the young breasts, doom incarnate. And at the moment it rose from the ground a shot crashed out from John Hyde's side. In mid-air the beast checked, twisted and fell clawing to the earth. Savaran was calmly returning his pistol to its holster as the young American swung on him.

"Shoot again, damn you!" he shouted. "He may get her yet."

"No need," grinned the lean man. "One shot is enough when Savaran fires."

John Hyde, furious that Savaran should choose such a moment to show off, turned to find it was so. The big cat lay stiff and still. Savaran, the finest pistol shot in Africa, had put a bullet through its brain.

Hyde had neither inclination nor opportunity for admiration; the girl was swaying. He reached her just in time to save her falling. She lay, he thought, like flowers and flame against his breast as he soothed her. In a minute her young courage was trying to smile, and the tremulous beauty of it went to his head. It was then that a voice said:

"Pretty work, John Hyde. Even I, Savaran, could not have brought off a neater shot."

Savaran was at his side, watching the girl with his bright, sardonic eyes. And as he named himself the pliant body in John Hyde's arms became steel, while hate flamed in the ravishing face against his shoulder. It was only for an instant. The innocence, the girlishness returned, the soft, rich body sagged more helplessly and she smiled wanly—at Savaran. Yet she had betrayed herself, as Savaran meant her to. Even John Hyde no longer doubted that this girl was playing a siren's game for Savaran's undoing.

But Savaran was playing a game too. By deliberately causing the leopard to attack her, he had placed her under obligation. Only he was making her feel that it was an obligation to John Hyde. John Hyde, knowing how easy it would be to fall in love with this amazing creature, felt he was being used as a pawn in a double game.

Athenie, now seemingly all dazzling gratitude, led them along the trail to her uncle's great trade compounds and bungalow on the bank of the Bitter River. And Vardier, the trader, the uncrowned king of Pitichi-dai, was also all smiles; far too effusive in gratitude for those who already knew of the black treachery in his heart.

A grotesque as well as malignant thing, Vardier. A stocky man, bald as a pink egg, his vast face sprawled down through many chins to merge into a ballooning chest and belly. And his head was as immobile as a block of wood. He had to turn the whole of his bulk to look at a man. His neck muscles had become bound together by an old wound.

He excused this disability at once, explaining that he had been shot through the neck many years ago. He even seemed to have a curious gusto in telling Savaran about it, if his slightly mocking glances at the spidery adventurer meant anything. Savaran, however, seemed to notice nothing. There was a beautiful woman in the room, that was enough occupation for Savaran.

His frank admiration of Athenie filled the young American with sick fury. Even at a moment of danger this gesture-loving François Villon of the jungle had to play the lady-killer. But maybe John Hyde's bitterness arose fromAthenie's attitude. She who was so young and lovely, whom he had held in his arms, had no eyes for him, all her femininity seemed aflame for the eagle-eyed man.

"So, you are really the great Zavarani," she cried in a voice that would have warmed a stone. "The master fighter who subdues tribes and kings at a glance——"

"And women," Savaran said in his large way. "Those born to conquer do not stop at kingdoms."

John Hyde writhed. Couldn't the bemused fool see that the girl was only playing with him? Why, even Vardier was smirking over her easy triumph, saying with sly malice:

"He has a tongue in his head, this Savaran. It will be a pleasure for lonely people like us to have his company for a few days."

"We go on at once," Hyde said curtly. "I understand the river steamer turns back here for the coast about the 16th of each month."

He was at once aware of a tenseness. Even the girl broke off flirting with Savaran, with a catch of breath. Vardier said softly:

"That is so, M'sieur. But it desolates me to say the steamer will be badly delayed. Something happens to her engines, she is being repaired at Ibashie."

"Twelve days down the river," Savaran said genially.

"Is there anything about Africa the great Zavarani does not know," said Vardier with a sneer in his eyes.

"Little, and ever that grows less, like my enemies," the lean man answered with a flourish for

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING Pawn *to Check a* Queen

Athenie's sake. "What about canoes? I noted none on your beaches."

"There are none," Vardier smirked. "These animals,the Jerds, have gone, every one of them, to the Fishers' Feast on Likelemba Island and that Zavarani will know, is five days up stream."

"Chance seems to have played a happy hand for the day of our arrival," Savaran smiled at the girl, whose face immediately changed its strained look to laugh back.

"Will a few days with us be too dull?"

"If they are too few—yes," laughed Savaran, his eyes unable to leave her face. "How few will they be?"

"Not more than seven, I fear," said Vardier, yet his fear seemed to make him quiver with an inner mirth.

With growing unease at that mirth, at the malignant spirit that seemed to be closing in on them; angry at the girls' almost wanton ogling of Savaran, John Hyde snapped :

"We can continue overland to Ibashie, I take it?"

"But certainly," Vardier leered. "There is a good trail, if you can persuade your Dumbi carriers to take it."

They had agreed to pay off their carriers here, and there is always trouble in persuading natives to extend a march, yet something in Vardier's voice suggested a more evil reason.

"You think they won't go on?"

"Who am I to say, M'sieur. But the Dumbi are a timid people, and three days march along your trail, you must pass through the land of the Thonga."

Again there was a tenseness in the big, cool "trade" room. Something wicked seemed to come into it with the mention of the Thonga. John Hyde asked a question.

"Ask Zavarani. He knows more about the Thonga than any man," Vardier answered, and he seemed to take a special joy in saying it.

"They're the vilest black murderers in Africa," came the cheerfully savage voice of the adventurer. "Living devils to most men and especially to those who cross them. There is also a hate feud between them and me. They raided the women of a tribe friendly to me, and I, being Savaran, a champion of women, broke them for it."

The girl looked at him sharply, startled by his words. Vardier with a furtive glance at her, said quickly : "That being so, it will not be to your comfort to risk capture by them."

Even Savaran shuddered at the suggestion : "I could pity my worst enemy if, incurring their anger, he fell into their hands," he said, his eyes grim on Vardier.

The wooden-necked monster shifted uneasily under his eyes, but said thickly : "Then it will be wisest for you to wait here until you can use the river, M'sieurs."

"Also much to my taste," grinned Savaran, and with a stride that was a flourish, he returned to Athenie's side.

Like a lean and doubting Lucifer, the eagle-faced adventurer assessed the camping ground the trader had given them.

"A sweet devil, our Vardier," he said. "Plans to the most delicate detail. This camp, for example, so entirely suitable—and so cleverly remote. It will be obviously impossible for the valiant Vardier and his depleted staff to sally from his bungalow to aid us when we are murdered."

"Murdered!" cried John Hyde. "By whom?"

"By the Thonga, naturally," Savaran grinned.

"Good God! You don't mean . . ."

"It's his plan of vengeance? Yes. Quite a noble conception. Even that wart-hog could not wish for a greater joy in horror than what that black hell-scum will do to me."

"But you're only surmising . . ."

"Surmising! It is as plain as a printed book. Bush rumours told Vardier that Savaran, who, for some reason, he hates like death, was heading for Pitichi-dai. Yesterday that Jerd spy I released told him that not only was it true but that I was without fighting forces. This morning, then, Vardier sent away his steamer and every canoe in the place. If you had eyes you would have noted that the beach is still fretted with marks of canoe bottoms *that the dawn rain should have washed away had they gone before*. Also, insects still scurry about searching for new nests in the wood-pile from which his steamer was hurriedly fuelled. Savaran was to find no transport here. Nor would even he persuade his Dumbi to march through the land of the Thonga. More, our head 'boy,' has already told me all our carriers will return home to-morrow. Nothing will hold them. They have already learnt that the Thonga are dangerously active. You grasp it? A sweet plan. Savaran will be marooned here without men to defend him when the Thonga attack. Even the Kruman government will absolve Vardier for my death. How can he defend me with so few, when he, himself, has a woman to protect? It is a scheme that Satan himself would admire."

He paused frowning.

"Yet there must be more in it than that. Even Vardier cannot trust the Thonga. He'll have arranged an emergency way of escape for himself and the girl. What, I wonder? That is one of the several things we must find out, Johnny Hyde."

"But how can you be so sure he means to use the Thonga?"

"And yet you were present when I took such pains to find out!" the lean man mocked. "Didn't you hear how definite that hog was when I asked so innocently how long we must stay here? Seven days, he feared, feeling very clever. And he told us why. The Thonga are three days' march away. We are therefore to be detained long enough for his messenger to reach the Thonga and bring them back —with one day margin for eventualities."

"You're right," John Hyde said thickly. "Yet knowing you, how could he expect to fool you?"

"By playing the girl. He knows Savaran's reputation. Savaran being Savaran and Athenie's tiger-lily of loveliness, he baited his trap well. . . . Anthony of Rome also neglected certain elementary precautions for the sake of a lady, you remember, only fortunately I was forewarned by his Jerd spy."

"I can't believe it of her," the young man said. "Except that she really does hate you."

"Like double-distilled poison," Savaran admitted cheerfully.

"But why?"

"That is part of the riddle we have to solve. I think Vardier has lied about me and some woman—did you note her surprise on learning I was a champion of women? But whatever it is, that angel of slime has taught her well."

"And you don't even suspect what he has against you?"

"That secret is still with Allah. It links with the girl, maybe, for there is something about her I seem to know, yet that human baboon I do not know. Still Savaran has scattered cause enough among the riff-raff of Africa to breed a hundred hates like this. Perhaps it was my pistol that put the bullet through his neck—I hope so."

"And what do you propose to do about our own necks?" the American asked tartly.

"Follow the maxim of the copy book—'Love will find a way.'"

"Love," John Hyde glared. "You mean you and the girl?"

"Hopeless. I am Caliban with a dash of Satan to her. It is you who wins her young heart."

"I!" gasped the American. "Why, she won't even look my way."

"That is it—she fears to," chuckled Savaran. "Already you have carried the outer defences—as I knew you would when I made you act Sir Galahad, rescuer of maidens."

"Damn you," raged the American. "I won't play a dirty game."

"What game does she play?" jeered Savaran. "Are you nobler than she?"

John Hyde winced, muttering : "That's no reason why I should descend to such levels."

"No," the lean man was acridly genial. "Then the Thonga will take you to their dark groves and tie you to a stake. Their ju-ju man, cunning from years of experience, will begin his slow work on you. It will be days before you die and you will be conscious all the time, for they are artists . . ."

"Shut up!" shouted the young man. "If you can't see . . ."

"I haven't your noble disposition," Savaran shrugged. "Perhaps I had better win her love myself —it *is* a moment for an expert."

"Damn you," the young man raged. "Do you even use a man's heart against himself."

"Repeatedly," the lean man smiled. "When it serves my ends, and incidentally saves a boy I like from a messy death."

Three days later John Hyde reported stifily : "You are quite wrong about Athenie. She's as innocent as a child."

"A half Arab woman of twenty is anything but in the nursery," mocked Savaran.

"In mind she is a child," the American insisted hotly. "If you'd sat with her as she weaves chaplets of flowers and eats candy like—like a jolly schoolgirl, you'd be convinced yourself."

"I am—more than ever," smiled Savaran. "Beware the Ancient East when it seems innocent, it is then most deadly. Tell me of her girlish prattle? Mainly of you, of course."

"She does find American life wonderful," John Hyde blushed.

"Any particular aspect of it?"

"Well, motoring and that sort of thing."

"Including, maybe, motor-boating?"

"Why, yes," John Hyde was a little startled. "She's asked a lot about speed-boats, whether I find them easy to handle and so forth."

"The innocence of childhood!" chuckled the lean adventurer. "I hope you assured her you found all types easy?"

"Well, so they are?" scowled the American. "What do you think you're getting at, anyway?"

"It tells me just why their Jerd houseboy took a canoe-load of gasoline cans across the river—at midnight last night."

"You mean that Vardier's got a motor launch hidden there?"

"I said he'd have an emergency way of escape. Not even he dare trust the Thonga. Besides, an honest trader forced to flee for his life will avoid suspicion of complicity in my death, and the river will be the safest for that; the Thonga are not a canoe tribe."

"Maybe," John Hyde frowned. "But where does Athenie's talk of motors fit in?"

"She has reacted to Savaran's plan," the lean man exulted. "She loves you Johnny Hyde, loves you as passionately as she hates me. She is seeking a way to save you when I am due to die. Your being able to handle a motor launch may be that way. We shall see. Also we must find out exactly where that launch is hidden. . . . Hmm! Did she talk of anything else?"

"Little that matters," John Hyde said shortly.

"Surely she did not entirely ignore *me*!" Savaran insisted.

"Well, no. Your reputation interests her. She has asked me many questions about your adventures."

"Any in particular?" The keen dark eyes were alert.

"Oh, any story does," John Hyde paused and looked up quickly. "But now you mention it, she does ask again and again if there were any on the French Desert border. . . . In the Tirsherifian, specially. She particularly wants to know if you have ever fought the celebrated Zend Arabs."

"The Zend Arabs!" the eagle face was suddenly keen, "and you told her——?"

"I have never heard you speak of them. Do you know them?"

"The Zend Arabs! Eye of Mahomet, I was their Sheyk and blood brother to El Melik, their king. It was many years ago—yet the name brings all back. I and a French ex-major——" Savaran's eyes suddenly widened—"Grace of Heaven—is that it?"

"You are remembering why they hate?" John Hyde cried.

"I wonder! I wonder!" the bizarre creature whispered. "But if it is so, Johnny Hyde, here is an experience startling even for Savaran. . . .Truly we have much to find out."

But the days went by without discoveries. John Hyde sat with Athenie and sank deeper in love. Savaran idled in their now empty camp or about the country and learnt little. Vardier was too shrewd and all feared for whispers to reach even Savaran.

On the sixth day of their stay they heard shooting from the trade house. Going there they found Vardier on the veranda firing at aspirin bottles that Athenie threw out over the river. Each time Vardier fired a bottle flew to pieces.

"I give an hour to pistol practice every week. With a dangerous tribe like the Thonga nearby it is wise," the fat man said, his eyes mocking Savaran. "I hear you are something of a pistol shot, too. Athenie, my dear, a bottle for Zavarani."

"No need to waste a whole bottle," the lean man said in his large way. He took one of the small phials from a boxful on a chair, unscrewed its tin cap and handed that to the girl. She was surprised at the tiny mark, but catching Savaran's sardonic

John Hyde gasped at her beauty. Savaran was thrilled.

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. C. MICHAEL.

grin, her eyes clouded with hate and she flung the capsule into the sunlight with all her strength.

Even as it glinted through the air Savaran's pistol spoke and the shiny cap leapt, only to leap again as the second bullet struck it. Vardier's gross mouth fell open at such shooting and fear slid into his eyes. But in a moment he recovered and said :

"Aie, but that is marksmanship, better even than Vardier's. And yet you use the same make of pistol, the same calibre, even. See, Athenie, my cabbage, our weapons are identical, yet what a difference the genius of hand and eye can make." His words not only drew the girl's attention to Savaran's pistol but seemed to convey a message. Even to Hyde he said : "And you, M'sieur, use the same type? Yes, of course it saves trouble over ammunition. And you shoot as well as Savaran?"

"I can hit a man four out of five," Hyde told him grimly, "but beyond that I am no marksman."

"Ah, and I'd hoped we might have a match to enliven us," Vardier sighed. "Shooting at a distant mark, for instance. That is not so simple as snap shooting."

"I find it all one," boasted Savaran. "Yet it is a test. Particularly if the target is moving. Try bottles dropped into the current against the opposite bank of the river . . ."

Again Vardier shook with inward mirth as Savaran fell into his trap. With a flourish he ordered Athenie to tell a house boy to take a box of bottles across the river and let them float down with the stream. She was away a few minutes, and soon both men were shooting at bottles bobbing along under the distant bank.

A difficult mark. Indeed, in spite of his boasting, Savaran did badly at it. Vardier usually got his bottles within three shots, but the lean man had to fire four, five, even more times before he hit. And the more he missed and the further the bottles floated away, the more enraged he became. Soon he had recklessly blazed away all the ammunition he carried and Hyde's as well, and had to get more from Vardier. And as he did that Vardier's glee rose, and he threw many a sly glance at the girl.

Yet once his glee froze. It was when Savaran, furious at missing a bottle that had floated far down stream, not only loosed the whole of his magazine machine-gun fashion at it, but whipped up Hyde's automatic and did the same. So wild was his aim that most of the bullets raked a densely-bushed islet against which the bottle was floating. It was then Vardier stopped laughing and shouted thickly :

"*Nom de chien !* Careful ! Stop shooting ! That islet . . ." He gulped deeply as Savaran's bright eyes found his. "That islet is taboo. There is—there is a ju-ju there. If you hit that there will be a massacre. . . ."

"So, *that* is where the motor-launch is hidden—on that islet," John Hyde said later. "And that's the reason for your absurdly bad shooting, Saravan, and why Vardier was afraid. It wasn't a ju-ju he thought you'd hole, but his one means of escape."

"You're coming along," the lean man laughed. "Yes, that was part of the reason why I let Vardier lure me into the shooting match. The Jerd with the gasoline paddled down towards the islet. I only had to rake the river bank for Vardier's anxiety for the motor-launch to give its position to me."

"What do you mean by 'part of the reason'?" Hyde asked anxiously.

"Ah, you haven't come along as far as that yet," Savaran mocked. "Got any ammunition left?"

"Only the clip Vardier loaded into my magazine from his store," the American said. "You blazed all ours away, you know."

"Enough to take a shot at that durra palm then, if you think you can hit it from here," the lean man said.

"Easily," said John Hyde jerking out his pistol. But he did not hit the tree. Only a click came when he pulled the trigger. "A dud cartridge," he scowled.

"That's the rest of the reason. All your cartridges are duds," Savaran told him grimly, and, testing out his magazine, the American found it was true. "That's why he 'tricked' me into that shooting match, to get rid of all our ammunition," Savaran scowled.

"But that's absurd. We've a boxful here, he must know that——"

Savaran did not answer—in words. He went to their ammunition box, tore open the top package, extracted a cartridge. When he broke the bullet from it, dirt and not cordite came out. All the cartridges in the box, their remaining stock, had been treated in the same way.

"A thorough-going gentleman, Vardier. He makes sure there will be no danger to him from my shooting—this time."

"This time? You know you have met him before? Who is he?"

"I begin to suspect, but we shall see."

"See," stormed the young man. "We have no time to see. The Thonga will be upon us to-morrow, and without means of defence we are doomed."

"That will depend on the girl."

"Athenie !" John Hyde was bitter. "She's as bad as he. Don't you see she's responsible for these dummy cartridges? Vardier called her attention particularly to the make and calibre of our weapons so that when she went out she could arrange with a house boy to substitute this dud stuff in our ammunition box. And she hates you."

"But not you," Savaran said. "That is why she will warn us."

"Absurd. You have no grounds——"

"Every ground," the sardonic fellow mocked. "Copy book maxims never err. She loves you—love will find a way."

And Savaran, as usual, was right. At mid-day next day, the fateful seventh day, Hyde coming from a *tête-à-tête* with Athenie, reported :

"I don't know whether it means anything but she—er—Athenie specially wants me to meet her alone

(*continued on page* 20)

CONTINUING

Pawn *to Check a* Queen

at that clump of poinsettas beyond the 'trade' house at nine to-night."

"How wonderful are copybooks—and love," Savaran said, his dark eyes gleaming. "And also Savaran. The Thonga are to attack to-night."

"How can you be so sure?"

"It is obvious. These poinsettas are opposite the islet where their motor-boat is hidden. Easy to get you to it before the attack begins."

"Does she imagine I'd leave you in the lurch," Hyde cried.

"She is probably not so childish as that. The very position of the poinsettas suggests she has a plan." Savaran shrugged, and as the American protested, added, "My dear imbecile, she is half Eastern, she'll have a dozen ways of carrying you off against your will. You have a habit of sharing her candy for one. Well, she only has to dope that, get a house boy to canoe your insensible carcass to the motor-boat and the thing is done."

"Do you think I'd give her the chance?" the young man blazed.

"No—you're a young fool after Savaran's own heart," the lean man grinned. "Also there'll be no need. This is where Savaran acts. We call on Vardier at 8.30."

* * *

Vardier, packing a valise, looked up into Savaran's grim face and knew his plot was found out. Also, Savaran left no doubt of it:

"You mean to be well away in your motor-launch before the Thonga start in on me?" he said with acid geniality.

Vardier came upright, his stiff-necked stare on the eagle-face, his hand on his pistol. There was no fear in him; he was still sure he was master of the situation. Only the girl had a doubt, she sprang forward with a cry of anger.

"The prospect of my escape pains you, Mam'selle?" smiled Savaran. "Might one ask why?"

She stood before him flaming hate.

"Aie, you'll know why," she cried fiercely. "My mother was Khadra, daughter of El Melik of the Zend Arabs—does that tell you?"

"It tells me what your loveliness taught me to suspect," he smiled. "But it is no reason for hate."

"Liar!" she stormed. "Or has so much such foulness bade you forget how my mother was carried off by a slaver, a white slave-raider; that my father was killed trying to save her . . . and that my mother died after her capture, leaving me . . ." "So—she died," Savaran's tone was soft. "You are sure of that?"

"Of course, she died," Vardier snapped. "The march was too much for so delicate a creature."

"Ah," Savaran whipped in, "So *you* know that—what I have always wanted to know."

"But you must know—*you* were that slaver," Athenie cried suddenly bewildered.

"Either that—or you have been fed on lies," Savaran said. "We may learn that from others. What was your father's name?"

"But Vardier," the girl faltered, "like my uncle's. They were brothers."

"And you think that any kin of *that* wart hog could have fathered you?" Savaran suddenly flamed scorn. "Or could have been chosen by Khadar, daughter of kings and the loveliest flower of womanhood I knew? Pah! Look at him and see the lie in his low-born grossness. Your father was a great gentleman, Henri de Veoux, Major of France, gallant as only you'd expect from your mother's choice—and my sword brother in many a danger."

The scalding passion of the man, the truth his words exposed carried the girl. She stared wide-eyed from him to Vardier, shrank from the latter, cried huskily: "Then, why am I here? Who is he? Why did he make me hate you?"

"I will tell you," Savaran rasped. "There *were* two Frenchmen, brothers, the scum of the earth. Their name was not Vardier then, but Fulon—and they were slavers. Your grandfather, my good friend El Melik, caught them once, had them both flogged and branded on the shoulders as felons. That is why in revenge they carried off your mother and you, a child of two, from a hunting camp. We chased and fought them, but we were too few. Your father was shot and they got away. That is why you are here."

"You are sure?" the girl breathed.

"I will prove it by showing you the brand on Fulon's back," Savaran said genially and advanced on the gross trader.

The man who called himself Vardier had listened with mockery on his face. He made no attempt to interrupt, he was sure of his triumph. Now as Savaran approached, he calmly drew his pistol, and, still smirking, said:

"Stand, Saravan. What matter if I am Fulon—the girl has served; my vow to pay you back won. Yes, I am Fulon. Yes, I and my brother did carry off El Melik's daughter and her child in revenge for the branding and the flogging. The mother died, but I kept the brat by me for the use her beauty might be. It has, indeed, been more useful than I ever dreamed, for it has trapped you, Savaran, who I swore to punish."

"Then it was I who put that bullet through your neck," the lean man smiled.

"Aye, you . . . and you killed my brother, too, in the fight about that hunting camp. You did not know us, we wore Taureg veils, but I knew you and what your pistol had done, and I have nursed the memory all these years. And now I pay back! Yea, and better than I hoped, for the daughter and the granddaughter of the man you loved, will also stay behind to meet the Thonga. Perhaps even you can savour the completeness of my revenge."

"Full confession, Fulon, is an excellent thing for a man about to die," Savaran laughed, and walked closer.

"Stand back," Vardier mouthed. "Don't hope that I will shoot you dead—that would be too easy. It'll be through the thigh, Savaran, so that you will not miss a moment of the Thonga's methods. . . . Stand! Stand, I tell you . . ."

But Savaran, smiling like Lucifer, refused to stand. He walked so steadily on to Vardier, that the man was forced to back away, point his gun at the lean man's thigh and pull the trigger.

And then he gasped. For all that came from his pistol was a hammer click. He jerked the cartridge free, then, since Savaran was on him, jerked the weapon up and fired point blank at Savaran's chest. And again all that happened was a click. He took one look at the weapon and uttered a great cry of fear.

"My pistol, as you see," Savaran jeered. "I was suspicious of your kindness in reloading mine after that wasteful shooting match, so I effected an exchange. This, Fulon, is *your* pistol, loaded as you loaded it. Would you like to give me an opportunity of testing the cartridges in it—say in the thigh?"

The gross man only shrank away. He knew that there were no dummy cartridges in his own pistol. And as he cringed in fear from the cold light in Savaran's eyes, the lean man motioned to John Hyde to bind him.

As the motor-launch shot down stream an hour later, the forest on the Pitichi-dai bank began to trill with strange bird-calls.

"That's quite beautiful," John Hyde said to the girl whose hand he held. "What birds are those?"

"The Thonga," Savaran told him from the steering wheel. "Duck to cover."

A moment after he spoke a rocketing rifle shot and a silver flight of arrows cut across the moonlit water.

"They took us for Vardier," Savaran said as, crouching, he steered them out of range. "A pity we did not leave him behind to receive such guests."

"Don't worry," John Hyde called from the cabin "We've evidence enough to get him a life sentence from the Kruman Government . . . you mustn't be so cold blooded, Savaran."

"That to *me*, who has destroyed this whole business of hatred with love . . ." the bizarre adventurer grinned, and, making a long leg, closed the door of the cabin—so that love could still find its way.

THE WORLD OF TOMORROW

Nothing Can Be Hidden

YOU are sitting, at midnight, in the instrumental cove of the Questioning Room at the Bureau of Crime Investigation when they bring in a young suspect.

The Questioning Room is brilliant with actinic light, but the instrument alcove is dark. The suspect's clothes have been taken from him, when a few minutes ago in the adjoining laboratories his body was microscopically examined. He wears a cotton robe. His heart is pounding. The black-light beam is photographing it.

The dial needle recording his impulses of thought is violently oscillating. You can't read the thoughts themselves, but you know he is thinking under stress.

The girl was found, an hour ago, dead at the edge of Jared's Lake, just outside town. She was clad in a bathing suit; her clothes were piled near by. What seemed a blow from a rock fractured her skull. Perhaps she slipped and fell; perhaps someone hit her. This young man, for instance, with whom she was in love. She died at nine o'clock; the chemical condition of her blood shows it clearly.

The suspect says: "I didn't see Bertha to-night. I left home about eight—went for a drive alone in my car—went out the Mill Creek road an' nowhere else."

"That's a lie," the director whispers to you. "The clay of the Mill Creek road is on his tyres—but it's earlier—other things later."

The reports are coming in now from the adjoining laboratories. The suspect adds: "I drove straight home—an' your men were there to nab me an' tell me Bertha was murdered."

You can see the suspect's heart quietening. His thought impulses are calmer. He has told the simplest story he can think of, and he's convinced it cannot be disproved. But the director has all the reports now.

"You had your hair cut this afternoon?" he asks.

"Yes. I did."

"We found some of the cut hairs on your clothes, but none on your neck or in your hair. The barber reports he didn't give you a shampoo. That swim you had to-night washed your hair. That was about eight thirty; it's had time to dry since."

You can see, on all the instruments in the dark alcove, the horrifying effect the chief's calm words are bringing to the suspect.

"Bertha's starched linen skirt came from the laundry this afternoon," the director is saying. "She put it on after supper. It bears the imprint of the leather buttons on that seat of your sports car. A regular pattern. You drove her to Jared's Lake. We know that because the pebbles of that stony lake road are on top of the Mill Creek road clay sediment—wedged into the tread of your tyres. After swimming, you and she must have sat down a while at the water's edge. She never smoked. You smoked a cigarette, tossed the butt into the lake. But you were excited. You dropped some of the ashes on your wet bathing suit. And in the struggle it got smeared also on hers—ashes from the same brand of cigarette you always smoke.

"You must have had quite a struggle with her as you killed her. Her fingernail made that tiny scratch on your shoulder—your epidermis flakes are under her fingernail. It was a slimy green rock that hit her on the head—some of the slime got in her hair. You picked up that slimy green rock and cracked her head with it. Then you washed your hands in the lake. But that didn't remove the spores of the green-slime algae. The spores are still in the crevices of the skin of your fingers."

The suspect presently confesses.

Now this is an idealistic, futuristic scene of crime detection, of course. But the photography of human blood vessels and the recording of thought impulses were both recently announced. And M. Edwin O'Neill, microscopist of the Scientific Crime Detection Laboratory of Northwestern University, in the United States, is making his methods of procedure available to police agencies throughout the country. Many crimes have already been solved by clues as infinitesimal as the spores of green-slime algae!

By RAY CUMMINGS

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we must have **SELO** *films*

"It's uphill work," said the Box Camera, "trying to get clear, sharp snaps with inferior films."

"Quite," said the Folding Camera. "It's no use hoping for the best—you must have the best. And that means Selo or Selochrome! How can we be expected to turn out first-rate pictures in the quickly changing light conditions of this country unless we have a film of *latitude* as well as speed?"

Her friend added: "In other words, British films for British light."

SELO—*1/- for eight* (3¼ x 2¼)

SELOCHROME—*extra fast 1/2*

She Remembered to Forget

She had been in Bob Denby's apartment — in his arms. And Ralph was singing to her through the radio

SHORT SHORT STORY

by

Louis Arthur Cunningham

SONYA slipped out of her street-clothes and into black pyjamas and a black and gold silk lounging-robe. She tousled a bit more the rippling golden waves of her hair, thinking as she felt its thick softness how Bob's fingers had run through it, caressing it, thinking, as she touched up her lips and saw their full beauty in her mirror, how Bob's lips had possessed them, lingered on them and loved them.

Darling Bob—so tall and blond, so blue-eyed and lazily laughing. All that the most exacting woman could want in a lover, Bob had. As a husband —well—she had a first-rate husband in Ralph Carter—a husband who was handsome enough, who made a most satisfying income, who gave her everything she asked and who trusted her—how he trusted her!

He knew that she and Bob were great friends, but never in the world would he suspect that they were anything more. To Ralph she was just little Sonya, all warm and soft and cuddly, all golden hair and deep blue eyes, and skin satiny, perfumed, with a nacreous hue of breath-taking beauty.

He sang to her, she knew, during his broadcasts. A few million women had the same idea, to be sure; that which made Ralph Carter's singing one of the biggest attractions on the air. But Sonya knew it was for her alone. Ralph was like that—intensely loyal, trusting and sure. It was too, too easy to fool him. It really wasn't much fun deceiving him. To-night, for instance, if he only knew where and how she had listened to his singing. Not sitting quietly here at home, as he fondly imagined. Far from it. She had been in Bob Denby's apartment; she had been close in Bob's arms, and Bob's lips were now on her hair, now on her neck, now on her lips, in long, lingering ecstacy.

Funny old Ralph. You could go on fooling him forever. Maybe if he were told the truth he wouldn't believe it. He would just laugh and tease her some more. He was forever babying her, kidding her. That piece of string on her finger now. He had made her tie that on this morning after breakfast so that she would remember to do something.

What? She hadn't the vaguest idea. She wasn't supposed to have any idea. That was the whole point of the game. Ralph was forever making her tie bits of string around her finger to make her remember things. She never remembered. He would come home, look at her finger and there would be the bit of string. "As usual!" he would grin, rumpling her lovely hair and caressing the lobe of her ear with his finger. "As usual! You don't know why you have that piece of string tied to your finger, do you? Try to think, kitten. What was it for?"

Bob had teased her about it too, and told her to take it off. "I should say not," she told him. "Ralph will be looking for that piece of string when he comes home. You'd be amazed at the fun he gets out of teasing me."

"And you mean to say you've worn it all day and can't remember what it was put there for?"

"Oh, darling! You miss the point. I'm not supposed to remember. If by any chance I should, it would spoil the whole thing. If I could tell Ralph, even after ten minutes of his asking, what it was there for he'd be frightfully disappointed. It would spoil his whole evening."

"Then far be it from me to spoil his evening," smiled Bob.

"It's enough to spoil his wife—is that it?" taunted Sonya, throwing her head back against his shoulder, narrowing her gold-lashed eyes, feeling his arms grow tense and hard about her, living an age of ecstasy in the moment it took for his mouth to crush down on hers, closing her eyes tight, floating away on a warm, sunlit wave into realms of deepest bliss.

She shivered, thinking of it. She stared, lips parted in a little remembering smile, at the fire. Darling, darling Bob! Having Bob's love, with Ralph singing to her—a lover's caresses, a husband's passionate voice singing softly in her ear the while. It was a piquant situation. It intrigued her——

She heard Ralph's key turn in the lock; then Ralph came in, flung down his hat and coat in the hall and strode into the living-room, looking everywhere but at the divan, looking perplexed and rubbing his brow and frowning. "Now where has that kid got to?" he muttered. "Walked out on me, I'll bet. Probably out spending the evening with some other man, when I told her to stay at home and listen closely while I sang to her."

"Boo!" Sonya sat up and made a face at him. "As if I didn't! And as if I didn't love it when you sang, 'Mine, Now and Always,' and 'Stardust in Your Eyes,' and 'Love Me and Never Leave Me.' Of course I was listening!"

"I know you were!" His voice was tender, his dark eyes searched hers as he knelt beside her, took her hand and kissed her. "Lovely Sonya! I could see you sitting here. It's a wonder I didn't step right out of the wireless set and take you in my arms."

"I—I wished you could have."

"You weren't lonesome?"

"How could I be! I shut my eyes and imagined you were right in the room with me."

He rubbed his cheek against her hair. "Hello?" He was holding up her hand, staring at the piece of string. "As usual! One forgets! Now, you bad, bad girl, what did I tie that on your finger for?"

Sonya pretended to look abashed. "Oh, Ralph, I tried to remember and couldn't. Whatever was it for?"

"Let's think now." He clasped his hands together and bent his head and frowned at them. "Let us see——"

He looked at her quickly. "It couldn't have been to remind you to go call on some other man—say Bob Denby, this evening?"

"Why, Ralph!" It was uncanny the way his jesting could hit right at the spot. Almost as if—— "No, silly, you know it wasn't for that." She controlled her sudden trembling.

"Of course not. That's just some silly chit-chat I heard somewhere. Never paid any attention to it—did I?"

"Why should you? You know how crazy it sounds. You know I was right here all evening listening to the wireless, listening to your singing."

"Then what—let's see now—what could this piece of string be for? You're sure you don't know, darling?"

There was something queer—something cold and hard in his tone. She had never before heard anything like it in Ralph's gentle voice. He got up, went out into the hall, came back carrying his hat and coat. Sonya sat up, stared at him, startled. "Where—where are you going?"

"To a hotel for to-night," he said dryly. "To-morrow, I'll find a place to live."

"But why—why——" She began to sob. She was good at it. "Why—do you—do a thing like this? I wasn't anywhere—I was here—listening to you and——"

Ralph grinned with quiet contempt as he turned towards the door. "That piece of string, Sonya," he called over his shoulder, "was tied on your finger to remind you to have the radio mended. It hasn't been working for two days."

The King enjoying last year's carefree holiday at Cannes.

WHAT THEY DO

When They Do as They Like

IF you should find yourself on the front at Eastbourne this summer in company with two possible future Queens of England—just go right on doing what you were doing and, above all, *don't stare*! For the Duchess of York and her elder daughter Elizabeth have only one refuge on holiday—royal "incognito." And Princess Elizabeth badly wants to bathe in the real sea.

Sometimes, of course, they really do pass unnoticed among crowds. Princess Mary has been asked for, and given a racecourse "tip" and even the Queen has walked among jostling shoppers. The Duke of Gloucester has many times been unnoticed at race meetings and the Duke of Kent has danced with a partner who did not realise his identity.

Generally we express an unflattering surprise that the Royal Family can behave "just like ordinary people."

The King really enjoys his week-end games of golf, whether he plays at Sunningdale or is watched by crowds along the Portsmouth Road. The Heir to the throne has immense fun with his ciné camera, his children in their garden, and his boys' camps by the sea.

The Kents love their music and painting and their visits to Paris and to Yugoslavia . . . and the Gloucesters are really happy in the hunting field.

"Tell me how he spends his free time—and I'll tell you what sort of a man he is!" is very true. Take a quick glance at the holiday habits of our Royalties.

Ignored

First, Edward VIII himself. He has probably had his last care-free holiday, if indeed he remembers any really "free" time, since in his seventh year, they started intensively training him. Now his choice in holidays will be somewhat cramped by the fact that Kings do not leave their Kingdoms more than necessary.

When he *could* choose, what did he choose? Judging from last year he likes, as a complete "let up," the usual holiday of the fairly rich youngish man who goes to the South of France with a party of friends.

He likes, also, exploring new countries and new peoples and(this is where he links up with ordinary people!) best of all he appears to like . . . digging in his own garden.

First, a flash-back to last August. The Prince of Wales left London with Cora, the cairn terrier, who is, of course, his inseparable companion.

When the Earl of Chester (and Cora) arrived at Cannes station on August 5, the flannel-clad, straw-hatted young man was taken to the Villa of his hosts, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley where he, Lord and Lady Brownlow and Sir John Aird, stayed.

Two familiar cars were very carefully ignored. The equally familiar figure of "the Prince" in typical "riviera clothes" was equally carefully ignored. In fact, the precious holiday-pass of Royalty, the "incognito" was most scrupulously observed and "the Earl of Chester" bathed and sunbathed, enjoyed aquaplaning, motoring; enjoyed visits to the Casino and to restaurants, and amused himself in his speedboat, completely unworried.

Local people and visitors saw the brown-faced and youthful looking Prince quite frankly enjoying his holiday; he was then enjoying the normal vacation of the rich younger man who is reasonable in desiring a thorough change. He could, in fact, relax and have his friends around him.

There were jobs to do, of course: hatless and in a blue suit he visited Lord Louis Mountbatten's ship: he contributed, with a tactful visit, toward the success of the international Regatta . . . and so on. Then he left, having had a thorough rest, to visit Hungary for the second time. This was different. Now it was the "go everywhere and see everything" Prince. His precious "incognito" was certainly respected but he was at his old game of tremendous and sincere *interest* in finding out all about people and their background in a strange country. That is the busman's holiday that the present King seems to like! A man in Budapest who knows the details of the King's visit, says he was not to be put off by an official programme. He wanted to "see for himself," and he did.

For instance, gypsy music attracted him so he was to be found listening, enchanted, in the small "Kis Royal" gypsy café to the singer

The heir to the throne has a 'dip' in the sea.

Pertis. He went also to the fashionable restaurants, but it was here that he discovered the "real thing" against its natural setting. Then he explored the Turkish baths and the "waive" baths for which the city is famous, and he went to the Royal Shooting Estate at Godollo, even though he infinitely prefers to do his shooting with a camera!

He was driven around by ex-Army Captain Feher in a car, and this Christmas the Captain was delighted to get a prompt personal "thank you" from his royal guest, in reply to a Christmas gift.

One thing to remember about Royalty on holiday, and especially about the King, is that wherever he goes he creates new fashions. Peach Brandy was the smart drink after he left Budapest last year, because "the Prince" drank "*barak*" and bought some of the picturesque *futyulo* bottles. Even the tailors' dummies in foreign shop windows take on the corn coloured hair, the blue eyes and the round face of the famous visitor, and they also wear the straw hats and flannels!

Here then are two definite types of holiday that will not come his way so easily again, even though he is already modernising the leisure of Kings. But the King also likes his own home

These two go abroad for their holidays.

A royal shopping expedition in Vienna, and the King playing golf.

(this is where he and the Little Man in his Half Acre Garden meet with a grin and shake earthy hands) and his own garden at holiday time.

Bachelor Taste

The making of his garden at Fort Belvedere, and the changing of the house to suit his bachelor liking, has lined him up with those of his subjects who, week-end after week-end, at Easter and at Whitsun and at August do just the same. . . .

Have you seen him going for his "day off" to Sunningdale? It is said he uses his Canadian limousine (the first car he has bought since he became King), with a steady desk built in the back and a desk light so that he can work while he travels by night.

The itch for "making gardens" has got him. He visits Windsor (where he will entertain after the Court mourning is over) frequently to make plans for those gardens . . . but it is at Belvedere he works, shirtsleeved and happy. Once again his pleasures are those of the active, rich and intelligent man who knows he must set something against his habitual overwork.

He golfs, swims and occasionally plays tennis with his friends; Virginia Water, Wentworth and Sunningdale are handy and his private aerodrome at Smith's lawn is within hail. And after all, when you realise that he is thinking of a squash court and swimming pool at Buckingham Palace—*anything* within reason is possible in the life of the most modern monarch.

Where has he been happiest "on holiday?" Some say that there has never been such a carefree man as the Prince on his Canadian Ranch. Others say that the real fun of a short golfing holiday at Le Touquet "set him up" best. But many forget that he really does like England in holiday time.

There is a certain famous hotel in Wales that remembers being telephoned from London and paralysed with surprise and complete incredulity when the voice at the other end announced itself as "the Prince of Wales speaking." And the same voice went on to discuss in highly intelligent detail the allocation of rooms for a royal party to spend a short holiday there.

It was, however, the Prince. The famous hotel-keeper who has developed the estate tells me that the visit was really delightful. The Royal guest was to be treated "just ordinarily" and he enjoyed himself immensely, surprising fellow-guests by sitting up late one night in the picturesque bar—quoting poetry at great (and accurate) length. This is an accomplishment that has hitherto escaped publicity.

His Garden

"*Let me alone, I'm happy . . .*" was one of the really revealing things said by the Prince (organising races late one night in an East African dance room) to his harassed Equerry who indicated that the Royal Train and the Royal Schedule, were waiting. The man who told me this, added, "They were killing him, d—n them, with their overwork; and he was far too willing . . ."

He might, reasonably, therefore for the future have the same appeal over his Fort Belvedere gateway: for at present the King's holiday is exactly that of most of his subjects—cultivating his own garden. You will see him doing this a good deal this summer.

◆ ◆ ◆

After the King, his heir, and it is remarkably difficult to think of the Duke of York as the probable future King. In some ways the least spectacular of the Royal Dukes, our knowledge of his taste in holidays is in fact a series of close-ups from a very "domesticated" film.

There is, for instance, Prince Albert arriving at Glamis to join his wife and daughters; he vanishes from the sight of pressmen and cameras and becomes the family man.

There is the Duke with his movie camera and there is the Duke, a lean muscular figure in shorts or a bathing dress, with the mixed company of the boys from all sorts of schools, in his famous Holiday Camps.

Lately, he has dug in his garden with his elder daughter, working to make sure that Royal Lodge gardens put up a brave show this year. Last year they were merely in the earlier stages of development.

Beside the Seaside

Quite definitely rather a delightful family background; a pleasant retreat for the Queen in this, the saddest summertime of her life. Like all good British families, the Yorks have been to the seaside. The children loved Compton Place, Eastbourne, and it is said that, if the Duchess can fit it in, she and her daughters will return there during the summer. Princess Elizabeth knows something about swimming and she does want to bathe in the sea!

When they are not at Glamis (and this, after all, was their first country holiday experience) the two most important children in England will be happy enough at Royal Lodge, with its modernised (and bright) interior and the delights of riding and playing in the Welsh House. Unsensational and domesticated is the background of the King's eldest brother.

Of all the Royal Princes alive to-day there is, surely, none more deliberately "retiring" than Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester; it is difficult to imagine him, for instance, on a golfing holiday in beret and check plus fours like his eldest brother: singing with a magyar gypsy band or quoting poetry in the bar of a famous hotel!

His holidays are not, of course, "holidays"—for the 36-year-old Prince is a professional soldier and gets "leave" not holidays!

We know remarkably little about his tastes: except that he has chosen a charming wife. We know that

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING

When they do as They Like

They are happiest in the country.

he is second favourite uncle of his niece, Elizabeth, with whom he occasionally rides.

He and his wife will, naturally, gravitate towards Scotland for their summer holidays if and when they have them.

They have recently enjoyed a holiday with General Paynter at Suisgill Lodge, in Sutherland, where there is fishing in the neighbourhood of the Helmdale River.

It is delightful and remote. You can imagine this typical "English Army" couple, with their dogs, Dougal and Winks (Scots terriers), their sensible tweed country clothes, their horses, and their new car (given to the Duchess by the Duke) with special "seats" for their dogs. They are also making a home at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot. The only real holiday they have yet had together has been, of course, their honeymoon. They spent many hours riding together through the particularly lovely leafy rides round Boughton House, near Kettering.

Check Gloves

If you want to see them in a holiday mood see them together at a point-to-point meeting : if you are lucky see the *check* knitted string gloves that the Duchess wears for country and riding ! They will, without doubt, visit the Border country to which the Duchess belongs this autumn and Bowhill, in Selkirk, will see its beloved young Duchess once again.

Then, since it is a family of contrasts, we come to the holidays of Prince George, the brother who became the King's nearest companion and was affectionately called "Babe." Here we come to much of the tastes of the King himself, "going places and seeing people" and (once again !) enthusiasm for his own new home.

He and She

Much as the King made Tyrol fashionable in the immediate past, the youngest Royal Duke has spun the fashion wheel toward the Slovene Alps and the very real romance of Yugo Slavia. His engagement, part of his first married holiday immediately before the birth of his son, and the happy family life of his wife and her sister, the Prince Regent's wife, these have drawn Prince George back to Belgrade and back to Bled. We know a good deal about that gay, "human" and artistic couple the Duke and Duchess of Kent : he musical, and she artistic—and both young and gregarious and quite definitely leaders of the younger generation.

She wants to dig her castles by the sea !

We can visualise their holiday against the almost feudal background of the shoot the Duke has leased this summer—a medieval country with very occasional bears and wolves, wild boar and musical comedy wayside Inns !

You can imagine the excited family party meeting at the station of Topchider, near Belgrade.

The Regent, aesthetic-looking Prince Paul, will probably greet his English-schoolboy son, Alexander who is a little older than Peter II, and Princess Olga and the new baby will later give her sister and brother-in-law a warm welcome. Whether or not Prince Edward will travel to Yugo Slavia with his parents we do not yet know. If he remains at home, the little boy will have his own new country home to enjoy and the garden at Coppins for sunbathing. Here there is yet another Royal pet, a donkey already set aside for the infant Prince ! Dinkie the Donkey, and Druska the Alsatian are definitely parts of the Kent household.

So when you think of the Kents as cosmopolitan and smart remember them also as country home-makers, against a romantic setting of a gabled house in the home counties.

Last of all that other "limelight hater"—the Princess Royal whose two sons are probably less well known that any other small sons of Royalty in the world. However, we know their holiday likes and dislikes, if we can judge by what they do : we see them with their father riding and hunting and at races; we see them attending Scarborough cricket week.

Stay-home Princess

They are typical "county" folk, the Harewoods, and their boys appear to enjoy the ordinary school holiday delights of any other children, except that very occasional public appearances claim them.

Princess Mary would, one feels, be happiest of all if she could retire into the happy life of a real Squire's wife because England and not "foreign parts" seems to interest her.

Here again, apart from very occasional trips abroad, one of which was her honeymoon in Egypt, the Princess is definitely one of the stay-at-home members of the House of Windsor, and seems to share little of the characteristics of her eldest and youngest brothers.

More than Her Share

She loves her home at Harewood, her garden (which is a delight and is especially planned to delight her mother) and her two boys. She plans for her boys' holidays. Last year it was a fortnight at Filey in Yorkshire and bathing, sailing (which she likes) and motoring.

This year she has had more than her share of illness and sorrow and she and Gerald have yet to recuperate from their measles.

* * *

"Tell me what he does on his days off ?" asks the employer, of the man in whom he is interested. There is a most varied and most interesting selection of ways of spending holidays, within the ranks of the Royal Family : but perhaps the King's own sentence echoing from the East African Tour days, sums up their situation : *"Leave me alone—I'M HAPPY !"* We do respect their "incognito."

GIL CHARD

The BIG Idea

A Complete Story by

Barré Lyndon

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR SPENCELEY

"I GOT ideas—big ideas," said Harry, and removed his dusty bowler as he leaned across the polished desk.

Mr. Werstheim started, and looked up. The desperate expression on his pudgy face changed to indignation as he regarded the shabby figure.

"How did you get here?" he demanded.

"Just walked in," Harry said, and came nearer. "How'd you like to have everybody in London talking about this place—with a crowd o' ten thousand outside when you open?" He added generously: "Maybe twenty thousand."

Mr. Werstheim sat up, staring. From the echoing regions beyond the office, hammers thudded in what Mr. Werstheim was beginning to feel might be impotent activity.

"Would it be worth fifty quid?" Harry asked.

"It would," Mr. Werstheim admitted, because a hundred times that sum had failed to achieve such a desirable result.

"Call it fifty, and I'll do it." Harry said.

"How?" Mr. Werstheim asked.

"Never mind 'ow," said Harry.

There was a little silence.

"Who are you?" Mr. Werstheim inquired cautiously.

"Call me the Human Leech," Harry replied. "I cling to things."

They remained gazing at one another.

The facade of the new Regal Exhibition Hall rose like a white cliff from the broad pavement. Sheer, smooth and unbroken except by one colossal window, it lifted to where a flagstaff jutted a hundred and fifty feet above the road. Not a rain-water pipe, not a ledge, not a single stretch of ornamental moulding marred its marble veneer.

Harry stood looking at it, and four young men were with him.

The glistening height formed the entrance to what Mr. Werstheim intended should be to London what Coney Island is to New York, only without the seashore. It had everything from a super amusement park to a super de luxe cinema. It could stage anything between a passion play and a world's heavyweight championship. But London was showing little interest in the playground that Mr. Werstheim had arranged, although the opening ceremony was due in three days' time.

Harry gestured towards the smooth whiteness which towered across the road.

"I'm going to climb it," he said.

The four young men looked at him.

"At 'arf past two next Saturday, I'm going to climb from the pavement to that flag pole," Harry announced decisively. "Straight up."

"It can't be done," said one of the four. "There's no foothold."

"That don't matter," Harry assured him.

The four exchanged glances; they surveyed Harry apathetically.

"It's through me being a Human Leech," Harry explained. "That's how it's done."

"Have you climbed anything before?" one asked.

"There's the Leanin' Tower o' Pisa," Harry suggested.

"You've been up that?"

"Believe it, or believe it not, just as you please," Harry replied offhandedly. "And I'm going up that building with bare 'ands and in my stockinged feet."

Five minutes later the newspaper men were grouped on the maroon carpet in Mr. Werstheim's office.

"Are you going to let this Human Leech climb your building?" they asked.

"Has he told you he'll do it?" Mr. Werstheim frowned. "I don't think I ought to let him try," he said. "I don't see how he can get a grip."

Some of the evening papers mentioned it. A sub-editor elaborated a five-line paragraph into a quarter-

(*continued on page* 29)

He pressed his toes between the two slabs. Cameras clicked.

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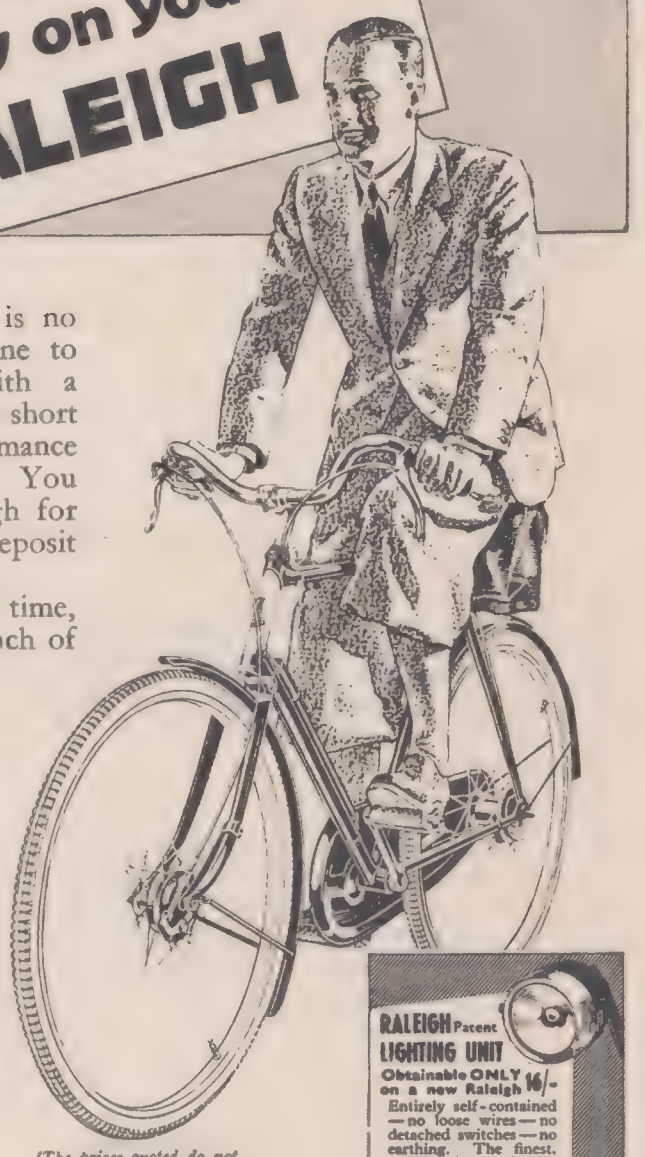

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column fill-up, relating the climbing feats of various human flies. Mr. Werstheim was interviewed again next morning by doubtful reporters.

"It is nothing at all to do with me," he said. "He has simply said that he will perform the feat."

"It's not just a publicity stunt?"

"My dear fellow," Mr. Werstheim protested, "I believe the man has climbed quite impossible places all over the world. Personally, I think he'll break his neck, and I haven't the least idea of where you will find him now."

They did discover Harry when they left. His bowler hat rested on the pavement, and he was examining the marble veneer about the entrance. His expression was concentrated as he took off one shoe and pressed his toes into a shallow interstice between two ice-smooth slabs.

A camera clicked. Other shutters snapped.

Harry withdrew his foot, and the little group examined the faint mark which was left.

"It looks as if he *can* get a grip," a man said thoughtfully.

He bent back. The height of the white cliff made him feel dizzy. He spoke to Harry.

"Do you really think you can get up it?"

"I shall climb from ground level and hang my hat on that flagpole," Harry answered with quiet confidence.

"Suppose you slip?" he was asked.

Harry did not answer. He stooped to pick up his hat and he looked into it, almost as if he expected to find something there. Then he placed it on his head and walked firmly away.

When they followed, he refused to discuss his past feats.

That evening, Mr. Werstheim surveyed a pile of press cuttings. Photographs showed Harry with his foot against the facade. Practised imaginations had turned his elusiveness into modesty. It was tentatively suggested that the feats of human flies in New York and Madrid, Chicago, Berlin, and Los Angeles might be attributed to him. Here and there, he had a small headline.

Next morning he was news.

All day, people stared from across the road. Photographers risked their lives, leaning over the parapet near the flagpole, shooting the facade from above. Others struck new angles from the pavement. The crowds increased during the day, hoping to see Harry, but even the newspaper men could not find him.

Mr. Werstheim harassed electricians in charge of floodlighting, rushing them ahead of schedule, so that brilliant beams lit the facade that evening, revealing it as glistening and impossibly smooth. The newspapers carried photographs of it, and headlines about Harry.

"If I knew where he was, I'd tell you!" Mr. Werstheim told newspaper men. "I'm worried myself. This publicity won't do the place any good if he hurts himself. If he turns up, I'll let you know."

He went to look for Harry himself, but he did not find him. There was a great crowd in the darkness outside, and police had been drafted in to keep the people moving.

On a corner, within sight of Mr. Werstheim's creation, a burly policeman stood on his regular beat, admiring the floodlights and glad that he had not to make himself hoarse by moving people on. A figure drifted out of the gloom, and the big constable nodded.

"Hello," he said.

"There's a proper crowd up the road," the man commented.

"It'd be a nice pitch for you, if you want to make a change." The constable eased massive thumbs into his belt. "You haven't been working your old one lately."

"I've been busy," the man said. "Have you seen this Human Leech?"

"No," and the big policeman added comfortably, "I reckon he'll kill himself."

"It ought to be stopped! I bet he's being paid to risk his life—just to get a crowd."

"It looks too slippery to climb," the constable observed as he regarded the white-lit structure ahead.

"He'll do himself in," said the man.

"I wouldn't be surprised," the policeman agreed slowly.

"It didn't ought to be allowed," the man went on. "You coppers ought to use your authority and nark 'im for 'is own good."

A heavy footfall sounded on the pavement. A sergeant appeared, making his round. He listened.

"It didn't ought to be allowed," the man repeated indignantly.

"There's something in what you say," the sergeant commented. "I'll have a word with the inspector."

"He's just a desp'rit man riskin' his life to amuse the crowd," the man said with finality. "The people what are paying him ain't got no conscience. Good-night, mate!"

"Good-night," said the burly policeman.

A solid mass of humanity filled the road outside the new Regal Exhibition Hall. The streets beyond were jammed. People hung from windows, boys clung to lamp-posts and trees. Moving picture vans rose like islands, and traffic over a square mile of London was dislocated and jammed.

A double cordon of police stood shoulder to shoulder, surging and swaying, keeping the entrance clear. Ten thousand pairs of eyes gazed towards the marble facade, and another ten thousand looked in that direction, but were too far off to see it.

In the carpeted entrance, Mr. Werstheim stood behind a silken cord which, when cut, would officially open the building. Silver scissors lay on a velvet cushion. Dignitaries, managers, directors, and all who could get there stood waiting and watching, while Mr. Werstheim paced up and down and the hands of a clock shifted until they registered half-past two. An impatient murmur rose from the crowd outside, and a shabby figure appeared from the depths of the Exhibition Hall. Mr. Werstheim breathed in relief as he recognised the bowler hat which drifted towards him.

"I was beginning to think you wouldn't come," he said.

Harry glanced anxiously around, then spoke hoarsely.

"Are they goin' to let me go through with it?" he asked. "There's been some talk o' the police stopping me."

"I've heard nothing," Mr. Werstheim said, and pushed him forward. "You'll be all right if you start now."

They ducked under the silk rpoe. The crowd roared at the sight of Harry, and he stood irresolute, staring.

"Aren't you going to take your shoes off?" Mr. Werstheim asked.

Harry bent. He loosened a lace. His glance shot about the broad acreage of carpet, then his movements suddenly became hurried. He tore off one shoe and attacked the other.

"The police! They're coming to stop me!" he panted. "Keep 'em off until I get started."

There was difficulty with the shoe, but he wrenched it away at last and darted towards the marble height. A large hand reached out and caught his shoulder. A burly policeman glowered down at him.

"Hello!" he said, as he recognised Harry.

An inspector saluted Mr. Werstheim.

"I'm afraid we cannot allow this to go on, sir," he said.

"You can't stop me!" Harry exclaimed. "I got a right to climb it, if I want to."

"You keep quiet," the big constable growled, and his massive fingers tightened their grip.

The crowd surged forward. The police cordon contracted, then expanded again.

"Take him inside," the inspector said. "We must stop the attempt, Mr. Werstheim, in the man's own interests. The risk is too great!"

They took Harry inside. Presently, the silken cord was cut.

There was nothing left for twenty thousand people to do except discover what lay behind the marble facade.

Harry looked across Mr. Werstheim's polished desk, while into the office drifted echoes of activity beyond.

"I'll have it in ones," he said, and Mr. Werstheim counted out grubby one-pound notes brought direct from the pay-boxes. He pushed them across the desk.

"Have you ever climbed—anything?" Mr. Werstheim asked.

Harry did not reply. They looked at one another. Mr. Werstheim leaned forward.

"What's your real trade?" he asked.

"Me?" Harry answered. "I'm a pavement artist—I can't stand heights."

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Two one-funnel ships alongside give the impression of one two-funnel ship—after a collision.

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Right—Big Ben forms a halo for another equally big Ben—Disraeli, in this Curiosnap taken at Westminster.

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LIFE *before the* WICKET

Herbert Sutcliffe

one of the greatest opening batsmen of all time begins a series of articles describing the highlights of his Test Match memories . . .

FOR the selectors this will be a busy season. Performances in County matches and Test games with India during the next few months will decide who is to be selected to tour Australia in September in an attempt to regain the Ashes for England.

All of us are tuned to concert pitch for this season and, although in the past I must consider myself fortunate in having played in more than fifty International games without much anxiety about "selection," the now so-called "veteran stage" has been reached, and my place in the English eleven is more in doubt than it has been.

After a strained thigh muscle, an invitation to play in the third Test in the last series (which was declined because of my injury), a remark from "a very important person" whose name I cannot disclose—that they couldn't do without their "Rock of Gibraltar," and many other pretty compliments —I was dropped for the fourth Test at Manchester.

The Selection Committee, it was said, was afraid of risking an old leg injury. There is no "old" leg injury. Having fairly big thigh muscles, I have noticed, year after year, that after a succession of fairly large scores they are inclined to harden—to become tight—and even lots of hot baths and massage has not been able to prevent a "pulled muscle."

I first pulled a muscle at Lords in June, 1919, and each year since—with perhaps two exceptions —there has been a repetition of the injury, but not in the same place. I have pulled a muscle in three different places on each leg, back and front, which explains twelve injuries away.

My legs are now in perfect condition, but, if I am fortunate enough to make a few large scores in May and June, it is possible that a further "pulled" muscle will occur.

Mr. Warner will no doubt recollect the trial match at Birmingham in 1926 when, after scoring 50 odd runs, I pulled a thigh muscle while batting. Mr. Warner was the chairman of the Selection Committee that year—as he is at the moment—and it was he who sent a message asking me to retire, for the first Test was to start ten days later. My leg was barely sound when the first Test arrived, but A. W. Carr, after seeing a 50 yards sprint (rather laboured, I must admit), decided that I should play.

Mention of A. W. Carr brings to mind the memorable tests of 1926. This series against the Australians proved to be most unlucky for our skipper.

He could do little right. His own personal performances must have worried him a good deal, for he was unable to do himself justice on any occasion.

We were all terribly sorry for him in the third Test at Leeds. The man who won the toss was called on to make a difficult decision. There had been a good deal of rain overnight, and he had the choice of two prepared wickets. No. 1 wicket appeared to be ideal for a spin bowler, but the other wicket, No. 2, was very wet; and anyone, lacking knowledge of the Leeds' wickets in those days, would undoubtedly have preferred No. 1 wicket for sending-in purposes. Our own experience as far as Yorkshire games were concerned was that the wetter the wicket, the more dangerous it was. This knowledge was imparted to Carr, but there were other people who were definitely of the opinion that No. 1 wicket was the "sending in" wicket. No. 1 wicket was selected for the game, and Carr winning the toss decreed that the visitors should bat first.

The start was sensational, for I caught Bardsley the first ball of the match. In came Charlie Macartney, whose first ball went very close to his wicket and the next he provided our skipper with a chance in the slips, a chance he would have accepted 99 times out of 100, but to our amazement the ball dropped harmlessly to the ground. What a start it might have been—2 wickets for 0 !

But what really happened was that Charles Macartney started to play what must have been the most brilliant Test innings of his career. There were thousands who thanked A. W. Carr for not having deprived them of such a marvellous knock.

Our skipper was dropped for the final game. Health reasons was the excuse, but A. W. Carr needed no false excuses from the Selection Committee. He knew his form had been disappointing to everyone concerned, but with all due respect to Chapman, who succeeded him, it would have given the whole team the utmost pleasure to have had Carr as leader in the victorious game that gave us the Ashes.

This unaccountable loss of form happens to many of us at critical times in the game. You will recall the public feeling in 1934 when "Wally" Hammond struck a bad patch. We were all rather worried about Hammond's form in the Test games in 1934. That our star batsman should go through the series without registering even a half-century was astonishing. We couldn't say he was out of form, for before each Test he simply slaughtered the County bowlers and would invariably make a double century. But what a change in the big games !

O'Reilly and Grimmett appeared to be always on top. Walter was always struggling and never got going once, except at Leeds during the fourth Test, when he was unfortunately run out, through no error of judgment on his part. That is the sort of thing that does occur when a batsman is having a run of bad luck. Hammond's "international form" was rather disappointing until last year's test at Leeds, so disappointing, in fact, that a member of the Selection Committee suggested—on account of his temporary lapse—it would probably change his luck if he were to go in lower down in the batting order.

But Hammond—perhaps slightly hurt by the suggestion—proceeded to play a really dazzling innings that he repeated in the second innings and again in the fourth and fifth Tests.

The last Australian tour provided many interesting sidelights. While I intend to deal chiefly with things "down under," I shall try to avoid the now famous leg-theory bowling, now thrashed out so heatedly.

D. R. Jardine was the target of the most severe barrage of criticism that any man has ever experienced in Australia. Body-line and tactics apart, Jardine has not the knack of making friends quickly. He takes much knowing. He doesn't open his heart to anyone until he has had a considerable time to study his would-be friend. In other words, Jardine's attitude to a stranger is foreign to Australians, who extend a warm-hearted welcome to all. The happy and cheery personality of Gilligan (A. E. R.) and Chapman have always fitted in with the warm-hearted welcomes and generous impulses for which the Australians are known.

Jardine has a reserved disposition. He will not play to the gallery or produce that little bit of showmanship so necessary to make one ideally

(*continued on page* 33)

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Continuing

LIFE *before the* WICKET

popular. So Jardine was not popular in Australia because his nature is averse to radiating quick friendship.

Even after my tour of Australia with Chapman's team, in 1929-30, of which Jardine was a member, I could not say, with truth, that I "knew" him. After being closely associated with "D. R. J." for nearly eight months, he appeared to be as far away as ever.

I discovered, in 1932-3, that our skipper was one of the finest men I have ever met, as sound a man as can be found anywhere and as straight as a "die." He had the courage of his convictions, but, unfortunately, those convictions did not meet with general approval. That did not, of course, worry our captain. We were in Australia to regain the Ashes, and our skipper concentrated so deeply on this task that his determination gave Australians the impression that nothing else mattered.

Before arriving in Australia many of our players were on magnificent form.

After leaving Colombo, I suggested that instead of playing with the customary deck "hand ball," we should use the ordinary leather ball, which instantly met with success. The deck wicket proved to be much faster than the Australian wicket, so that when we began our games in Perth, the wicket there appeared to be easy-paced in comparison. Arthur Mailey joined in the practices, amazing us all with the manner in which he had retained his skill in being able to turn the ball.

There was consternation in our camp when it was rumoured at one stage of our tour that Arthur Mailey might be called on to serve his country again.

Mailey's exit from big cricket was much too premature, but Mailey, evidently looking ahead, realised that cricket could not provide him with a permanent livelihood, and he was wise to foster his work as a journalist and cartoonist, for now he is a power in the land in his particular profession.

We were told on our arrival in Western Australia that the Australian Board of Control had sent round from the East the cream of the Australian batsmen, yet not a single Test bowler.

Members of the Selection Committee were naturally surprised and not a little peeved at the "take all and give nothing" policy of the Board of Control. Therefore, we decided to leave out three of our main bowlers—Larwood, Voce, and Bowes. It would, indeed, have been bad tactics to show Bradman and Co. our star bowlers.

Everything turned out to our liking, for G. O. Allen was asked to reserve his energies until the great Don arrived. Don appeared after an early wicket, and was quickly in trouble with the fine speed of Allen, and after making a few strokes, which were not by any means in keeping with his English form, he succumbed with a score of single figures.

When the Australians batted the second time we were fortunate enough to catch them on a sticky wicket. Bradman was quickly back in the pavilion for another single-figure score, and altogether the main Australian batsmen had not the happy time they probably anticipated. Unquestionably, the first battle of tactics had been won by Jardine. I must, however, give Don Bradman his due. He is unquestionably the biggest gate-drawing power in the game, and he was responsible in a large degree for the huge crowds attending the match.

Hedley Verity dropped in for much "leg pulling" after one of our games against New South Wales. We batted first, and were well placed for a win when overnight rain came to further damp the spirits of the home state. A few of the English players—including Verity—went to inspect the wicket before play started. When Verity saw the wicket he quickly remarked : "Poor Don." But the wicket did not respond as Verity had anticipated, and when Don arrived at the wicket he was in a big hurry, played a fine forcing innings during which he punished Hedley Verity unmercifully.

"Poor Don" is a phrase often quoted to-day by the Yorkshire players. It was repeated many times during Bradman's mammoth scoring in 1934, and without a doubt Verity will be ragged about it during the 1936-7 tour, for Hedley must surely be a certainty for the trip.

Jardine was a vigorous and relentless leader in Australia, as everybody knows, but on the occasion of the Adelaide trouble he looked thoroughly worn. It is amazing to me that he was able to weather the storm (what a storm it was !) yet retain his perfect composure throughout the tour. Not once did he show the least sign of caving in, but, of course, Jardine possesses one of the strongest of personalities.

He was a strong, silent man in Australia, and he alone knows how near to collapse he was. All I can say is that he experienced a few sleepless nights. In the game at Sydney (the first Test) when I was rather badly criticised for slow scoring, I tried to persuade my skipper to agree to a more enterprising display. Australia had batted first and, thanks to a great display by Stan McCabe who notched 187 runs not out (against Larwood and Voce at their best), the total reached 360.

After Wyatt and I had made the century partnership, Hammond arrived and we scored most freely. At the end of the day's play my individual effort was 115, one of the quickest Test hundreds I have ever made. The next day was entirely different. Grimmett, O'Reilly, and Wall were on splendid form, and between noon and tea they hardly ever bowled a loose ball.

O'REILLY—an insistent and persistent attacker, who is the complete master of length, flight and spin.

JARDINE—was a vigorous and a relentless leader in Australia . . . he was a strong, silent man.

After Hammond's departure, Pataudi, who scored a century, and I progressed at snail's pace. My appeal to Jardine at lunch time and again at the interval "to have a go" met with negative response. His reply was : "We have these chaps well down; let us keep them down if at all possible, no quarter must be given." Jardine's tactics ultimately proved to be correct, for I feel sure that no batsman could have survived the aggressive Australian attacks by dashing for runs.

Barracking at Adelaide in the third Test was the worst in the history of the game. Before the match we had two practice days, and on the first day when our captain emerged from the pavilion, all padded up ready for practice, the thousands of spectators began barracking, and there were some most uncomplimentary personal remarks passed. It was a nasty piece of work by a big section of the crowd.

During the tour there were rumours that everything was not running smoothly with Jardine and his men. I don't believe any team could tour together for eight months without a few petty differences. We had our minor "spots of bother," but they were only very minor and hardly worth mentioning. Jardine was a hard taskmaster. He was a stickler for early nights during the Test games and careful living, and those who were inclined to disagree knew full well that he was right.

The case of Pataudi needs examining. After his century in the first Test it needed an exceptionally strong committee to drop Pataudi for the third Test. When on form and going well, the Nawab is one of the best bats in the world; but, although he was never in any serious difficulties during his long innings (which must have been the slowest of his career), he was never convincing. The bowlers were always on top, and after his two failures in the second Test we took what must have appeared to Pataudi and to many good judges, too, a very drastic step.

We knew the Nawab's temperament only too well. Had he scored prolifically during the second game he would have continued his success throughout the Test series.

As it was, although no one will ever be able to say whether our action was correct—for he might easily have accounted for a dazzling century—we were satisfied in our own minds that we had done the right thing in playing Paynter in his stead.

Fortunately for us, Eddie Paynter displayed magnificent form. He came as a refreshing breeze, for his treatment of Grimmett and O'Reilly proved our assumption about their not liking a left-handed batsman. Paynter went from strength to strength, for during the very next Test he played the innings of his life. His wonderful pluck in leaving a sick bed with tonsilitis trouble and a high temperature is one of the outstanding historic events of the game.

But for Jardine insisting on his presence (against, I might say, strong opposition) we might have lost the fourth Test, for Paynter arrived at the Brisbane Oval looking ill and drawn and proceeded to play a really brilliant innings, an innings that earned the everlasting praise of every cricketing enthusiast throughout the Empire.

It will interest many people to know that long before the first Test began we knew O'Reilly was a bowler of great promise. Sooner or later he was a certainty for the highest honours. Therefore, in the first Test it was our solemn task, if possible, to prevent him taking wickets with a view to having him dropped from the side in the second Test.

That it was a case of postponing the evil day, we were well aware—even if our scheme had worked successfully—but I am certain that O'Reilly bowled himself into a permanent place in the team when he bowled against three centurions — Hammond, Pataudi, and myself. The chief task of discouraging O'Reilly was left to Hammond, but after risking much in scoring a few quick fours he provided "Big Bill" with a much-needed success.

His analysis in his first game was not a justifiable reflection on the form displayed, for on the third day of the match when the Nawab and I were simply stuck for hours, he produced a super effort worthy of many wickets, and I venture to say that although his analysis before Hammond left Pataudi must have been 0 for 90, the Australian selectors would be rubbing their hands, and saying : "Why, O'Reilly is certainly a little bit of heaven 'sent throughout the sky one day' ! "

There is no need for me to say what a magnificent bowler he has proved to be. An attacking bowler, an insistent and persistent attacker who is the complete master of length, flight, and spin.

He and Grimmett provide the finest combination of bowling there is in big cricket to-day. With these two attacking, there is no peace for any batsman, as we England batsmen realised. Woodfull knew the success of his team was almost solely dependent on these two, therefore on every possible occasion they were bowling for long spells.

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Mary-Lou's Hat

by CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

● He climbed out and restored it to her with obvious apologies.

THERE is no measure for happiness. It must depend on the kind of person you are and how much of the commodity you have had in your life.

When Mary-Lou Tait woke up on Bank Holiday Monday she thought herself the happiest girl in the world because she had a new hat and was going to Southend for the day in a motor bicycle sidecar with Bert Walters.

It was a rakish hat to be worn with a rakish tilt over the left eyebrow. It flaunted a pink flower. Mary-Lou Tait had paid ten shillings for it.

Humming, she unscrewed her steel hair curlers. There were twenty-four of them. A small Woolwich arsenal on the dressing table and the result a mass of tight, gay, reddish curls. When her mother brought her an early cup of tea she was still beaming and humming.

Her mother had once possessed real Titian hair. She looked at Mary-Lou's bright little sausages and said inconsequently:

"You're a good girl, Mary-Lou, and Bert's a good boy and ought to get on. I'm glad you've got 'im. Now, have you time to go to the Surgery with me before he pops round, or 'aven't you?"

"Course I have, Ducks! I'll wear my new 'at and give the neighbourhood a treat. You see ole Ma Bright's face when she catches sight of it! A fly can't clean his spats the other side the street without her spotting it, ole Nosey Parker!"

It was right opposite Ma Bright's house the tragedy happened. It *would* be! Ma Bright's ferrety old eyes, which missed nothing that would make malicious gossip or interesting fabrication for her visitors, were actually fixed on the hat when a huge gust of unreasonable wind whirled it off Mary-Lou's head and right under a juggernaut of a great sports model, driven at considerable speed by a young man. According to his lights he was a sportsman. He climbed out and restored it to her with obvious apologies.

Mrs. Tait and Mary-Lou arrived at the Surgery in the deepest depression and dismay. To have the one expensive hat of a whole lifetime mangled out of recognition at the beginning of a Bank Holiday is depressing and dismaying.

While Mrs. Tait unwound the bandage from her leg for Doctor Mallfree's inspection, Mary-Lou talked to Doctor Mallfree's nurse.

Nurse was small and slender and quiet. Her eyes, set with startling beauty in her otherwise ordinary face, were the most remarkable golden-brown. Shining wells of sympathy and rare intelligence. Her name was Claudia Stevens. She was fully trained. She was twenty-four. She worked in this poor doctor's poor surgery in a poor neighbourhood because she had a high-flung sense of service.

She loved George Mallfree with steady and quite remarkable passion and fidelity. She had perfect self-control and perfect self-discipline perfected by hard hospital and professional training and a naturally firm and upright little character. Her manner obtruded nothing in her emotions. She was the perfect nurse, secretary, dispenser and medical helpmate.

She lived in three rooms above the surgery in the noisiest, dirtiest, smelliest road in a congested London district. She not only lived there uncomplainingly, she lived there with a definite, patient, hoping and trustful happiness.

This lasted triumphantly until George Mallfree met Zona Gibbs.

Zona had been encountered at a charity dance given by his old hospital. Zona was a society débutante. Claudia Stevens had seen her. She did not deny her beauty. It blazed away at the world out of a setting of gorgeous furs, perfect tailor-mades, or gossamer model gowns.

Zona Gibbs, to Claudia receiving three pounds a week and the use of three rooms, was the authentic traditional fairy princess.

She never disputed her obvious sway over George Mallfree or his submission to it. It seemed at once inevitable, and for her a crushing but justifiable defeat.

There were long, sleepless, tearful nights since her hero's submission to youth and beauty and wealth, when Claudia Stevens played with the idea of quitting her job.

She was a fully qualified midwife. She was a trained masseuse. The work she did in the community was invaluable. She had made a niche for herself in their respect and their affection. Above everything, poor, patient, brave and blundering, they relied on her. That was their outstanding claim on her. She was too big a person in herself to deny it. She did not quit.

If anything, the "concealed worm" in the core of her busy, impersonal life of service made her more sensitively aware of other people and their problems. She was listening now to Mary-Lou's saga of the ruined headgear with a quite lovely and selfless compassion in her beautiful golden-brown eyes.

"Jest my luck. Buy a lid that costs the blooming earth and have a whole car wipe its feet on it first time I stick it on. How I've gassed to Bert Walters about my new hat's nobody's business! Well—it's the old beret with the moth family all indoors, for me and Southend!"

In a low voice Claudia Stevens said, "I have a hat I've never worn."

"Go on!"

"It's pretty, Mary-Lou. It would suit you. A nice shade of goldy-brown."

A little psychological pain had run through her intelligence and her emotions at the same moment, transfixing them both on a little skewer of actual physical pain that drove away her colour.

She too had "gassed" to Doctor George Mallfree about the very hat she proposed to give to Mary-Lou. He had laughingly prescribed "a new hat the colour of your eyes" as a cure for temporary blues—and promised to take her on a jaunt in it on Bank Holiday—this before he encountered Zona Gibbs.

She had confided to him the queer trouble she had to get a hat the "odd" shade of her eyes, the number of shops she had to search, the quite exorbitant price she had ultimately been forced to pay.

"Warm, sunlit amber," he had said. "That's the colour you should have asked for—or bright sherry. Now let's see how good you are at 'matching.'"

But she had refused. She had paid a mad price for it, for her. One whole week's salary. It was an adorably becoming model from an exclusive West End milliner. She wanted to keep it for the "jaunt." Her first "jaunt" with him.

In Doctor George Mallfree's memory there rankled the inescapable knowledge that in the weeks that preceded his meeting with Zona Gibbs he had promised Claudia a "Bank Holiday do" that afternoon.

It was unfortunate that it should also happen to be Zona Gibbs' twenty-first birthday. She and her mother had taken a furnished bungalow by the Thames at Cookham.

He was bidden there to quite another kind of "do."

How she had "gassed" to Doctor George Mallfree about that "warm, sunlit amber, light sherry" coloured hat to match her eyes!

(*continued on next page*)

CONTINUING *Mary-Lou's* Hat

How pitifully alike all women in love were in their reactions; their childish bids for applause and approbation from the men they coveted!

She gave a little shiver.

"Come back after the last patient has gone, Mary-Lou. The doctor is closing the surgery punctually to-day. I'll have it ready."

George Mallfree spoke sharply. His conscience was pricking him and he was a male. His reaction was primitive and instinctive. Take it out of the "object" of the personal discomfort.

"When you have quite finished gossiping with Mary-Lou, Nurse, perhaps you would pass me the iodine and one of those padded wire square frames. We'll let the air get to this leg and get it quite cleared up."

He relented when her charming little face flamed. There was no expression in the eyes or the voice.

"I'm sorry."

It was like the transition from real life to some musical comedy setting and atmosphere to climb out of the car at Zona Gibbs' furnished house. He was not in key with it. He was strangely disconcerted that he was not in key with it and bitterly disappointed with himself, as if it was some ineradicable lack of breeding or personality with which he had been inexorably saddled.

A woman's child had been born dead in a mean street in a miserable room. That was what had made him late for all this amusing, luxurious pseudo-picnic banqueting at the river's edge.

The setting was fantastically lovely.

"There are punts and canoes and launches," said Zona. "Anyone who wants to, can work off this lunch with strenuous exercise."

She had chided him charmingly for his tardy arrival, but she was irritated with him. He wasn't "playing up." He was not in character. He was to be the denizen from another world, the "marvellous slum doctor" Zona had collected to incorporate in a witty, moneyed butterfly party. The contrast was there, but it was the wrong sort of contrast. He was dull, not dramatic. He was not just "different" he was just uncomfortably out of place.

She grew a little shriller, a little more emphatically the witty, spiteful society girl with the lizard-quick tongue for the frailties and foibles of her particular small world. It was a role in which he had not previously seen her.

Most of the men were handsome. Nearly all the girls were lovely, and those who were not were challengingly individual. They knew a lot and recorded their knowledge and impressions with bizarre brilliance and wit.

They were a crowd it was fun and at once a subtle compliment and a distinction to be with.

Well then, what *was* wrong?

He felt disappointed, angry and bitterly thwarted by his own uncontrollable reactions to something he had looked forward to as a delicious escape, a charming and idyllic adventure. He might have been some small, inexperienced boy baulked of a party.

"You're awfully quiet, Doctor. What are you thinking of?"

Zona Gibbs' eyes were speedwell blue. It was like looking down into two flowers. They had not much more expression than flowers, but they had amazing colour and softness.

She wanted him to "parade." She wanted him to "do his stuff." She had spread his atmosphere for him thickly before his arrival.

"A baby died just ten minutes before I drove down here," he said slowly. "I couldn't save it. No one could have done. The mother was broken-hearted."

He had struck the wrong note. They wanted drama and realism of a different kind. They would have snapped up a big accident, a difficult or interesting and intricate operation he had brought off, a marvellous cure. But just a baby. . . . Anti-climax. Domestic. Dull.

He knew it.

"How dreadful," said Zona—really he was performing clumsily! "Was it an only child?"

"No. They had three others. They were very poor."

"Then surely it was an awfully good thing," said Zona quickly.

The talk swung frankly to birth-control, and over-population as an economic menace.

Zona did not go in the launch to which he was apportioned. A beautiful musical-comedy star, a beautiful portable wireless and a beautiful tea-basket did.

His physical, emotional and mental restlessness increased until it was a controlled frenzy.

Desperately he yearned to get away!

He was homesick for mean, hot, noisy streets and salty, homespun people without charm or artifice. The bread and salt of life.

"There's a flannel dance to-night," said Mrs. Gibbs. "You'll stay, Doctor? Dozens of local people are coming in and dozens more are motoring down from town."

He could not refuse them. The launch had glided to the landing steps and he gave Mrs. Gibbs his hand. Most of the guests had foregathered. Thousands of electric fairy-lights not yet illuminated festooned the trees. The lawn had been covered with a dancing floor in their absence. There was a raised dais for the orchestra under the trees and special floodlighting from the trees for the musicians.

Servants were serving cocktails. Someone lifted Zona on to a table and called "Speech, speech."

She looked lovely standing there, a modern dryad, beautifully and revealingly sheathed. Her hair was all that nature and art combined could make of genuine, thick, fine, golden hair. Her eyes were like empty but sweet blue flowers.

"Mother, we forgot to tell them," she shrilled. "Say, here's some hot news! I inherited £30,000 to-day. All my own. No restrictions. I'm no longer Mummie's pensioner. What shall I buy? A ranch? A yacht? A racehorse?"

They flung suggestions, commands, warnings and prophecies at the lovely girl.

"She needn't worry," said Mrs. Gibbs fondly and maudlin to Dr. Mallfree. "She can buy anything crazy she fancies. She'll have much more than that when *I* die, all gilt-edged securities all over the world, and tied up so that she never touches the capital. Let her spend it! You're only young once and I always think there'll be another European war before very long—so what?"

"So what?" the doctor echoed, and he hated his voice for its black intolerance, its disgust, neither of which he could control, both of which seemed to emanate from some uncomfortable but pitilessly clear understanding that had been descending on him all day and had suddenly settled and clarified into inescapable knowledge and conviction.

He made his adieu to Zona Gibbs very quietly and apologetically.

"So many sick."

"You Harley Street fellows," said a newcomer standing next to him, "always carving a cheque out of some poor devil."

"I'm a slum doctor," said George Mallfree very quietly.

It was like a confession of faith made to himself.

Illustrated by Sinclair Galow

It brought a strange renewal of confidence and hope. It established him with himself.

Guilt had given way to a sick contrition and anxious dismay long before George Mallfree struck the outskirts of London.

The heat of the day fanned the streets with stale listlessness. Trails of hot cabbage smells clung in the congested roads. A pale amethyst sky with no hope of clean rain in its unbroken translucence was deepening with the night over the baked roofs of the great city.

He thought with a little boy's amazement at his uncomprehended psychology. "Strange I did not know I loved her," and he could only marvel with a strange, youthful excitement at the omission.

All the way the quiet face of his self-effacing little helpmate danced and flickered in his imagination.

As he passed up Mary-Lou's street to go to his surgery he saw Mary-Lou standing beside Bert Walters' motor-bicycle and side-car. He waved to her cheerily, but she beckoned eagerly and he was forced to stop the car.

"Oh doctor!" she said breathlessly. "Mother says the covering has slipped a bit and she's nervous of touching it. She's worn no stocking like you said."

"I'll come in a minute and adjust it. Had a good day, Mary-Lou?"

"Lovely, sir! Gorgeous! And—doctor—me and Bert—we're fixed up. We're getting married at Christmas."

Inside, while he tended Mrs. Tait's rapidly mending leg, Mary-Lou said suddenly :—

"How do you like nurse's 'at, Doctor? Suits me a fair treat, don't it?"

He stared at it. "Warm, sunlit amber. Light sherry." It was a beautiful hat; a hat for which she had had to make a tiring pilgrimage, a hat of hopes that had been dashed, of dreams unrealised.

"Nurse gave it to you?" he said stupidly.

"Yes. Mine blew off this morning and got done in good and proper."

"That 'at cost a pretty penny," said Mrs. Tait with deep satisfaction. "Nurse said she's never had it on her head. Taken a sudden dislike to it. I bet she bought it to match 'er eyes. It's the same goldy-brown colour. Thank you, sir. That feels champion!"

Out in the baked streets he turned his car rapidly in the direction of the surgery.

Here was his world, his chosen world. It flung itself at his heart like a country assaulting the emotions of a returned exile.

Two of his patients stood gossiping on the pavement, relaxed, at ease. Stars gathered like small moist tears in the hardness of the hot night sky over their heads.

"Another fine day to-morrer, Doctor," they commented, and their lazy smiles were almost fond, almost maternal. "It's been a wonderful Bank 'oliday," one of the women said, and her voice was warm with happiness in the world's contentment. "Nurse ain't in. She's sitting with poor Mrs. Pettworth. She feels the baby dying on a Bank 'oliday—it seems so 'ard on the little beggar."

Queer reasoning; but he knew them for two great-hearted, Christian slatterns who would share their last crust.

Nurse rose at once when he entered the airless room.

"Mrs. Pettworth is quite comfortable," she said. "There is nothing to do. Only, she seemed a little downhearted."

As simple as that.

"I wish he hadn't died on a Bank Holiday, Doctor," Mrs. Pettworth said, "just when everybody was so happy."

Involuntarily he glanced at Claudia Stevens' face. It was impassive. There were moments in a man's life when he longed to do something extravagant as self-release; kneel at a woman's feet. He could have knelt at Claudia's.

"Could you come with me, nurse?"

"Certainly, doctor."

● They were in their own neighbourhood. A crowd of Bank Holiday makers were dancing to a barrel organ.

"Another case?" she said quietly, settling herself in the car.

"Yes. Me. Claudia, did you know I loved you?"

"No."

"Neither did I," he said desperately. "I found out to-day."

He spilt the history of the day very clumsily, without finesse.

"She was too beautiful and too rich for you?" she said.

"Yes."

"And I am neither?"

He could say nothing. A verdigris spread over all his future. Nothing seemed to matter very much. The simple, unheeded structure went out of his working life and he saw it for what it was, without glamour.

"That brown hat you gave Mary-Lou," he said. "Was that *the* one?"

"Yes," she said steadily.

"Queer," he submitted, "that men only find the measure for happiness when they have lost it, Claudia. I've been in a panic for hours. I won't worry you any more."

Claudia said :

"Mrs. Pettworth was going to call that baby George Mallfree Pettworth if it had lived."

"Maybe the baby knew that," he said quickly.

"I've been with her nearly all day—saying to myself, 'If people can feel about him like that—dozens of people—he will come back. He *must*. This is his life. Not Harley Street and Society.'"

"I never went away—except on a crazy excursion of vanity and novelty."

They had made a circle in the car and never noticed.

They were back in their own neighbourhood. A crowd of Bank Holiday makers were dancing to a barrel organ. They were noisy. They were not sober. A public house was adjacent. Babies and children who should have been asleep were part of the picture. They were hot, these dancers. They were vigorous and full of hearty energy.

"There's George Banister, and you and I know he's got kidney disease," he said. "There's Louise Carver as drunk as a lord and we told her alcohol was death this time last year. There's that mutt Betty Bridges that we warned never to have another baby—with one well on the way. A cheery lot of crocks and ailments and diseases. Your people and mine, Claudia. Funny, isn't it?"

Her hand closed over his on the steering wheel. He saw her quiet face. Her golden-brown eyes were shining and luminous in her smiling face. Their serene beauty took his breath away.

"I know, George," she said.

"There's Charles Mills," he said unsteadily. "He'll break that leg of his again, old fool! Why do we love them, darling?" he demanded.

She gave it a moment's consideration. The most charming and the most tender smile touched her quiet face. It was for him at once a revelation and an adorable promise.

"I've often wondered," she whispered. "I'm bothered if I've ever found out, darling."

"Betty Bridges has fainted! No wonder, dancing on a night like this! No—listen—Claudia. A moment, dear. Will you marry me?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Very good, Nurse. Next week without fail. The sal volatile. No, not the brandy. I'll bet she's had enough. You've said it! We'll never know why we love them! At this minute I can't think of a single reason!"

In her eyrie across the street Mrs. Bright said to a crony :

"If they're sweet on each other why did she give Mrs. Tait's Mary-Lou that expensive new 'at this morning?"

"It was kind of nurse."

"It was kind but it wasn't 'uman," said Mrs. Bright. "I'll bet that 'at's got a history she'd like to forget now she's going to marry the Doctor."

"How do you know nurse is going to marry the doctor?"

"Because she gave away the 'at. The moment I saw it on Mary-Lou's 'ead I said—then the other one's out."

"What other one?"

Mrs. Bright regarded her visitor with saturnine satisfaction. She had made her effect. She had made mysterious legend.

"You can't keep men away from girls with them brown eyes," she said, "I know. I 'ad 'em once. You can't tell *me!*"

She missed the doctor's interesting but primitive ministrations to the unconscious Betty because she had to sit in the shadows to hide her small, wicked gentian blue eyes.

I'm a DOG-SLEIGH Doctor

by Dr. H. L. PADDON

Even dog-team travel can have its dramatic side.

UNTIL I met Sir Wilfred Grenfell my idea of a missionary was a tall, austere clerical gentleman, in frock-coat and top-hat, preaching under palm trees to aborigines in négligée. I never dreamed that I was to spend twenty-five years as a "missionary" among primitive people—half Indian, half Eskimo—on the Labrador coast.

With three hundred and fifty other boys I went rather reluctantly when I was sixteen to hear a missionary lecture; that "missionary" was Sir Wilfred, and since then my heart has been in his work, for he showed me in a few minutes that the missionary life need not be devoid of adventure, humour and the interesting things of life. I went by way of a medical school to Labrador. And for twenty-five years now I have been travelling three thousand miles by water every summer to visit my patients, while my winter round, accomplished on a dog-sleigh, extends for eighteen hundred miles. Sometimes I travel hundreds of miles merely to attend one case. For instance, not so long ago I received a radio call to attend two men injured in a shooting accident a hundred miles away.

First aid for patients in the Arctic Circle.

Photographs by permission of the Grenfell Association.

Our summer base at Indian Harbour was already shut down for the winter. The vessel in which I travel all summer was bound for the south. Then came the call for help. Two nurses who were aboard were landed at Indian Harbour to open up a wing of the hospital again while I sped north with my crew.

Too Much Chloroform

Two men, uncle and nephew, had been wild-fowling. The uncle had placed a loaded gun on the bow of their motor-boat with the muzzle pointing in-board. When he picked it up, the gun went off, blowing away most of his hand and injuring his body. I merely had to pick out about a hundred pellets from the skin of the younger man, but the uncle was rushed back to Indian Harbour, suffering greatly from the results of his friends' attempts at first aid. We operated at once and our patient was soon about his business again, with a forearm missing.

Another time a gunshot wound necessitated an amputation without nurse, anaesthetist, or any proper instrument. The alternative to a carpenter's cross-cut-saw or an axe was an insignificant little saw for finger bones, whereas the amputation had to be through the thigh. There was no heated operating room. Chloroform was the only anaesthetic, and the Eskimo half-breed, who held the mask, poured on so much that he stopped the patient's breathing, and we had to use artificial respiration.

Sir Wilfred Grenfell can cap this with the story of an Eskimo woman who preferred five men sitting on her to an anaesthetic. A father of eight, whose gun burst near the breech, blowing his hand almost to pieces, declared he would rather die than lose his arm. Despite general blood-poisoning his magnificent constitution pulled him through; and, after a bone-grafting operation, and the gift of some of Dr. Grenfell's own skin, he emerged with an index finger and a hand like a seal's flipper.

An Eskimo father was reduced to amputating both his daughter's frostbitten legs, below the knee, with an axe, and Dr. Grenfell subsequently trimmed the stumps, while an American friend supplied false legs.

Although I now have an able vessel of about sixty tons, for nearly twenty years I travelled each summer in an auxiliary ketch, forty-three feet over all. Charting was so defective that we frequently discovered shoals by hitting them. A useful resource was to carry empty oil drums, to haul down under the bulge of the boat at low tide when she was ashore, and so lighten her as the water rose. She was very strongly built, and never came to much harm, despite dense fogs and the blizzards in late October and early November, that exposed us to so much danger.

Much of the dog team journey is perfectly safe but even that form of travel has its dramatic side. Sometimes a premature break-up of frost in spring forces us to travel on floating ice-pans. I have had two days on ice-pans, and my Chief once blew away off-shore and almost perished on an ice-pan.

The Husky (Eskimo) dog is, I believe, a mixture of the Labrador wolf and the Mongolian Chow. If treated as a wild animal he is likely to behave as one. If taught as a puppy that man is his master and friend, he becomes an excellent friend and a willing worker.

Twice I have known teams to lie starving for a week by their dead master rather than mutilate the body. Ordinary hauling dogs cost only about sixteen shillings, though a leader may cost two or three pounds.

Wonder Dogs

A good leader, if left to himself, is rarely at fault. The first time he crosses a stretch of the outside barren lands, so deficient in landmarks, he will memorise every stunted tree, stump or rock that shows above the snow. Scorning a new trail, he will go the same side of every stick and stone on each trip.

Even more wonderful is a good dog on the open ice, where there are no landmarks at all. When the snow is drifting badly, his driver may not even be able to see him. I have known a dog to run straight into the mouth of a five or six foot portage path, across twelve to fourteen miles of open ice, in a raging blizzard, the second time he was travelled in that region.

When snow is firmly packed, a speed of from eight to ten miles an hour can be kept up for considerable distances. At other times ten miles may be a hard day's journey. When a partial thaw is followed by rapid frost, deep snow may be coated with thin ice like window glass. This would shave the dogs' legs and feet like a razor; and, if human need or shortage of supplies demands a move, the only thing is to walk ahead of the team, smashing the "shell" with snow-shoes. I have had to do this for more than a week on end.

Lost Guide

Once when we were crossing a tract of barren land in a storm we were joined at the last isolated cabin before leaving the shore-line by a man who was going our way. As he lived in the neighbourhood he was accepted as pilot to the party.

The house of the man we were trying to reach, for a night's shelter, had been shifted from the shore of one pond to the shore of a larger, better wooded lake. Soon after we left the sea shore, our pilot was palpably at fault, but regained the right line.

There was no trail, and the snow was so thick that we lost the guide, passing him unseen, and then found him coming up astern of us. Descending a steep bank, his komatik (sleigh) capsized, shedding his gun and axe which we fortunately retrieved, and knocking any remaining wits out of his head. He was now completely demoralised. Eventually we regained our route, and made the small pond from which our prospective host had shifted. The pilot refused to admit that this was Muskrat pond, declared we were completely lost, and demanded that we dig into a snow drift, and spend the period of the storm in our sleeping bags.

Dangerous Resort

This is the last resort, when lost in a blizzard. A fire has to be attempted, if wood is available, but as the eddying smoke may produce complete blindness, and as the snow melts, and freezes again in the squalls, there is every chance of fatal disaster. We were short of food so we declined his proposal.

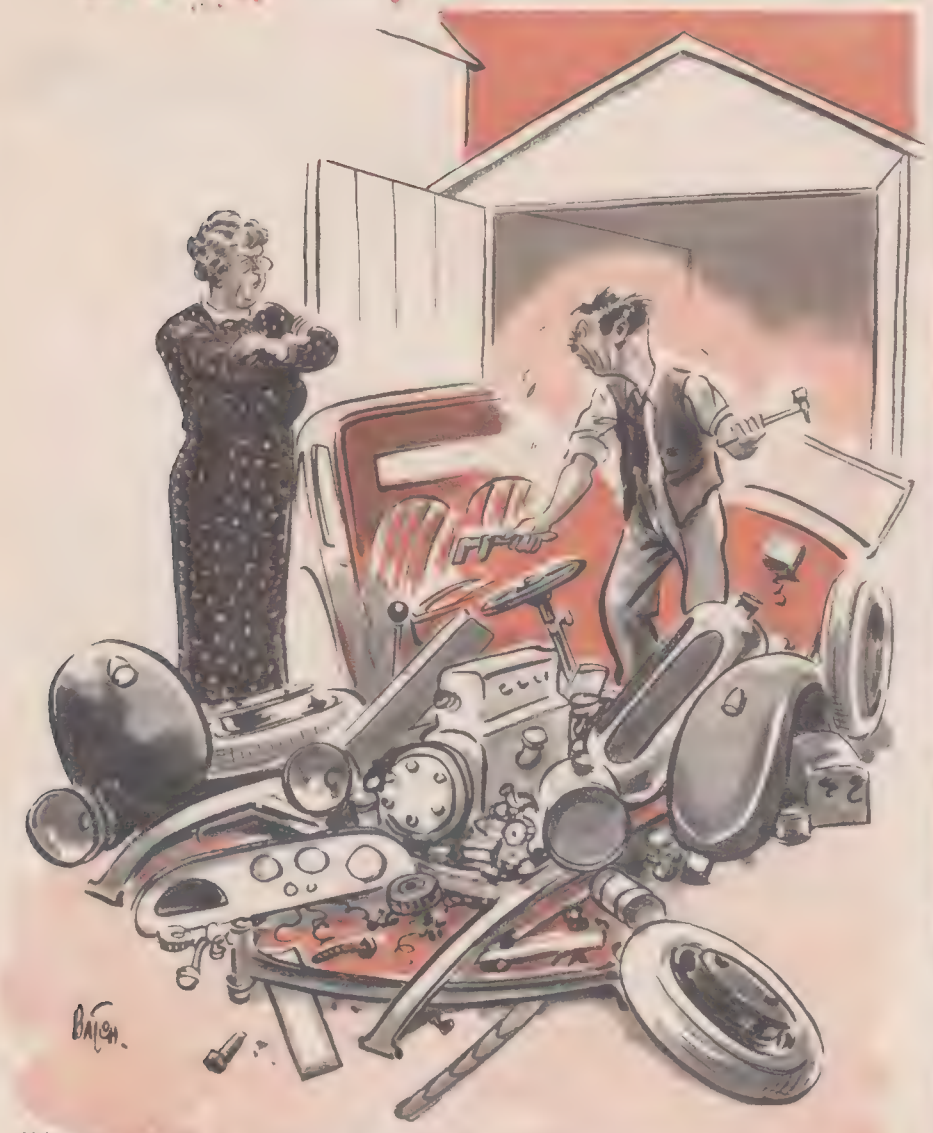
While we still hesitated, my driver, who had only crossed that neck of land once in his life, suddenly pointed to a stump, faintly visible in the whirling drift.

"That is spruce wood," he said. "Someone has been cutting firewood here. I know of only one spot of spruce on this neck, and that was by Muskrat pond." So we decided to assume it was Muskrat pond.

In a few minutes we had reached the shore of Tilt Brook Pond, and, with nothing worse than rather frost-bitten faces, reached the desired house just before dark. That storm lasted three days and, had we camped in a snow-hole, we should more than likely have perished. My teamster's almost dog-like instincts had done much to save three lives.

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section



"No, darling, I don't think you could have left your earring in the car."

"We'll count five hundred—hide again and see if we can find you this time."

"We couldn't get all the writing on the cake, so Henri baked us a P.S."

"I used to be scenic artist to a circus, m'm."

A MAN AND SPEED

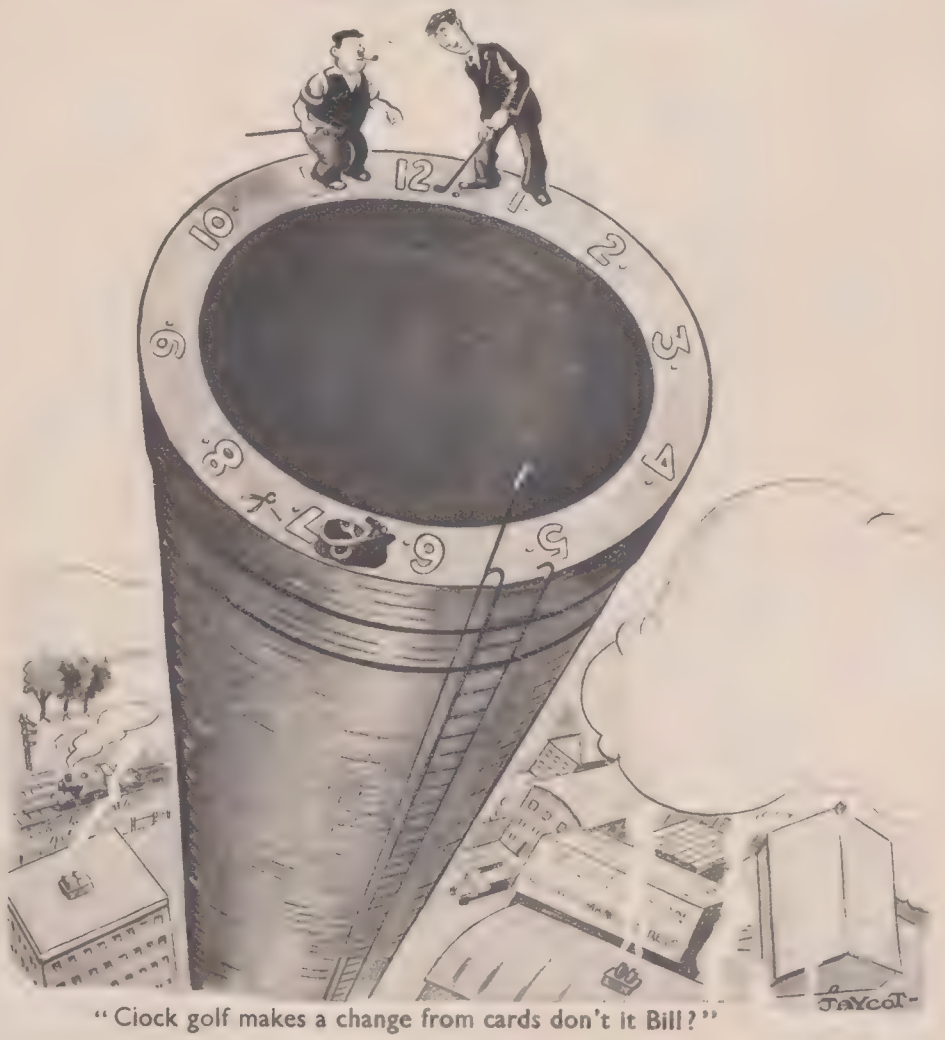
by A. C. BARRETT

The kennelman returns from his holidays.

"I had grapefruit for breakfast."

"I shall have to speak to that knife-thrower next door; he's ruining poor grandpa."

"It must be rather cool up in Glasgow; what do you say we move 'im down to Southampton for a change?"



"Ciock golf makes a change from cards don't it Bill?"

"Look, Ethel, the only day we get a bit of sun this darn thing appears."

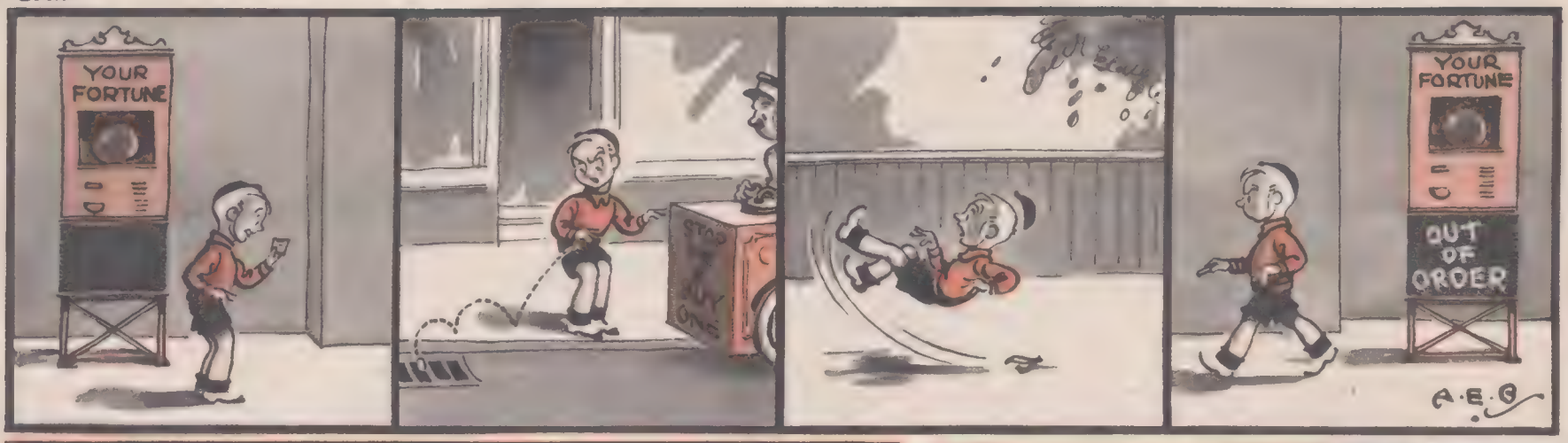
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

Warder: "Why aren't you in bed?"
Prisoner: "I thought I heard someone prowling about!"

Smith's Weekly, Sydney.

"Pardon me, I thought the window was closed."
Lustige Blatter, Berlin.

CHIP

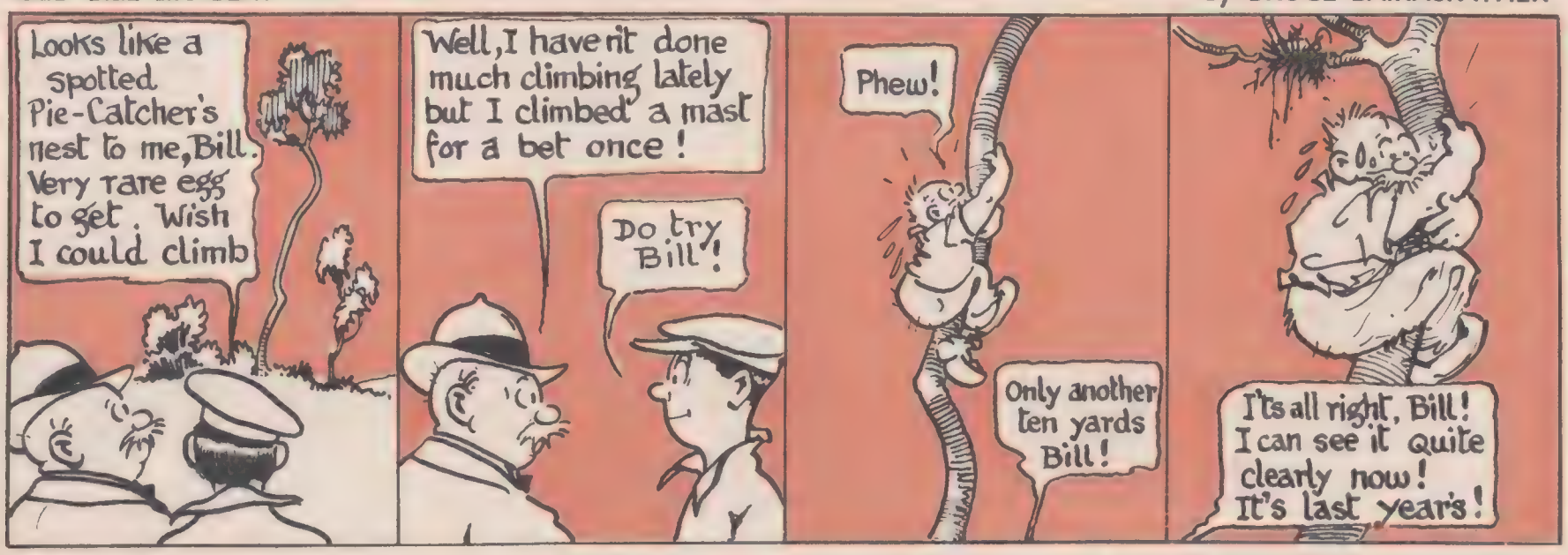


MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says "WOT A LIFE!"

Sweet music—indeed
To spend hours in this manner
I'll learn 'em to learn me—!
An' bust the p-an-er!

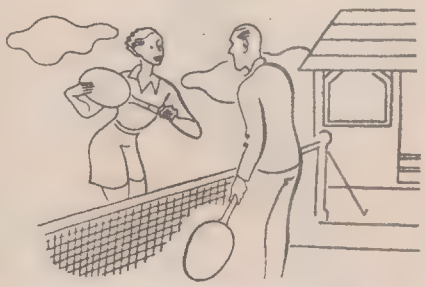
"I hope you don't mind us borrowing one of your cockerels; you see, we like to be up early in the morning and we haven't brought a watch."

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



THE HAPPY COUPLE WERE SO PLEASED TO GET YOUR GREETINGS

Jill's godmother wired: *My dearest thoughts and wishes for your future happiness, darling. Do visit me soon.*



Absent friends wired: *All the luck in the world. Furious can't be there. Drinking your health.*

Bill's Chief wired: *Heartiest congratulations. Have a good time. Putting you in charge of sales on return.*

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WIRE CONGRATULATIONS

Sally Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD OSMOND

CAP'N JETHRO SCRAGGS, of the ancient whaling barque *Gayhead*, was not feeling kindly towards himself, for he had just refused to lend a helping hand to a fellow man. More, that man was his own stepson, Percival, orphan of Jethro's lately deceased second wife.

Youth had been wild in Percival. Wild to the point of wickedness. Jethro had taken him to sea; and the other old whalemen of the *Gayhead's* co-operative crew had pounded, spanked, and otherwise removed most of the devil from him. So much, that Percival, on quitting the barque last time coming home, had left behind him little besides bad language and juvenile threats. Now, after two years spent, he said, in honest work in deepwater ships, resulting in his second mate's ticket, the lad had presented himself aboard the barque asking for a job. And Jethro refused him.

In the evening Cap'n Jethro took himself off to town. Some of his crew had yet to be cajoled into joining the ship for another cruise. Jethro went to the snug little cottage of Widow Brown, where Jed Roach boarded. The widow was a bouncing, buxom lady who bore her years amazingly well and had a keen eye for a prosperous sailorman. Jethro could not blame Jed for lingering in such a home with such a landlady. More than landlady, it seemed. Jethro had scarcely taken a chair, wiping his brow preparatory to launching another argument at Jed, urging him to sea, when the rosy widow perched herself on Jed's knee, and rumpled his sparse hair.

"You don't want to go to sea, do you Jed dear?" she cooed.

"Course I don't," growled Jed, blushing furiously before his skipper. But Jethro saw beyond the blush. Old Jed was not so much enamoured of his lodging as scared of getting into deep matrimonial water. Not that Mrs. Brown's home was to be sneezed at. Oh no. The late Mr. Brown had left his relict well provided for. The cottage was a real home of warm attractions. Jethro managed to pass a heavy wink to Jed, and rose to leave, hoping that Jed would come to see him, clear of the widow's enchanting presence.

Passing down the side street, where the garden gate was, the cap'n witnessed a little drama. A flashy car was at the gate, and in it lolled a male creature of gorgeous plumage, all oiled and jewelled, with a nice little two-bit moustache to match. To the car ran a delicious little copper-haired blonde, all curls and snub nose and red-lipped smiles.

"Come for a ride, Miss Brown. I want to discuss things with you," the gaudy male drawled; and Miss Brown hopped into the car like a humming bird, waving the most perfunctory adieu to somebody who ran out as if to stop her and was left standing at the curb as the car buzzed away.

"Why, Percival!" cried Jethro, inclined to banter the lad. "Was you goin' anywheres particler, son?"

Gently and with mature wisdom old Jethro led Percival towards the sea. He already felt sore at himself for turning down the lad's request for a berth in the barque. He talked of everything but women on that walk, and when they parted:

"I'll come aboard to-night," snapped Percival. "I'm going to get my gear now. I owe nobody, and there's nobody to say goodbye to."

"Thet thar little gal treated yew rough, I s'spect," mused Jethro.

"To the devil with 'em all! Any of 'em will run themselves bowlegged after a movie actor. All I hope is that Sally won't have to walk home from that ride."

"It didn't look es if a daughter of thet thar widder woman 'ud go traipsing arter play actors. Seems tew me es if she'd ruther hev a sailorman fer a sweetheart. How come her mother lets ——"

"Her mother!" Percival laughed harshly. "She's so darned busy catching old Jed Roach for her third husband she don't know Sally's alive half the time."

"Hah! Wimmen is queer critters," sighed Jethro, who knew. "I'll come and help yew with yewr gear. Yew'll soon forgit, Percival."

Next morning, an individual appeared on board who made the old whalers rub their eyes. His hair was slick and black; he wore knickerbockers and fancy stockings, bright yellow brogans, and a sports sweater. Neither hat nor cap concealed the glory of his glossy poll. But one thing the whalemen noticed as he came on board: he wrinkled up his nose as if the smell of the old barque offended that patrician smeller.

Old Eph Brower, the mate, decided the visitor must be one of Percival's queer friends. Percival was not in sight, however, though he had been right there a moment before. While Eph wondered, the apparition approached him, grandly flicking the ash from a fat gold-tipped cigarette.

"Kindly inform the captain I want to see him." Thus the apparition, staring coolly at a spot midway between Eph's blazing eyes.

"'Tarnal Fire!" Eph exploded. "An' who'n hell be yew, then?"

"My business is with the captain."

"See here, me son," Eph glared contempt at the stockinged legs. "*Men* aboard this yer ship ain't allowed to scatter ashes on deck. Yew be only a boy, seemin'ly. Git an' scrape up them cigaroot ashes now, afore I——"

"What's the matter, Eph?" Cap'n Jethro appeared, staring at the knickered stranger. He recognised the gorgeous creature of the car and Sally Brown and Percival.

"I'm Craven Floyd," the stranger drawled. "Are you the captain? This old fellow seems a bit senile. I'm looking for a ship, and heard about you. I suppose you're——"

"Hold on, my lad, this yer ship ain't fer sale, an' yew don't look like a sailor tew me."

Mr. Floyd spilled more ash, right at Eph's booted feet. "I have no intention of joining such a rugged, virile profession at present." Slippy, the cook, sneaked beside Eph, polishing a pot with a swab not too clean, which he handled as if he yearned to use it as a missile. Jethro grew impatient. He caught a glimpse of Percival's head jutting around the tryworks, and eagerness sat on the youngster's face.

"Git to the p'int," Jethro snapped.

"What a lot of salty old fire-eaters!" laughed Mr. Floyd. "I want to hire your ship, with enough real tarry sailors to sail her around for a few days. How soon can you be ready for sea?"

"Jest a minnit." Jethro grew hot. "Dunno es I want to do any sech thing. What be yew? Rum smuggler? Ef yew be, yew better push off afore yew gits yewr face pushed in, mister!"

Craven Floyd laughed again, a short, unpleasant laugh. He smelled of scent, too.

"I'll come down to your level, Captain. I want to hire an old-fashioned ship, with an old-fashioned crew, and go out and make the sea scenes of a new photoplay. You've heard of photoplays?"

"Heerd o' movin' pitchers."

"Right. Now I'll pay a hundred dollars a day for the ship, five a day each man for the crew, guarantee a full week's pay, and——"

"Hold on, thar," growled Eph, shoving in with

Long Complete Story

by 'SINBAD'

● Percival shook his head, crouched and slipped forward like a shadow, bringing up his fist to Floyd's chin.

Seth Noakes, Noel Pease, Slippy the cook, burgoo pot and all, at his heels. "Free an' ekal we be aboard o' the *Gayhead*, remember, Jethro. Let's hev this yer straight. Tell the feller jest how we stand."

Jethro curtly outlined the policy of the old whaleship, which was jointly owned by her crew, all profits shared alike, all business save actual working of the ship subject to the vote of the company. More old whalemen had gathered around, and Floyd repeated his offer, scanning the crowd with raised brows.

He had never expected to see such a collection of seemingly senile old men who yet talked and acted with vigour and certitude. All retired whalemen, they were, in the *Gayhead*; weary of shore life; glad to join old Jethro in a new kind of seafaring, where they went to sea when they liked and to seas that were mildest. That going when they liked was the reason why the barque lay ready for sea with part of her crew still delinquent. The youthful Percival might have looked out of place among them. Perhaps that was why Percival remained invisible.

"Ain't got no 'commodation," snapped Eph.

"I ain't goin' tew cook fer no play actors," said Slippy, clanging the lid to his pot.

"Haow much a day did yew say, Mister?" Seth Noakes put in. Floyd repeated the offer with an air of forced patience. Then he addressed Jethro directly.

"My company will bring their own provisions and cook——"

"Ain't goin' tew hev no actor cook in my galley!" from Slippy.

"We ain't got 'commodation, Mister," Jethro decided. Floyd sighed.

"You're the hardest old men to give money to! I don't require accommodation, if you mean cabins. The beds would probably stink of oil anyhow. Now don't go off like a squib. No offence. We bring everything we need, and camp on deck the same as if we were in the field. All we shall need from you is plenty of fresh water. You sail your ship around, let your men get into the picture, and get well paid for it. Isn't that better than rotting at a dock?"

"Don't seem es if we could lose much," mused Jethro.

"'Cept maybe yer self respect," growled Eph, trying to set fire to a spitting, fizzing old pipe that reeked of whale. Floyd coughed.

"Smartish bit o' money tew tarn away," quoth Noel Pease.

"I seen them movies," put in Amos, the cooper. "I seen a sea pitcher last week. Classic they called it. It stunk tew me. Mebbe sailormen might help tew make a sea pitcher worth while." Little did Amos know of movie methods. "Anyhow, 't wouldn't hurt none, es I kin see. In business fer money, ain't we?"

"Hev it yewr own way," snapped old Eph, his pipe belching sparks. "Dumblast ef yew ain't the orneriest mess o' barnacles, yew old——"

"Don't spill wind on 'em," said Slippy, disgustedly. "Yew knows how 't is when Jethro gits sot in an idee——"

"Nobody ought to know better'n Eph," Jethro cut in warmly. That seemed to settle all argument. There was a swift silence. All hands, Eph particularly, remembered one occasion when Jethro's stubbornness alone saved the lives of Eph's boat's crew. It was not quite like Jethro to refer to it. He coloured painfully as soon as the words were out. Old Eph turned away.

"It's settled, then," smiled Mr. Floyd. Jethro nodded glumly.

"Then we'll come to-morrow. Have plenty of fresh water, mind. My company believe in personal cleanliness."

The film man buzzed away in his sporty car, and while his dust yet hung in the still air, Percival emerged from his corner. Eph and Slippy chattered consolingly in the galley. The decks were almost deserted. Cap'n Jethro wondered if he had done right. His sea sense rebelled; business sense said he had done a shrewd turn. But he was not easy. His eye roved all over the old barque, and suddenly spotted a strange sight.

Percival capered about the grimy decks, fists clenched, boxing some imaginary foe with deadly ferocity. Uppercuts and overarm wallops, slogging swings and plain sailors' doughboys swished through the air. Somebody unbeloved of Percival was plainly imagined to be at the receiving end. Percival's face was bitterly hard, his eyes glittered, and his breath hissed. In one furious onslaught he faced aft and saw Jethro staring at him. He dropped his fierce pose for one of sheepishness, thought better of an impulse to hide, and went up to the skipper.

"Gee, Pop, I'm glad we're going to get some action," he grinned. "Been staying ashore too long."

"Yew seemed spry enough a minnit ago," returned Jethro peevishly. "Sort o' mad at the dudees is hirin' the ship?"

"He's nothing in my life," Percival laughed not quite convincingly. "I always do exercises when I'm alone. Keeps me fit. But I'm glad we're taking that movie crowd. Nice to see how pictures are made, isn't it?"

The crew was now Jethro's worry. He could scarcely go to sea without a few more hands. He went ashore to try again to muster the delinquents who had already held up the ship all summer. Percival's actions bothered him, too. While the dicker for the ship was in progress, the youngster had not appeared, though he might have been expected to show some curiosity regarding Craven Floyd. Then he had suddenly begun cutting capers when the movie man was gone, only to switch to smiles and satisfaction when discovered, glad at the prospect of work.

"Ef he didn't look so clear-eyed lately, I'd s'spect him of changin' one sort o' dumfoolishness for another," Jethro muttered. He stopped and knocked on a door which sheltered at least three of the men he needed. Percival was still in his thoughts.

"Dumblast ef I wouldn't!" he cracked out as the door opened and an old woman peered suspiciously into his face.

"Yew got a hard shell, cussin' me in my own doorway," she cried. Jethro explained his errand, soothing her, and she was smiling when he left, though he had robbed her of three boarders. Women often smiled at Jethro Scraggs.

He returned to the ship. All the men he could muster would be eleven, including himself and Percival.

"Hev tew be enough," he muttered. "Them pitcher fellers 'll hev tew pull thar weight, sech es 't is."

The old *Gayhead's* spars reared above the sheds as he tramped the wharf. A sweet late summer breeze from seaward throbbed in the tall fabric; it carried to Jethro's senses the tang and whip of broad oceans, the bustle of industry, the poetry of a sailing ship's motion. It also carried to his ear a lusty young voice, which he sought to trace.

"Oh Sally Brown's a little lady;
Way, hey, roll and go!
She's Sally Brown, old Sally's baby,
Spend my money on Sally Brown!"

Jethro glimpsed Percival at last, under the rim of the maintop, chipping industriously at rusty iron. It was an uncomfortable job. Nothing to sing about. But Percival chipped away and sang:

"Oh Sally Brown I love your daughter,
Way, hey, roll and go!
For her I'll sail the stormy water,
Save my money for Sally Brown!"

Jethro grunted as he clambered on board. But he grinned too. Percival might turn out to be a deceiver; but meanwhile Jethro was going to

(*continued on next page*)

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Continuing Sally Brown

indulge in dreams of a poor piece of material made into something worth while.

"Sech dumblasted finnickin'!" Slippy the cook slammed a vast copper boiler into place savagely. That was for heating bath water.

"Men washin' theirselves all over every day! Lot o' cissies. Go on, yew old barnacles, laugh! Yew'll hev yewr turn carryin' water for 'em."

Old Eph chuckled. He could see where the actor men might have to draw their own water. But Slippy had fallen heir to the job of making the water hot. Mr. Craven Floyd's own cook would take care of the extra cooking, but this camp stove could not handle bath water. So the bright copper boiler shone refulgent on Slippy's grimy stove.

The tug came to take the barque to sea, and her skipper stared over the *Gayhead's* rail at a strange sight. Jethro paced the deck, stiff of aspect, his neck squeezed inside a rubber collar. Slippy was in a fever of cleaning. In the midst of his well-scoured pots and pans he scrubbed the brick floor until it was as red as whale meat. Eph stood by the rigging, his cold pipe dangling from nerveless fingers. Old seadogs gaped, ducked hurriedly into the forecastle, to reappear attired as the lilies of the sea. The deck was piled with luggage, tents and camp gear. Mr. Craven Floyd directed the embarkation oblivious to the grim scrutiny of Percival, standing by the wheel.

There was a hubbub of chatter; a gale of shrill merriment. It emanated from the cause of all the feverish cleansing and adornment. Two other men stood at the rail, helping on board, one by one, the "company."

Twelve bubbling, dimpled, excited flappers!

"Hob's Boots!" gasped Jethro.

"'Tarnal fire!" swore old Eph.

"Hell's bells!" groaned Slippy the cook.

Percival got as near as he could to the embarkation point, yet out of Floyd's line of vision. The girls hopped to the deck like sparrows, twittering, while ancient whalemen grinned toothlessly. The girls could scarcely help seeing Percival, but only the last one, a piquant little blonde with curly coppery hair and a delicious snub nose, noticed him. She had no excuse not to. She tilted her small head superbly, and with it her little snub nose, cutting him cold with royal contempt.

"Miss Brown!" Craven Floyd called softly, and she turned to him all smiles. Percival boiled with rage. The girl came to the ladder. The tug master was bawling. Jethro recognised Miss Sally Brown; but he could hardly claim acquaintance. So he nodded, and roared to the tug to go ahead, and told Percival to take the wheel.

The barque moved out. Floyd took the lady's arm and approached Jethro:

"Tell your jolly mariners to resume their seagoing togs. We will take some preliminary pictures of sea action. Pull up the sails, and heave the bowline, or whatever it is you do. We don't want them all dressed up like yokels at a circus. You'd look the part better, too, if you were not choked by that collar."

This made little Sally Brown laugh. She flashed a glance upwards at the splendidly humorous Mr. Floyd which made Percival, at the helm, grit his teeth. Cap'n Jethro choked with more than collar. He already wanted to chase the movie man ashore at the harpoon's point and cleanse his ship forever of such indignity.

He gazed longingly at the receding wharf. Old Eph stared shoreward too. Idlers watched as the ship went out. The baggage carts slowly returned townwards. Midway between wharf and sheds a familiar figure with long legs strode, waving wild arms at the *Gayhead*. A dozen yards behind him a bouncing, buxom lady of ripe years gesticulated with an umbrella.

"Hey, Jethro, ain't thet thar Jed Roach?" bawled Eph, compassing a grin. Jethro took the telescope. The lady caught Jed and snuggled up to him as the wharf end was reached, gazing into his troubled face, still waving her umbrella at the ship.

"It's Jed all right," grinned Jethro. "He left j'inin' a mite too late."

"Huh! Likely somebody told him we'd shipped a hull watch o' half nekkid females, and he calc'lated he'd take a peep," growled Eph. "Sarves him right. No fool like a old whaler. 'Tarnal fire!"

Eph sent a pointed glance at Jethro himself, kicked over a heap of baggage, and bellowed for hands to set sail. Amos and Noel took a mast each and clambered into the rigging, while a camera man set up his machine. Girls rummaged in chaotic heaps of baggage for personal effects. They were at a loss. Nobody seemed to be taking care of them; there were no quarters ready. Four men were with the outfit.

Floyd was very much engrossed with Miss Brown, who alone was adequately looked after. Another man was hauling bundles of tent gear about. There was the cameraman; and the other was a hard-looking swell who appeared to have nothing on his mind except an expert appraisal of each girl as she chanced to come near him.

Jethro had taken it all in. The girls were already growing impatient, lacking guidance. He began to suspect that the cruise might not be all easy money. And he was irritated by Mr. Floyd's manner.

"Yew come along o' me, Mister," he invited the self-styled movie man. Floyd struck an attitude which impressed Miss Brown but not old Jethro Scraggs.

"Tell your men——" Floyd began.

"Yew come along o' me," retorted Jethro. "Yew ain't done nothin' but talk yet. Money talks louder. This v'yage ain't accordin' tew my notion at all. Yew didn't say anything about wimmen, young wimmen too. Pup tents on deck ain't what I'd like my gals tew hev tew sleep in on a cruise."

"Why, Mr. Floyd, the girls will be all right, won't they?" chirped Miss Brown, wrinkling her pretty brows. "We're to have proper accommodations, aren't we? You said——"

"Yes, yes," muttered Floyd. "Run along and see them putting the sails up. I'll fix this matter in two seconds."

The topsail yards were going aloft to a tune. Miss Brown ran forward, whence came the roar of rusty, reluctant voices.

"Oh once I hed a Irish gal an' she wuz fat an' lazy:
Away, haul away, haul away Jo!
Now I got a yaller gal, she drives me almost crazy:
Away, haul away, haul away Jo!"

There was sufficient novelty in the scene to arouse the girls' curiosity and take their minds from other things.

In the cabin Mr. Floyd faced a grim Jethro.

"Cash down, or back hum yew go!" announced Jethro.

"But a fellow doesn't carry that much cash——"

"Then back hum and git it! Who told yew yewr face wuz security fer a thousand dollars? Yew got a crust, Mister. Hob's boots!"

Jethro started to go on deck.

"Here's your money," Floyd snarled.

The tug sped back to harbour. The *Gayhead* sailed on a smiling sea. Old Eph Brower and his tarry crew posed for pictures, and opposite each ancient mariner as he pulled on a rope was a laughing lass dressed in a burlesque pirate costume that ran more to burlesque than to costume. A square tent had been erected over a closed hatch. Forward of the skylight the baggage man was opening a silken tent from which rolled great silken pillows. Mr. Floyd was very solicitous over that tent. It was fit to adorn the camp of a sheik: a movie sheik.

By his galley, Slippy glared furiously at a huddle of shiny pots and pans, brass stoves, Dutch ovens. Miss Brown stood aft, and Jethro stood behind her, pondering. He was not sure he liked movie people, if these were movie people. He scowled at the foolish posturing of his crew. When Eph bawled an order, and the men trooped to the halliards, the girls fluttered around them like bees, and the cameraman shifted again.

"C'm on, bullies, walk her up!" roared Eph.

"Johnny's gone, what shall I do:
Away, yew hi-lo!
Johnny's gone, and I'll go tew:
Johnny's gone tew Hi-lo!"

"Great! Do that over again," cried Floyd. Miss Brown had clapped her hands, so he followed suit and ordered an encore. Jethro had other ideas about running his ship.

"Mister Brower!" he shouted. Eph looked aft, his twin-toothed mouth wide to start another verse of the shanty. The yard was halfway up, the sail flogging gently. "Mister Brower, thar's hands enough tew h'ist thet thar sail. Ef I wants yew caperin' like a dumblasted actor I'll tell yew." Old Eph went aft, muttering rebelliously. He was all against taking these folks at first; but there was some compensation. One of the girls had already called him Daddy.

"And send a hand tew relieve th' wheel!" added Jethro.

Percival relinquished the helm, and walked forward. He halted beside Miss Brown. Mr. Floyd was busy about the big silk tent.

"Why are you mad at me, Sally? What have I done?"

The girl turned from Percival, her precious nose elevated.

"I hate sailors! They're common. And don't call me Sally. Miss Brown, please, except to my friends."

"Gosh!" Percival peered closely around her ear into her averted face, and the ghost of a grin twitched his lips. "I wonder if you know who your friends are." And he left her.

Late in the day the picture taking lagged, and the girls lost interest in the ship. They lounged idly, having nothing to do. A few pictures had been taken, of old men and young girls hauling on ropes, of dainty buccaneers in the rigging. One colourful beauty was taken at the wheel. They stuck a patch over Slippy's right eye and filmed him beside that fair helmswoman, armed with a cleaver. That tickled Slippy. But altogether there was little to indicate that a film masterpiece was in the making. Most of the girls were uneasy; yet there was no hint in any of them of discomfort due to the sea itself.

Before the silken tent Miss Sally Brown gracefully reclined on a heap of cushions. She was dressed, like a Sultana, and inexpertly smoked a scented water-pipe, while the Sultan, Mr. Floyd, hovered about her.

"They don't look like honest business tew me," groaned Jethro.

"'Tarnal fire!" grunted Eph. "Ain't nawthin' but a picnic. Look at thet thar hard b'iled swell with th' black haired gal and the little freckled blonde. Must have somethin' more 'n his looks, by th' way they be gigglin' at him."

"Ef they wuz all gigglin' I'd say 't wuz nothin' tew worrit about. But thar's some es ain't gigglin', Eph. I'm goin' tew talk tew Percival. He knows more 'n he lets on about these critters."

Percival was walking towards the galley. He stepped up to Floyd, took him by the sleeve, and dragged him aside, saying to him something which the old man could not hear. Whatever it was a short, snappy dialogue ensued, with gestures aplenty. Soon Percival started forward again, and Floyd rejoined his Sultana, trying to smile through a scowl black as night.

"Get Percival, Eph," Jethro said. Eph passed little groups of girls who were looking with no kindly eye at the two lucky ones with the hard-looking swell. He had a big flask of cocktails for his favourites. Some of the girls chattered angrily about it. Percival faced Jethro with a queer expression.

"Percival, yew knowed all about this movin' pitcher racket, didn't yew? Knowed thar wuz a lot o' females?"

"I heard something about it," replied Percival, his gaze ever straying to the silken tent.

"Yew knowed Miss Brown wuz comin' didn't yew? What wuz yew givin' hell tew thet feller for jest now? Out wi' it now, afore I sets yew ashore. Yew j'ined fer whalin', and dumblast ef I put up wi'——"

"I knew Miss Brown was coming," Percival cut in. "I turned honest and ditched all the old gang for her, Pop. I know Floyd, too. Better than Sally does. Give me until eight bells to-night. Then I'll tell you some more, if it's necessary."

Noel Pease and old Eph grumbled far into the darkness. Inside the big tent soft

(*continued on page* 48)

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Continuing Sally Brown

lanterns glowed; shadowy figures flitted wraithlike. But there was nothing wraithlike in the merriment. Girls laughed shrilly; some sang. The ship was quite stationary. Soon the tinkle of floating bottles was added to the ripple of feverish laughter.

Before the tent, tiny points of fire glowed and the smoke of scented tobacco swirled. Low voices murmured there, with an occasional uneasy note audible in the girls' laughter. Abreast of the forehatch two small frame tents had arisen. One lay dark and still, except for the snoring of a tired baggage man. Beside the other the hard-looking swell and his favourites sprawled, plunking away at ukuleles.

"I ain't had no truck wi' sech folks, Eph, an' their ways is strange tew me," said Noel Pease, "but be dummed ef I wouldn't like tew take a poke o' my fist at them fellers feedin' hootch tew they gals. Thet dumblasted goof playin' on thet Ford fiddle is my notion o' rotten——"

"Mr. Floyd. Don't you dare! I'll——" Miss Brown's voice rose angrily in the soft gloom. Cap'n Jethro was on deck unable to rest. Miss Brown ran to him. Her pretty face was flushed, her eyes glittered.

"Captain!" she cried. "Captain!"

"Now, now, missy. Ca'm yourself," soothed Jethro. "What's the trouble?"

Down by the silken tent Floyd cursed. The plunking of ukuleles ceased, and the chatter. The hard-looking actor stumbled to his feet and joined Floyd. The cameraman climbed down from the top of the galley.

"What the hell's the fuss, Craven?" demanded the hard-looking individual. Slippy softly opened his galley door and turned up his lantern. He had been uneasy, too. Craven Floyd muttered some reply, starting after his runaway girl. Percival stole up behind old Eph.

"Didn't Mr. Floyd engage a room?" Sally Brown demanded.

"He did not! We ain't got any," retorted Jethro.

"He said he did. He told me I was the star, so I'd have the tent all to myself. Now he says it's his tent, and there's no room for me, unless——"

The girl rattled on, almost hysterical. A new species of rascality was laid bare to the old whaleman. Beside it the wildness of Percival seemed innocent.

"It's a school for movie actresses," Miss Brown chattered on. "Positions guaranteed in their own company, making their own pictures. This is the first one our class has been on. We all hoped to be the star. But Mr. Floyd said I was so talented. I had quarrelled with——"

Nearby there was action. Percival was dragging Floyd off the hatch. Slippy crept up close, a pair of steel tormentors in his hand, the fearsome two-pronged fork with which salt junk is fished from the coppers. There is a big hook at the back, below the prongs. The hard-looking swell blared profane things and stumbled after Percival. Slippy crept nearer.

"I'll show you how to make stars!" said Percival. Girls stole to the edge of the lantern light. Their alarm was not strong enough to hold them back A good many of them had begun to wonder why they had been brought aboard the ship. The cocktails given to mollify them had only partly worked.

"You thought this old whaler, with only old men aboard, would be just right for your dirty work!" Percival went on. He shook Floyd. Sally Brown was quietly crying against Cap'n Jethro's pilot jacket, but, womanlike, keeping one eye open.

"Here, buttinsky!" growled the hard-looking swell, slamming a rough hand upon Percival's neck.

Slippy hitched his tormentors well into the other's trousers, hauling him away with a jerk. "Let 'em be. You ain't in this scene," he growled.

Floyd swung around with an oath.

"Who the hell are you?" he snarled at Percival. "Miss Brown doesn't want your interference. She told you so not an hour ago! I'll teach you——"

"I didn't know! I do want your help!" cried Sally Brown.

Percival laughed happily. Floyd swung a punch at him which made his nose tingle. But Sally Brown had spoken. She wanted his help. He spat on his hands, rubbed his nose, and sailed in.

Old whalemen emerged from the forecastle. Slippy was knocked flat by the hard-looking one in a careless moment. In one moment more he had recovered his tormentors, given back one lusty wallop in payment, and regained control of his prisoner. Percival received another terrific punch on his sore nose. Craven Floyd could punch. If he only had grit, things might not be so rosy for Percival.

"Perc'val, yew be lettin' him do all th' wallopin'!" roared Seth Noakes.

"Hit him in th' breadbarge, Perc'val! Prod him in th' belly!" yelped Slippy, dragging his victim around the deck with the tormentors.

Percival shook his head, crouched, and slipped forward like a shadow, bringing up one fist to Floyd's chin, the other under the heart with every bit of his weight behind the punches. Floyd staggered, almost fell; took two hurried backward steps to save himself, and tripped over the hatch coaming flat on his back.

"Jump on him, Mister! Jump on him!" shrilled a girl who had once aspired to stardom. Floyd heard Sally's cry, got up, and rushed in again, with a ferocity which took the place of courage and skill. The ancient whalemen formed a circle; girls uttered shivery little cries, but refused to back up one inch. Sally Brown stopped crying long enough to feel anxious, then settled back against Jethro's breast with a sigh of content. Noel and old Eph, slapping horny hands on aged knees, breathed fervid encouragement as they were wont to encourage their boat crews in chase of the cachalot.

"Naow! Sock it to him, lad! Yew dumblasted idjit! In th' hold, lad, in th' hold! That's yew! Oh, 'Tarnal fire!"

Percival punched fiercely at a face which had lost its grin. The *Gayhead* rolled gently on a windless sea. A subtle swell crept up the ship's side and lifted her. Floyd stumbled. In a second he recovered, came back, and Percival was gazing up at the gulls, his nose and the back of his head feeling as if knocked into one. That knockdown had called forth old Eph's exclamation. It revealed a secret to Percival, too. As he struggled to his feet, warily watching Floyd who stood over him, he caught the gleam of metal on his adversary's fist.

"Brass knucks!" he gritted. He spat out a tooth, half rose, dodged a rush, and slipped clear. Then he put into his attack the ferocity of righteous anger, and Floyd's false courage all fled. Once Floyd went backward against the bulwarks; Percival dragged him clear and knocked him down. He dragged him to his knees. The circle was very small now. In between the sturdy bodies of the whalemen pressed the slim forms of girls, eager to see all the battle. The light from Slippy's galley shone upon weathered old visages and upon fair faces rosy with excitement. The silken tent stood out like a shining shield.

Then came the glare of a searchlight. Voices hailed, and over the side from a tug swarmed Jed Roach, a buxom, determined lady, six police officers, and the missing members of the *Gayhead's* crew.

"There yew be, Missus! No harm done yet!" cried Jed. Sally Brown looked up, opened her eyes wider, left Captain Jethro and ran into the lady's arms.

"Ooh, Mother!" she cried, and promptly wept, to prove how glad she was.

"Which is the Sheik?" growled the police leader.

"Here's one!" yelled Slippy, hauling his captive forward. He unhooked the fork, plunged it at Floyd, and yanked that spoiled hero into the limelight.

"What's it all mean?" stammered Cap'n Jethro. Jed Roach dragged him aside, and whispered:

"A lot o' parents hev been wonderin' what sort o' school this yer Floyd was runnin', Jethro. 'Tis only a fake tew trap young gals. Thet hard-lookin' guy is one o' them ruch rooies, as'll spend plenty o' money tew git th' wimmin he wants. Yew pulled out jest afore a mob got tew th' wharf tew stop th' ship. Missus Brown drug me along tew stick in an oar."

Percival had joined Mrs. Brown and Sally. He looked frightful in the light from the tug. But Mrs. Brown beamed upon him in motherly fashion, while Sally smiled shyly into his smeared face.

"I think sailors are grand!" murmured Sally. Jed Roach chuckled.

"Yew pulled out a mite too quick, Jethro. But th' crew be all here now. Ef yew had laid in yewr water, now, yew might carry right on out tew sea. Th' tug'll take back them gals, an' Mrs. Brown'll take care o' them 'til their parents turns up. But water yew must hev, of course."

"We got plenty o' water," mused Jethro, "but yew ain't comin' tew sea, be yew, Jed? Thought yew hed got all snarled up wi' Missus——"

"Hush!" hissed Jed, nervously. "When Sally hove Perc'val overboard fer Floyd and j'ined th' movie school, arter Perc'val hed give up his tough gang an' gone tew sea all shipshape an' Bristol fashion for her sake, th' widder figgered th' gal needed a strong hand. It looked like I wuz 'lected. But ef Sally's come tew her senses now she can't be a star, Perc'val 'ud be a dummed sight more use thar than I would. Shaped up es a sailorman, did he?"

"Purty good, Jed. But I s'pose he'll want tew stay ashore now. Wimmen give me a belly ache!"

It was just then that Sally Brown gave a little scream, and Percival backed away. But his battered face wore a grin, and Sally's delicious little nose was tipped with glistening ruby red, which she didn't bother to wipe off.

"Any more comin' ashore?" bawled the tug skipper. "You want a tow in, Cap'n Jethro?"

"Not afore we be bung full o' ile!" retorted Jethro. "Better git aboard th' tug, Missus Brown. Yew goin', Jed?"

But Jed Roach had vanished. Percival bestrode the rail, daring disaster between the hulls, to place another glistening red splotch upon Sally Brown's piquant face. Somebody cast off the tug's line and sang out "All gone!" Mrs. Brown stared after the perfidious Jed in speechless reproach.

"*Oh, Sally Brown, I'll love you ever!*
Wah-hay, roll and go!
Oh, Sally Brown, I'll leave you never:
Spend all my money on Sally Brown!"

Percival sang exultantly. Nothing called for a shanty, he sang out of sheer gladness of heart. On the receding tug, Sally Brown gazed ardently towards the shantyman. She was young. So was he. They could afford to wait one voyage. Then Percival was promised promotion. Command would come soon, and then she could sail with him.

"Isn't that a darling song, Mother?" she cooed.

"Huh! Leave you never! He's leaving me right now, ain't he?" grumbled Mrs. Brown. She had accepted as irrevocably final the desertion of Jed Roach. He had never exactly proposed marriage to her, but hope springs eternal in an ample breast like Mrs. Brown's. "Sailors are great on singin'!"

"I don't care," said Sally gravely. "He made that song for me. I think sailors are grand!"

"*Save my money for Sally Brown!*" sang Percival in the distance. Sally would go back to her job at the mill to-morrow, to wait for him. She would get all the movie thrills she wanted from the ninepenny seats.

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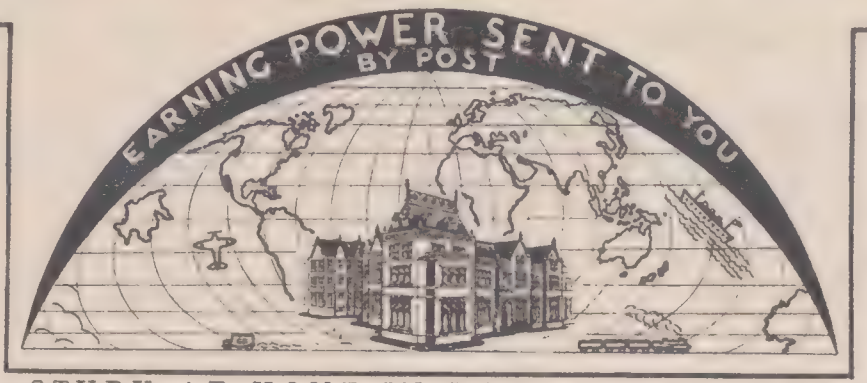

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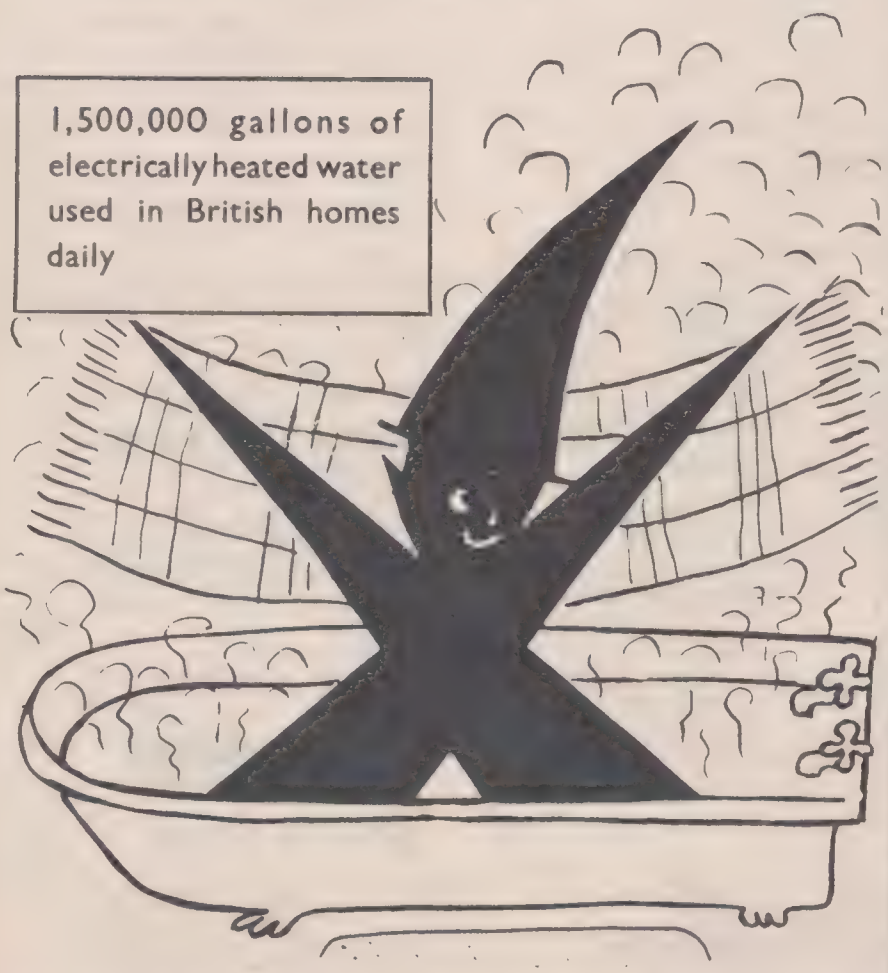

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Susan Lindt,

wife of the explorer who has recently returned from Liberia describes a visit to a—

A friend helps with the hairdressing ; below, a Kruwoman prepares the scented paste with which to beautify herself.

THE sticky, stifling heat of an African noon was still far off. It was blessedly cool. A grey mist, almost as thick as a London fog, hung over the yellow rice fields. The flame-red orchids beside the jungle path were drenched with dew. Our carriers, striding along as if the fifty-pound loads upon their heads had been feather-weight panama-hats, were in the best of spirits.

They sang, loudly and monotonously, in a high nasal falsetto. "What are they singing?" I asked Tegeli, my interpreter. "Oh, they just sing about anything that comes into their heads. Just now their song goes something like this :

"It is good to work for money. When we get money from the white woman we can buy a friend, a girl-friend of very fair complexion."

A few days ago I should have thought this enthusiasm for a fair complexion rather out of place in a land where a lady's cheek is usually more suggestive of polished ebony than of milk-and-roses. But last night I had seen the belle of Suakoko, a little northern Liberian village, and now I knew better. It was no doubt she who had inspired the song.

True, she had already, probably since the age of four, been "booked" by the village chief—but I noticed that the carriers sang of a girl-friend and not of a wife. She was standing before her hut when I first saw her, young and proud and very conscious of her beauty. She was about sixteen, straight and slender, with that absolute perfection of figure that wealthy duchesses seek in vain in massage and mud-baths.

She wore a short scarlet loin-cloth and a necklace of leopard's teeth that encircled her slim throat like an ivory ruff. The amazing thing about her was her colour, a glowing, indescribable colour like dark amber held against the light. It seemed the only fitting colour for a human being to be. I looked at the dark skins of her companions and found them dull and muddy. I looked at the European whiteness of my own arms and sympathised with the Negroes, who say that white people are like corpses.

There should be a whole race of women of the complexion of the fair lady of Suakoko, but I saw no more than half a dozen during the whole four months I was in Africa. I suppose that all Negro women dream of being that colour, but though they are not ignorant of beauty culture they cannot realise their dream. That's the disadvantage of a black skin. With a pale background to work on, we can apply rosy cheeks and cherry lips, even golden sunburn, straight from the bottle. But black, like truth, will out.

The African cannot alter the colour of her skin, but she has no lack of means of making it soft and clear. Krutown, the native quarter of Monrovia, is one vast beauty-parlour on a Saturday afternoon. Before every hut there are groups of women washing their gayest silk headcloths and dressing each other's hair. But most of them are busy making mud-packs for their skin.

There are two popular preparations for this purpose. The most highly esteemed is made of the sweet-smelling root of a shrub, pounded and mixed to a paste with palm-oil. The other is compounded of palm-oil and white clay. The women mix them themselves, squatting on their heels while they knead the ingredients upon a kind of pastry-board. Mother or sister helps with the application, a complicated process since the mud-pack is considered not only beautifying but in itself beautiful.

Sometimes it is applied in thin lines about a quarter of an inch apart, drawn straight across the forehead and sloping across the cheeks from the nostrils towards the temples, but more often it is simply smeared thickly over every exposed part of the body. No girl could face any important occasion, let alone her wedding-day, without a thick coat of this greyish-white paste.

It must be admitted that to the European eye the effect is revolting in the extreme. I saw many African "devils," but none of them presented half so terrifying an appearance as a half-naked dusky maiden enamelled from head to foot with a streaky ashen plaster, from which her coal-black hair, eyes, lips and hands stand out in ghastly contrast for all the world like a corpse new-risen from the grave at the trump of doom.

Thickly coated with scented clay, the debutante sets out to conquer all hearts.

Fortunately this form of decoration is reserved for smart occasions. There are simpler forms of make-up for every-day use. On the outskirts of a native village at dusk I came upon a group of women at their toilet. Crowding about a fragment of broken mirror, they were tracing lines upon their faces with a little stick dipped into a solution of charcoal and water.

The lines, which showed only faintly against their dark skins, were drawn across the forehead and down from the nostrils to the corners of the mouth—a perfect stage make-up for a peculiarly bad-tempered old hag. For their enter-

JUNGLE *Beauty Parlour*

tainment I produced from my pocket my own equipment of powder-puff and lipstick. They apparently found the results quite as comic as I found theirs, for they laughed so heartily that they smudged their still-wet lines and had to begin all over again.

The pains that women suffer in search of beauty are proverbial, but the agonies of our own permanent-waving and eyebrow plucking are nothing to what a Negro woman goes through to obtain the most highly-prized adornment of the West African beauty—tattooing.

A really smart native lady is one complete exhibition of decorative art from throat to waist. There are deep blue incisions in geometrical patterns between her breasts and across her ribs and stomach. The tattooing is produced by deep cuts inflicted with a piece of broken glass, the wounds being then rubbed with indigo. Once done—unlike a permanent wave—it is there for life.

But the perfect straightness of the lines bears witness to the literally unflinching courage of the martyr of fashion, for the tiniest quiver would shake the hand of the artist.

The Kru women of Monrovia demonstrate the heights of European culture to which they have attained by having the names of their lovers tattooed in sprawling Roman capitals upon their forearms. This touching habit struck me as having one serious disadvantage. How can a girl persuade Harry, her prospective bridegroom, that he is the only man she ever loved when she has "Tommy" indelibly engraved on one arm and "Sam" on the other?

Hair may be a woman's crowning glory, but it is one with which she is seldom content. We spend endless time and money in having our hair, which is by nature long and straight, made short and curly.

The African woman, whose hair is invariably short and curly, would sell her soul to have it long and straight.

Before I went to Africa I always imagined Negro women as crowned with an enormous frizzy mop.

At least this is never the case in Liberia. Hairdressing is one of a native woman's most absorbing occupations. Once every month or so the hair is washed and combed and dressed. There are endless variations of the West African coiffure. Usually the hair is woven tightly into dozens and dozens of tiny stiff plaits, so that the head is marked out into a neat criss-cross of pale partings like a chessboard. Sometimes the plaits stand up on end like so many little horns, more often—in pursuit of the smooth effect—they are pressed flat against the scalp.

A woman whose hair is unconquerably short cannot achieve the glory of a plait, but has to be content with tying each lock of hair tightly at the roots with black fibre, leaving the curls free above. The effect is that of a cluster of black sea anemones symmetrically arranged upon a black rock. Or if the short-haired lady is particularly vain, she strips fibre from a palm-leaf, dyes it black, and with it artificially lengthens her coiffure.

As these arrangements take considerable time to achieve, each coiffure "stays put" for weeks on end, like the fantastic flower-wreathed ships and baskets of sculptured hair favoured by our own ancestresses two hundred years ago.

In contrast to their preoccupation with all other aspects of personal adornment, the Negro women pay little attention to their dress, which is first and foremost a matter of decency. A loin-cloth and no more.

The native woman is exceptionally modest, and her nakedness from the waist up is an affair of comfort and convenience, with no suggestion of indecency. The strip of cloth knotted around the waist serves the double purpose of skirt and perambulator. The youngest offspring is tied inside it to his mother's back, where he spends almost his entire existence until he is old enough to walk. The cloth used in the interior of the country is a beautiful home-spun cotton, striped blue and white. No attempt is made toward coquettish originality in cut or arrangement.

The Liberians also wear few trinkets; a ring or two made by the village blacksmith from a French five-franc piece, a few imported beads, or perhaps a leopard's tooth on a string, though the last is more amulet than adornment.

Although I took a store of cheap jewellery with me through the interior, rings and ear-rings had little success. My steward-boy having asked me for a necklace for his sister, I generously added a magnificent sixpenny diamond ring. The sister was delighted with the beads, but three days later the diamond ring was sparkling upon my steward's own masculine paw.

Coloured necklaces were the most popular. I gave one to a woman who had danced for me, and not content with overwhelming me with smiling thanks, she promptly improvised a most charming dance of joy with the necklace in her outstretched hand.

Only once did one of my gifts fall completely flat. We had stopped in a village to lunch, and a woman brought me a present of bananas. I was too hot and tired to notice her. Before leaving I sent her in return a very gay string of beads.

She came to thank me personally, but her thanks were brief and anything but effusive. No wonder. She turned out to be an old mammy of at least ninety, long past the age when a native woman would give all the beads in the world for a leaf of good tobacco.

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Holiday Piece

SHORT STORY

by Leslie Beresford

Illustrated by Oldham

AS Mr. Petter came out from the cool deeps of the hotel, emerging on to the sunlit terrace which overlooked a golden *plage*, with a curve of violent blue bay beyond, the rather resonant voice of his wife greeted him, a trifle irritably.

"Oh, here you are at last, George? What on earth have you been doing with yourself all this while?"

Mr. Petter smiled in his appealingly pleasant way, although embarrassingly aware both of the crowded state of the terrace, and the carrying power of his wife's voice. He knew already that the bathing-suited, or otherwise pyjama-clad people around, made private mockery of him and his admittedly domineering spouse. Only half an hour since he had overheard a remark made by the beautiful blonde girl (understood to be something in films), despite the fact that her sleek, super-cultured voice had been lowered in confidence.

"We call those two 'George and the Dragon,'" she had enlightened a friend, adding: "She leads that poor little man a terrible life. I'm quite sorry for him. He strikes me as rather a dear, you know."

Mr. Petter had been interested to hear that, though he had no such great sorrow for himself, nor did he regard his life as particularly terrible. But, at this moment while seating himself beside his wife, he could not restrain himself from glancing towards that beautiful blonde, who was quite near by and sipping a cocktail.

He found himself thinking how little of her creamy shapeliness was hidden by her sky-blue bathing-suit. And then he caught her eyes regarding him directly, with a reflection of understanding laughter shining in their otherwise dark pools. Mr. Petter felt himself grow suddenly hot, even to the very back of his neck.

"Really, my dear," he began, somewhat belatedly responding to his wife, "it's little more than a quarter of an hour since I left you. Can't a fellow potter about by himself, if he feels like it? Anyhow, I had a couple of letters to write. One, for instance, to the man who's looking after Sin——"

"I've noticed you doing your share of that, George, yourself," interrupted his wife drily.

"What ridiculous nonsense, Ada! I was speaking of our cat. I'm afraid the poor old fellow may be fretting. It's the first time he's had to go to an animal-shop, remember. I'd have felt happier if we hadn't been obliged to leave the house empty, so that he could have stayed where he was accustomed."

"Well, we couldn't do anything else this time, George," she said, shrugging her plump shoulders. "And I really don't see why you need be bothering about a mere cat. It's being well looked after, you may be sure. Supposing you call the waiter, and have him bring cocktails. We're on holiday, you know."

◆ ◆ ◆

Mr. Petter, obediently signalling the white-aproned Gannymede and meeting his wife's requirements, reflected on her reminder that they were making holiday. It was not the holiday he would have chosen, though that was nothing new. He had grown accustomed to having his domestic life ordered to her will. For years now he had obtained little say over the venue of the annual rest-cure.

Rest-cure. That, of course, was what Mr. Petter would have wished it to be, while always having to submit to his wife's ideas, which were totally different. It had indeed been in his mind to hold his own a little this year, by way of a change. He had proposed to insist on the quiet relaxation to be found in the beauties of the Doone country, or alternatively in the Lake district.

However, he discovered that his wife had already settled for them to come here on the Riviera, even to the extent of having booked their accommodation and arranged travelling facilities. So he could do no more than accept the inevitable, good-naturedly if also with an inward and very fierce inclination to mutiny.

At the same time, he was obliged to remember, his wife's domineering choice of this resort for their holiday had served one good purpose. It was enabling him to be of service to his firm. Conveniently, because he was well aware that his position there, rooted as it was in long service, looked like becoming insecure. For Mr. Petter was, naturally, ageing; and this is the era of youth.

Even in the world of constructional engineering, and in such an old-established and famous firm as that to which he belonged.

Not that he was a person at all capable of building those immense bridges, or creating those colossal dams of concrete which had earned for his firm their enduring reputation. Mr. Petter dealt only in pen and ink figures.

Nevertheless, the pen may be as mighty as the pile-driver, without any of the noise attached to the latter. The figures assembled by him, as head-clerk in the estimates department, were the very foundations on which those mighty works relied, before even a start could be made on them.

He had often rather flattered himself on this, though his wife inclined to scoff, suggesting that his salary was no flattering reflection of his firm's generosity if he really was so important to them.

He considered it a good salary, having none of her over-weening ambitions. And because his firm and work had so often been fruitful of words between them, he now seldom—if ever—mentioned either. For this reason he had so far said nothing to her of the important documents—a tender for a considerable foreign contract—which the young and new junior partner in the firm, learning that he proposed to holiday in this particular spot, had asked him conveniently to bring and hand over here to a certain person, having influence with the government offering the contract.

Mr. Petter was indeed thinking about this imminent meeting, while now sitting with his wife over their cocktails in the dazzle of sunshine, listening as she outlined their programme for the rest of the day after lunch. It became necessary that he should disillusion her, and he felt some pleasure in doing so.

"I'm sorry to upset your arrangements for once, Ada," he interrupted her with sudden firmness. "We've just got to laze around here to-day, anyhow. I've some business on."

"Business?"

"Business for the firm."

(continued on page 54)

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CONTINUING

Holiday Piece

"Nonsense, George!" she pronounced in her assertive way. "You don't do any business for that slave-driving firm of yours, while you're on holiday with me. It's been bad enough that you insisted on bringing their loathsome work home at weekends, as you've been doing these last months. It's been waste of breath for me to complain about that——"

"Sheer waste, Ada," he interrupted the agitated fullness of her voice. "I've had to do that, to hold my job."

"After you've been there over twenty years, and become head of your department, George?" she laughed. "Why, that's just silly."

"It isn't," he contradicted her gently, but with assurance. "It's the whole reason why, my dear. Especially since the old man's retiring and leaving things to the new junior partner, a young man with young ideas. He's quicksilver. He doesn't look on my long service with the firm as anything much of an asset. For two pins, he'd put me on the retired list, along with the old man. He believes in having youth at the helm. In fact, Ada, he's hinted as much to me."

He stopped, aware that a page from the hotel stood by his side, bringing a visiting-card on a little salver.

"Desiring to regard m'sieur," piped the page boy in his brave attempt at English. "Gentlemans is resting in lounge. Do I request that he arrive here?"

"I'll come to him . . ." Mr. Petter dismissed the page, with a tip, passing the card to his wife.

"After all, my dear, we shall be able to take our drive together this afternoon," he told her, not without relief, for much of his serfdom to her will arose from his desire not to disappoint her. "My visitor has come about the firm's business we were discussing just now. I hadn't hoped I'd hear from him quite so soon."

"A Count—?" she exclaimed under her breath, having studied the card, and having always—to Mr. Petter's secret amusement—an intense reverence for titles.

"Why, fancy a Count calling on you, George!" she said on a note of surprise and awe.

"You see, Ada, you don't know as much about my business as you imagine," he chuckled, and rose to his feet. "Let's get inside. It doesn't do to keep Counts waiting."

In the palm-lounge, to which she went with him, a tall and elegantly-suited man paced to and fro. To the palor of his lean face, a small and well-trimmed beard and a curled moustache contrasted a vivid blackness. His equally sombre eyes glimpsed the card Mr. Petter, having received it back from his wife, held prominently in his fingers, and he swung towards him.

"You are from my friend, Mr. Cunningham? Of course. I am fortunate, M'sieur Petter, that I find you in. So I must apologise that I come without first sending any warning," he began. "Only, I had so little time at my disposal, having to motor through into Spain by to-night. If you will let me have those papers about the new harbour works——"

"Immediately, Count. I've only to fetch them from upstairs . . ." Mr. Petter introduced his wife, and then turned to her.

"You might let me have the key to the trunk, my dear," he said. "I want the black leather hold-all I put in there before we left home——"

"The black leather hold-all?" she murmured, clearly surprised, but fumbling in her handbag and bringing out some keys on a ring, which he took from her hand.

"I'll be no more than a few minutes, Count, if you'll allow my wife to entertain you," he addressed the other, and turned towards the lift.

He heard his wife say something to him, in what seemed for her a curiously nervous voice, but he went on into the lift, chuckling to himself, calculating that she was doubtless excited over being left in talk with a real, live Count.

Meantime, from a business point of view, he was not too satisfied with the new young partner's very unusual method of submitting the firm's tender for a contract. It had never been done before in the old man's time, and it savoured—to Mr. Petter's mind—of somewhat underhand procedure. He had thought so, when asked to fulfil this commission.

However, that being the new partner's business and not his, he had kept his opinion to himself. And now, having fished out the black leather hold-all from the variety of the trunk's contents, he prepared to carry it down to the lounge, whatever his own personal views. Then, as he turned to the door, something about the hold-all startled him. . . .

A few minutes later, he was back in the lounge, the hold-all in his hand, confronting his wife, while the Count stared in surprise.

"Whatever can be the meaning of this, Ada?" Mr. Petter was demanding agitatedly, the hold-all held open. "See. There's nothing in it. When I put it in the trunk it held some important papers. I'm certain of that. What's happened to them?"

"Why, George, how can I say?" he heard his wife's voice faintly, a little rasping, quite desperate, and he saw such fright in her eyes as never before in all his experience of her.

It came to him in a flash. Of course she could not say. The explanation rested with him, and he had to put one in words quickly. For the Count had risen to his feet, and the darting black eyes in his pale face were studying them both with a growing expression of impatience.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Petter, that you have not here those papers concerning the new harbour works in Spain?" he was asking, a trifle brusquely.

"I'm afraid that is so, Count," responded Mr. Petter, trying to speak calmly. "They're not in this hold-all, as you see, and they're not in the trunk, because I've searched it, just in case they'd slipped from the holder. I can only think they must still be at my home, that somehow I thought I'd put them in this holder, when I hadn't."

"*Nom d'un nom*—such criminal carelessness!" ejaculated the Count, gesturing and protested: "Can you really be quite sure?"

"It's the only possible explanation," Mr. Petter persisted stubbornly, while the other grew more excited and angry than ever.

"You realise, of course, Mr. Petter, what this means?" His voice threatened. "You appreciate what my friend, Mr. Cunningham, will have to say when he knows what has happened? Now your firm may lose this big contract through your negligence. They will certainly lose it without my influence. And with those papers at your so stupid home in England."

"One moment, Count!" Mr. Petter interrupted on a sudden inspiration. "What's wrong with my hurrying back to England, and bringing them here to you? A matter of forty-eight hours, or so——"

"And you think I shall waste all that time, just because you make this silly mistake?" The other gesticulated wildly, the violence of his anger now quite startling Petter.

"Most certainly I do not wait!" he flung round to face the hotel entrance, where Mr. Petter saw a large and very splendid car standing. "I don't have any more to do with the business, and no doubt the contract will go to some competitor here on the continent, which will mean a big loss to my good friend, Cunningham. You must explain so to him yourself, and the reason why."

In their bedroom upstairs, throwing the empty black hold-all into the gaping trunk, Mr. Petter confronted his scared and ashen-faced wife.

"In front of the Count, I took the blame for all this," he was saying. "But you were responsible. You emptied that hold-all of those papers, Ada, and you know it."

"I couldn't bring myself to admit it in front of that Count, George, I was so upset," she responded in a broken, breathless voice, while still trying pitifully to present a defiant front.

"And why?" he demanded, not in the least meek and mild now, with this situation to face.

"Because I thought they were only work you were going to do on holiday," her voice rose protestingly, "and I wasn't having it. If, when you put them in, you'd only told me they were papers of such terrible importance——"

"That's neither here nor there," he interrupted her sharply. "Now listen, Ada. I've let you have your own way over everything to do with our daily life at home for long enough now. I've gone here and there, to places and people I loathed, just because you wanted to go, and I wouldn't stand in your way. In fact, for years past, I've been running round at your heels, more like a little lap-dog than a husband. I've become an object of ridicule. Perhaps you don't know that people here are calling us 'George and the Dragon'?"

"The—Dragon—?" she gasped, sitting down and gaping at him, startled, horrified.

"Yes," he said. "It's not a very kind name, I know. However, that's not the point. I've never minded doing what you wanted, so long as you were pleased and happy, because—after all, Ada—I'm still in love with you. But——"

He stopped a moment, then went on very slowly, every word pregnant with determination:

"When you start interfering with the business side of my life, Ada, you've gone too far. You've gone so far that you've landed us both in a nice hole, as you can see. That contract's lost to the firm now, without much question, if any. We must go back to London right away, and I'll have to tell Mr. Cunningham about those papers being left at home. That will mean youth at the helm absolutely, and probably the sack for me, instead of retirement——"

"Oh, George, you don't know how bitterly sorry I am for what I did!" Her sobbing rose in a sudden crescendo, as she rocked to and fro, her face hidden behind her hands.

Despite his anger with her, he wanted very badly to draw aside her hands and kiss away her tears, because the sudden softness and weakness of her touched him to the heart. But he held back. His turn now to show a hard side to his nature, if the lesson was to be driven home.

"Useless to be sorry now, Ada," he said, forcing himself to speak almost cruelly. "Better pull yourself together and get things packed up. Our holiday's over, of course, and we may never get another one. I'm going down to settle up at the hotel office, and find out when the next train leaves for Paris. Time I come back, I'll expect you to have everything ready for a quick move."

He went down to the hotel bureau, contemplating none too happily the consequences of this wholly unexpected catastrophe, scarcely failing to darken the immediate future. He became suddenly aware that a bureau clerk was holding out to him an envelope, which he realised contained a telegram.

"It has just this minute come for you, m'sieur."

Mr. Petter tore open the envelope, spread out the contents, a message which he saw came from London. It read:

"Under no circumstances hand over Spanish tender as arranged. Important reasons. Return with same here urgently. Holiday will be extended and expenses paid in compensation. Wire confirmation. Cunningham."

For a while Mr. Petter stared down at this amazing development. What lay behind it, he could not say. That, no doubt, Mr. Cunningham would explain. The point which concerned Mr. Petter most immediately was that, but for his wife, those papers would have been handed over already, and this wire must then have come too late.

To admit so much to her, however, would shatter the victory over her dominance which he had just won, and proposed to pursue. So, after writing out and sending off a confirming message, he tore the other into shreds, going presently upstairs with a lighter heart to find his wife, everything packed, waiting for him.

"George," she said, with an air of humiliation which sat strangely on her, "I'll never forgive myself for bringing all this trouble on you.

"Don't worry, my dear," he replied with solemn condescension. "Never any good crying over spilt milk!

"Talking about milk, Ada," he added. "When we get back home we'll have the cat out of that animal-shop place. I couldn't really have enjoyed this holiday, knowing it was there and perhaps unhappy, poor old fellow."

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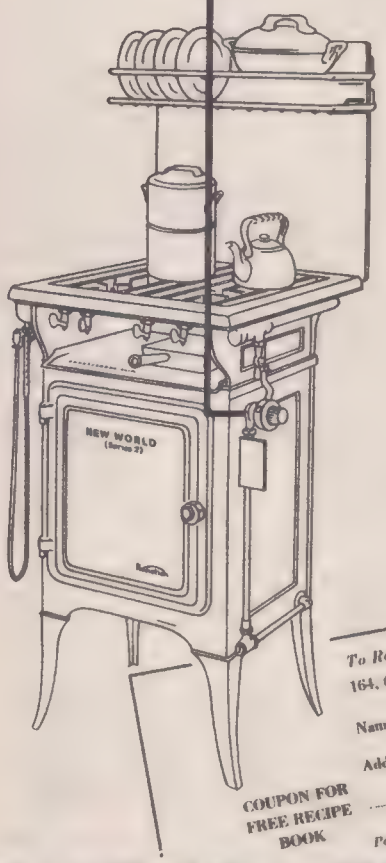

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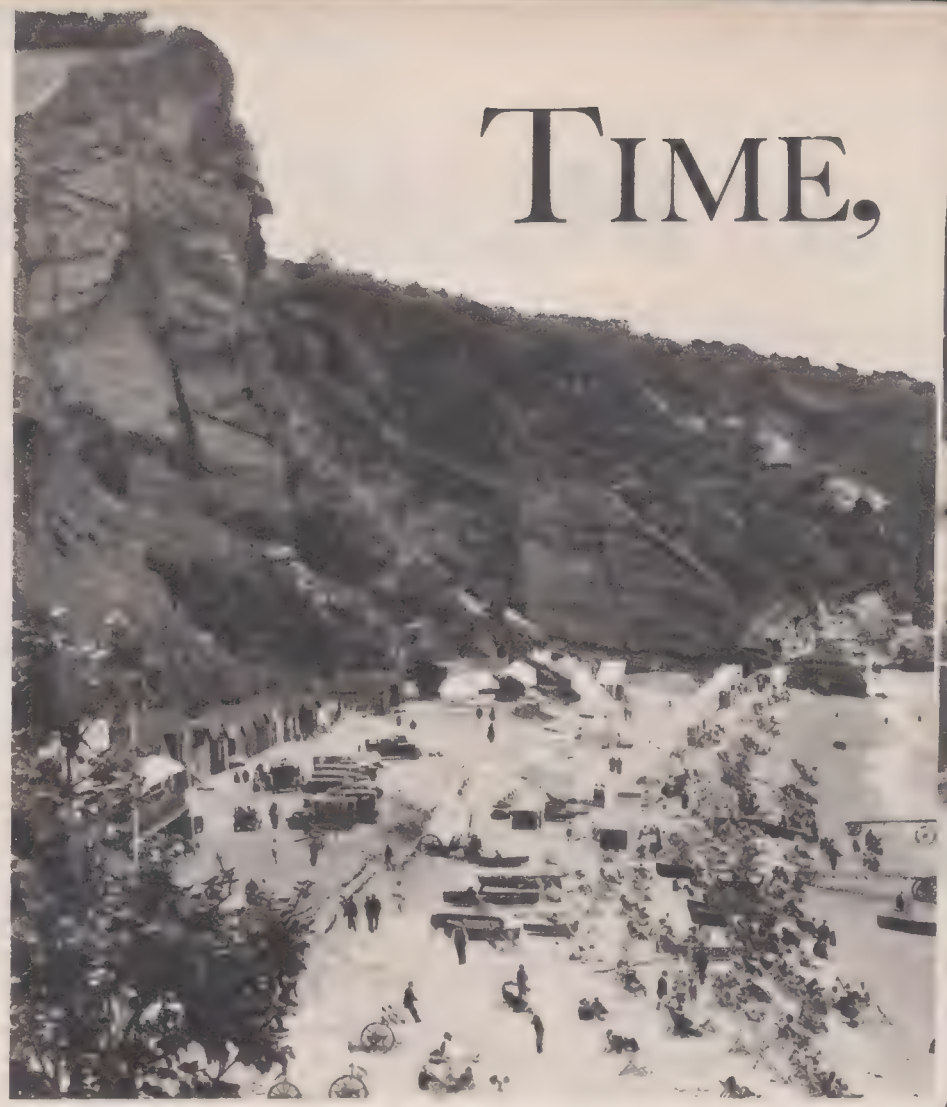


by W. J. Passingham

WHEN Time and Tide began, the first Englishmen looked out across an infant and misty world from the shores of Torbay. On the blue waters of Torbay, perhaps, they launched the first coracle. For if the evidence taken at various times from caverns in the district by archaeologists is to be regarded seriously, it seems that this little bay on the south coast of Devon may well have been the Cradle of England.

No one can tell how many thousands of years of human progress are represented by the evidence taken from Kent's Cavern, near Babbacombe, which has proved to be one of the richest mines of information for archaeologists ever discovered. Tools and weapons, the bones of prehistoric men and animals have been found there in abundance. Traces of the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, of the mighty Mammoth, Woolly Rhinoceros, great Irish Elk, Cave Bear, the terrible Sabre-toothed Tiger, all prove Kent's Cavern to be a history "book" with records back to the very Beginning. Where the first men and animals searched for sustenance betwixt the vivid blue of sky and sea the men of the twentieth century now search for health and rest around this same holiday haven they call Torbay.

Historic Stronghold

It was in this district, too, that the first men made their last stand against the invader. In A.D. 49 the Romans under Vespasian landed at Torbay to march on Exeter, and when the Saxons came the region of Torbay proved to be the last stronghold of the Ancient Britons in England. Not until A.D. 926 was King Athelstan able to drive the last of the old British race from the neighbourhood of Torbay and to scatter them over the lonely expanses of Exmoor and Dartmoor.

True to its ancient tradition, Devonshire stood out hard and fast against the Normans, and it required the Conqueror in person and all his resources to subdue this part of England. Again when the Spaniards sailed up Channel with the mighty Armada to invade England, the men of Torbay were prepared for them. Orders to "The Township of Torquay, awaiting the Armada, were as follows:—

To watch beacons—3 men at night, 2 men by day.

Officers to view beacons every day.

Widows and aged persons of sufficient wealth should help bear the charge of fit and able men for watching beacons. Penalty for refusing—20 days in gaol.

A certain number of pioneers in each village or parish in the district of Torquay to be ready with their tools.

No beacons to be fired except under orders from the lieutenant or Justice of the Peace.

At Totnes, Torquay and Dartmouth must remain 3,000 men for the defence of these places.

Spanish fleet of 140 sail expected at Torbay, August 24th.

From Torquay the mighty chain of beacons throughout the length of England were fired one after another—"Until the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle." To-day at Torquay you will find a relic of the Spanish invasion, a place called the Spaniards Barn where 400 prisoners from a great Spanish galleon were kept for many days after the victory in the Channel.

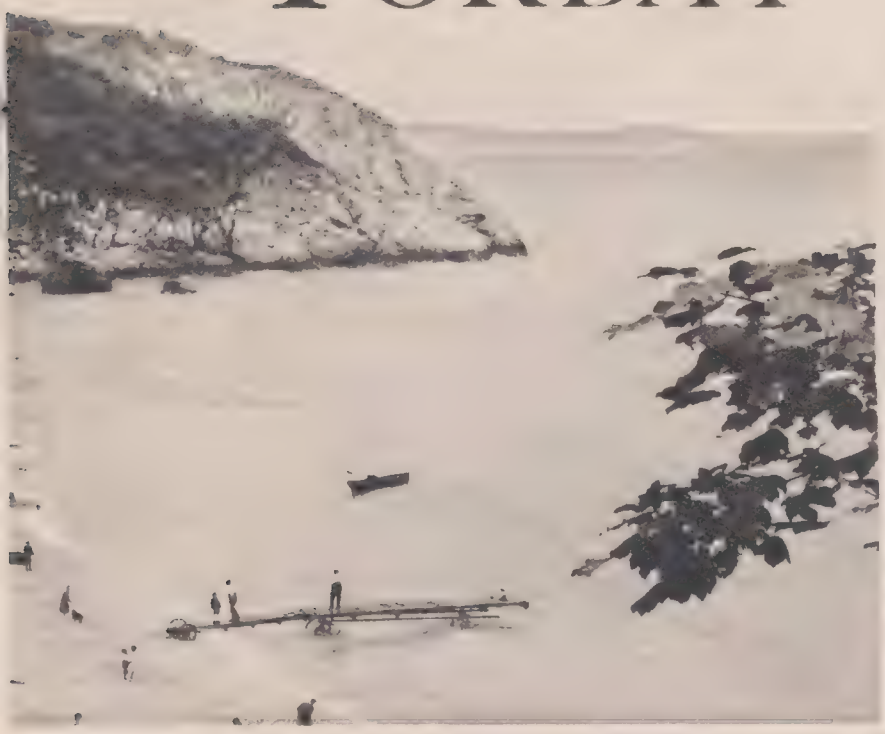
After the Reformation, when Torre Abbey was despoiled, the fame of this natural beauty spot came to the ears of Henry VIII, who ordered his scrivener, John Leland to write a description of "the place men call Tor Kay." The following is an extract from Leland's report to the king:—

"After passing Penton almost three miles there cumethe down a praty broke and running by the shore sands goith into the sea at Torrebay. There is a peere and socour for fischar boats in the bottom of Torre Prior.

"The west pointe of Torrebay is caullid Byri (Berry), and more than within a mile of this pointe is a praty toune of fischarmen called Brixham and this toune is a member of the privilege of Dartmouth. I marked almost in the middle of this bay one house set on the hard shore and a small peere by it as a socour for fischar boats (Torquay). Fischarmen hath divers tymes taken up theyre nettes on Torrebay mussons of harts (horns of wild deer) whereby men judge that in tymes paste it hath been forest grounds."

Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries "Tor Kay" remained but a cluster of fishermen's huts—a safe

TIDE *and* TORBAY



● This little bay on the south coast of Devon may well have been the cradle of England; Babbacombe Beach is now the holidaymakers' Paradise

landing-place, or "quay" for all vessels with business at Torre situated about a mile inland.

Andrew Brice wrote his *Grand Gazetteer*, in 1774, describing Tor Kay as "a village and an inn or two." But six years later another local historian recorded that "Tor Kay is a fairly populous village." Says a writer in the year 1803: "The whole of the land from the Quay to Daddy Hole was offered to a builder for £40 a year, and all Waldon Hill might have been had for a yearly rental of £14."

Royal Visitors

The Prince of Wales visited Torquay in 1806, and from this its fame as a holiday resort gradually spread throughout the country. From London, and the grey industrial towns of the North and Midlands, visitors came in search of health and sunshine.

The people of Torquay, watching the first trickling tide of prosperity in their direction, made preparations accordingly. The Torbay Road was completed at a cost of £13,000 in 1840. Then the railway reached out and connected London with Torre. The future of Torquay was assured. Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort visited the town in 1852, and for that year Torquay registered a great impetus in the building trade.

Signs of future prosperity were now apparent, and the population of Torquay rose from 838 in 1801 to 11,474 in 1851. There was a population of 38,771 in 1911, and this has now increased to 46,165. Remarkable progress and prosperity has been realised in Torquay during the last twenty years.

The rateable value of the town in 1911 was £197,031. This figure was £500,636 in 1935. If the rate of progress has been phenomenal it has also been accompanied by a sense of dignity which gives Torquay a character and atmosphere all of its own.

Torquay as it is to-day may justly be described as a unique seaside resort with amenities for visitors who appreciate dignified surroundings set in a natural beauty spot.

To achieve such a result, of course, has cost Torquay a great deal of money. In fact about £3,500,000 has been spent during the last eighty years or so on amenities for visitors to Torquay, of which £2,500,000 has been laid out on improvements to the town only during the last sixteen years.

One-sixth of the total area of the town is taken up with parks and pleasure grounds, and these alone have cost £200,000. Such show places as Cockington Court, ancient home of the Mallocks, have been bought outright. The cost of Cockington Court to the council was £5,670.

Altogether, it costs the people of Torquay about £300,000 yearly for all main services given by the town council. The electricity undertaking, which only a few years ago was contained in cellars beneath the medical baths, is now a huge station at Newton Abbot, forming part of the National Grid scheme and supplying 35,000,000 units to Torquay consumers alone.

Torquay also possesses one of the finest water supply systems in the whole country, a delightfully "soft" water from Dartmoor where the actual watershed itself covers an area of 2,334 acres.

Mediterranean

Five years ago land bought at £200 an acre is valued to-day at £200 a ¼-acre. Approaching Torquay in 1920, one could catch glimpses of agricultural land where to-day are spacious gardens filled with tropical and sub-tropical plants. All roads and approaches to the town have been widened and splendidly paved, and the visitor's first impression of the town as he leaves the railway station is of a seaside resort on the shores of the Mediterranean. Indeed, one can walk a hundred yards from the railway station, look back and fail to find the slightest trace of it—so cleverly is it concealed from the promenade.

It is at this spot that one finds, just opposite the Grand Hotel, one of the grandest vistas in all England. You are standing in the centre of the coastline bordering Torbay, with Paignton and Brixham on your right, and Teignmouth away round the bay to your left. Directly behind you are tropical gardens, a rugby football ground, a cricket ground, a bowling green, an ornamental boating-pool—and Torre Abbey itself with its wonderful seventeenth century mansion.

(*continued on page* 58)

MAKE WRITING PAY..

AND WIN FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE IN SPARE TIME

SUCCESS in Story or Article Writing does not depend upon the possession of brilliant literary ability. Hundreds of publications use the work of unknown writers and pay well for it, and a material income may be earned by those who learn to produce the right kind of material in the right way and to send it to the right market.

The Premier School of Journalism gives sound professional training, by correspondence, in these and all other matters of journalistic technique. Pupils are under the guidance of Mr. Gordon Meggy, himself one of Fleet Street's most successful journalists, who remains at their elbow every step of the way, ready with sympathetic advice and frank but kindly criticism. They often earn material sums even while their tuition is in progress. Below are statements from some of them.

A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER writes: 'Exactly six weeks ago to-day I enrolled as a student of yours. Fourteen days later the *Daily Sketch* published a contribution of mine. The *B.J.P.* has printed one full-page article of mine and accepted another; four others are awaiting decision at the moment with this journal. In addition, I have articles placed with five other publications. Yesterday a contribution of mine appeared in the *Daily Mail* and was made the sole feature of the placard. All this seems truly wonderful to me, but the credit is entirely yours. I had no qualifications, influence or advantage. My education ceased at 13 years of age and was merely a Board School training." (P 78)

A WOMAN WHO HAD NEVER WRITTEN FOR PUBLICATION writes: "When I came to you for instruction I knew nothing about the profession, but in the four years which have passed since then your teaching has borne most delightful fruit. In that time I have written 14 novels, of which 52,000 copies have been sold, some 15 serials, and a handful of long-completes and short stories. These have brought me in some £2,000, and I have as much work as I can possibly do for years." (HR 1067)

A DOCTOR writes: "Since I started your Course, less than a year ago, the tuition fee has, up to the present, brought me in a return of about £160. Seeing that I had no knowledge of the technicalities of Journalism before I placed myself in your hands, and that I am a very busy man with a strictly limited amount of time, I consider this result simply amazing." (C 13)

A WOMAN LIVING IN INDIA writes: "I find I can keep to a pretty steady £300 a year, working seldom more than four hours a day and often, alas, much less. My total is now about £900 since I started (2 years and 9 months)." (P 89)

A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER writes: "Within twelve months of enrolling for the Premier Course of Journalism I found that I was enabled to develop what I had hoped might serve as a profitable spare-time occupation into a whole-time profession. What measure of literary success has so far been mine would never have been possible without the aid of Mr. Meggy." (HR 264)

A WIDOW writes: "After a few years of happily married life I found myself widowed, penniless and with no talent except that I could write interesting letters to my friends. An acquaintance introduced me to Mr. Gordon Meggy of the Premier School of Journalism, and so impressed was I by the first interview that I borrowed the fees and started the Course. Mr. Meggy proved to be my fairy godfather. Since I commenced writing I have made over £2,000 net profit, have bought four typewriters and now employ two assistants. Last year's income (net) was just over £640." (HR 1065)

AN ADVERTISEMENT COPY-WRITER writes: "Within six months of finishing the Course I had sold every type of article it is possible to write. Only the other week I received cheques totalling fifteen guineas. But the Premier Course has done more for me than can be judged by material gain. It has shown me how to enjoy every moment of my life." (C 20)

A WOMAN WITH MANY DOMESTIC TIES writes: "With a home and family to look after, writing has to take third place in my scheme of things, and a minor third at that. Yet, since I started the Premier School Course I have sold well over 300 articles, stories, humorous sketches, etc. Through Mr. Meggy's teaching, I know exactly how to set to work to earn sums up to £15 15s. for a few hundred words, and my work is rising in value." (HR 1070)

AN EX-ARMY OFFICER writes: "Thanks almost entirely to Mr. Meggy, I have succeeded in contributing full-length articles of various kinds to the following newspapers and periodicals: *Daily Mail, Daily Express, Daily Mirror, Daily Herald, Evening News, John o' London's Weekly, Manchester Daily Dispatch, Punch, Speaker, Sunday Mercury, Universe, Weekly Telegraph, Windsor Magazine.*" (17 other publications omitted owing to lack of space). (OC 7)

AN EX-HOSPITAL NURSE writes: "I now thank the day—not long ago—that I first wrote to Mr. Gordon Meggy. Long before I had finished the Course I was selling articles regularly to many of the leading newspapers and periodicals. My receipts doubled and trebled themselves. I now devote my whole time to writing. Before joining the Premier School I had never made a penny at it. Since, I have earned over £2500. And I owe it all to the help and guidance of Mr. Meggy himself!" (HR 1075)

EARNINGS DURING TUITION

Extracts from a few of scores of letters received during recent weeks from pupils under instruction.

"Thank you very much for your last criticism of the story. You undoubtedly put your finger on the weak spot, to which I attended as directed. My first shot—*Pearson's Magazine*—hit the bull's eye. They offered me £20 and I received the cheque to-day." (CR 336) **HAMPSHIRE.**

"You will be pleased to hear of my acceptance in *Chambers's Journal*. I am averaging two weekly articles accepted." (CR 236) **HEREFORD.**

"I have sold my first article to the *Woman's Magazine*. I sent it out as instructed in Lesson I." (CR 236) **PENZANCE.**

"I had a letter from the Fiction Editor of the *Evening News* accepting my story. He is giving me £8 8s. for it . . . fairly high payment for a beginner's 2,500 words." (CR236) **EDGEHILL.**

"Out of nine stories written, five have been accepted and two out of the remainder are with editors and have, I believe, a good chance of success. I'd just like to say 'Thank you' and tell you what a fortunate day it was for me when I enrolled for your Course." (HR 1059) **YORKSHIRE.**

"After revising the article sent you for Lesson 3 according to your advice, I had it accepted by the *Manchester Guardian*." (CR 336) **SCOTLAND**

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No. 286 12/6

Continuing

TIME, TIDE *and* TORBAY

Looking from right to left along this promenade, you can see nothing between the gardens and the open sea—nothing except a delightful panorama of waving palm trees, eucalyptus trees and brilliant displays of flowers. It would be difficult indeed to find a more pleasant prospect, or one more soothing to a city man's tired and jaded nerves.

It Was Hay in '34

Yet on the landward side of the promenade, haymakers were hard at work in 1934, on what are now spacious and undulating lawns. They do things quickly at Torquay, so that visitors of the previous year are astonished by transformations that take place in a few months.

Taking a general survey of Torbay from this spot, one sees away round the bay to the right the white pavilions and glittering seafront of Paignton, where in recent years £54,000 has been spent on improvements to the town—and £350,000 on a drainage scheme to produce a first-class holiday resort.

The story of Paignton as a seaside resort dates from about 1907, when a costly water scheme was effected enabling the town to open up its natural resources on a large scale and to attract visitors from all parts of England.

They Stay

An extensive coastline, beginning at Hollacombe Cliff and ending somewhere about the centre of Broad Sands, and an eastern aspect makes Paignton more bracing than the average south-coast resort.

Here again the increase in population during recent years has been rapid. The population of Paignton was 11,241 in 1911, and it is now double this figure. Only one other town in England can point to a larger increase of population over a period of ten years. This standing population is doubled during the summer season, and such are the attractions of Paignton that many visitors have stayed to become permanent residents.

There is a distinct difference between the towns of Paignton and Torquay, however, for while the latter points proudly to its truly wonderful gardens, fine houses and dignified hotels, the former caters for family life with safe sands for bathing and special amenities for children along three miles of sea-front. There are four public parks and recreation grounds in the town, and an additional fifty acres of land have been purchased recently for the same purpose.

Where the first men and animals searched for sustenance betwixt the vivid blue of sky and sea, the men of the twentieth century now search for health and rest.

A glorious old parish church, and the Bible Tower—so named because here it was that Miles Coverdale prepared his translation of the Bible—remain to show the antiquity of the town. A new garden and promenade have been formed at Goodrington Sands along the very face of the cliffs, commanding a wonderful view over Torbay.

Altogether, Paignton boasts of 1,180 yards of cliff walks and a wide promenade nearly 250 yards in length.

The town has facilities for almost every outdoor sport, the splendid premises of the Torbay Country Club, and a fine zoo where upwards of 1,000 varieties of birds and some 500 animals are exhibited.

Farther westward along the Torbay coast is the ancient town of Brixham, and, although this has been for centuries essentially a town of fisherfolk there are now efforts afoot to attract a larger number of holidaymakers. Those with a bent for fishing could do no better than spend a holiday at Brixham, or find a better description of the place than in the words of Jabez Lake, the poet

"Defined by rugged border of cliffs, in sombre garb,
Here, quaint old Brixham blown black by winter storms,
And strewn there, as 'twere debris on the shore . . ." etc.

It was at Brixham that Prince William of Orange first landed in England on his way to the Throne of England, and his first night on English soil was spent in a fisherman's house.

William's Welcome

On the following morning, however, there were great preparations in Brixham for a regal procession. The sentiments of Brixham folk are recorded by a writer of that time:

"And please your Majesty King William,
You're welcome to Brixham Quay,
To eat buckhorn and drink good ale
Along wi' we."

About eight miles eastward along the bay from Torquay stands another famous holiday resort which as long ago as the reign of Henry III was well known among sea-faring folk as Teignmouth—or Teyngemue. The Crown granted a charter in the year 1253 for a market to be held at East Teignmouth in perpetuity every week on Saturday, and this old market is still flourishing.

Teignmouth has carried out the great traditions associated with historic Torbay throughout the centuries in repelling attacks from the navies of France, Holland, and Spain. For example, the

(*continued on page* 61)

Teignmouth.....and Dartmouth

AMBROSE WILSON'S PAGE OF *Summerwear*

BARGAIN VALUE
NO EXTRA FOR EASY TERMS

Uncrushable Crepe Frock

K.470.—Such a pretty floral design on white ground, with gauged front to bodice. Sleeve is fashionably shirred at shoulder. Novel mitre collar with plain shade to tone. Skirt fullness effected by deep pleats each side of front. All-round belt, with slide.

SIZES ; SW. 45, 48. W. 46, 48, 50. WX. 49. (WX. 1/- extra). PREDOMINATING SHADES ; Rose, Lemon, New Blue, Turquoise. Full Price 9/11

1/- Sent to you on approval for 1/-; balance 2/- monthly. Postage 6d.
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A VERY DAINTY FROCK

K.465 is made in uncrushable crepe, with pretty multi-coloured design on a white ground. It is cut with smart yoke to bodice, with the new ruched neck, finished rouleau of contrasting colour. Full godet sleeve mounted on net. Three-section straight-cut skirt, all-round belt at waist, fastened slide to match.

PREDOMINATING SHADES ; Princess Blue, Orange, Gloucester Green, Chestnut Brown, or Light Navy.

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DEPOSIT

FOR THE FULLER FIGURE

D.R.122.—A white floral check design on a dark ground, which is most attractive. Satin vest trimmed small pearl buttons is detachable. Skirt has fancy panel centre front, obtained by sets of pin tucks.

SIZES ; Hips 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56 in. Lengths 44, 46, 48, 50, ins. (Length 52in. 2/6 extra.) COLOURS ; Royal Blue, Gloucester Green, Nigger Brown, Dark Navy, Black.

As this garment is specially made for each customer, there will be a delay of a few days in delivery.

Full Price 10/6

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DEPOSIT

SMART SWAGGER COAT

C.233. — Three-quarter-length model in woollen check material, lined throughout 100 per cent. art. silk. Full cut, with shoulder yoke, and stitched inverted seam to hem at back. Deep Peter Pan collar, fastened with three buttons, two roomy patch pockets, and fancy sleeves.

SIZES ; SW., W., and FW. (FW. 1/- extra.)

COLOURS ; Chestnut Brown, Light Navy, Black.

Full Price 14/11

1/6 Sent on approval for 1/6 deposit; balance 2/6 monthly. Postage 6d.
DEPOSIT

POPULAR FLANNEL SUIT

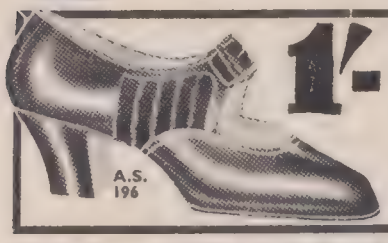
L.C.75.—Useful Suit in pin-striped soft flannel. Coat cut correct tailored shape with broad lapels, two jetted pockets; fastened with link button. Lined throughout 100 per cent. art. silk. Sleeves trimmed three small buttons. Inverted pleat centre front and back of skirt, giving comfortable walking room.

SIZES ; SW., W., FW. (FW. 1/6 extra).

COLOURS ; Grey, Beige.

Full Price 16/11

2/- Sent on approval for 2/- deposit; balance 3/6 monthly. Postage 6d.
DEPOSIT



1/- Shoe Bargain

A.S.196. A Buckle Bar Shoe in Glace Kid, with fancy stitched Suede Inset on quarters: Cuban heel; Belly insole; good wearing English bend soles. COLOURS : Black, Tan, Blue. SIZES : 3 to 7 and half sizes. Full Price 9/11. Sent on approval for 1/-, balance 2/- monthly. Postage 6d.

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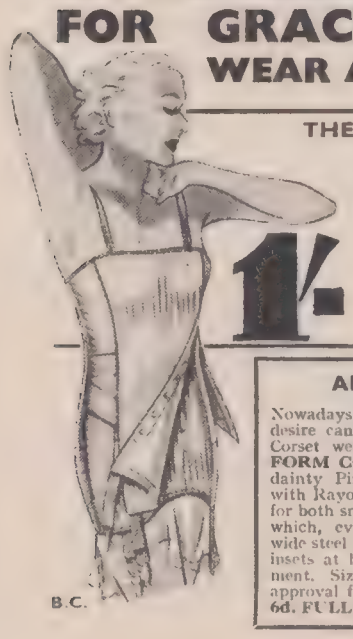

THE AMBRON BELTED CORSELETTE

Experience proves this garment the ideal figure-moulding corset and brassiere combined, for in one garment it provides for the needs of slim, medium or full figures; adjustable shoulder straps, spiral steel back supports, underbelt with 7-in. busk, surgical elastic hip insets and six suspenders. Made in strong Tea Rose or White Coutille, in sizes from 30 in. to 46 in. bust.

1/- **FULL PRICE 8/11** (Postage **4d.**). Sent on appro. for **1/-** deposit, balance **2/-** monthly.
DEPOSIT

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Nowadays Woman's aim is to be slim, and this desire can be easily realised by discriminating Corset wearers. The **AMBRON SLENDERFORM CORSET** is an up-to-date garment in dainty Pink Washing Satin, hooking at side, with Rayon elastic insets at waist. It is suitable for both small and full figures, has a front lacing, which, even when open, gives support by a wide steel inserted in shield under lacing. Elastic insets at hips ensure perfect freedom of movement. Sizes: 22 in. to 36 in. waist. Sent on approval for **1/-**, balance **2/-** monthly. Postage **6d. FULL PRICE 8 11.**

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Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus keeping you healthy, happy and slim.

Start taking Bile Beans to-night and so make sure of being at your best for your Summer Holiday.

"Even when my clients have got rid of their surplus fat, I always advise a continuance with Bile Beans. I tell them that Bile Beans are the safest and surest means of preserving a youthful figure and keeping them healthier, too."—Nurse F. E. R., London, W.

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"I like nice gowns and frocks and was afraid I would soon have to be asking for outsize. But as a result of my nightly Bile Beans, I have lost ten pounds in weight and feel much better for it. Besides reducing my bust and my hips by four inches, my arms and ankles are much slimmer."—Mrs. F. W., Manchester.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM

● Brixham has been for centuries a town of fisherfolk; it is now attracting more and more holidaymakers....

Continuing TIME, TIDE *and* TORBAY

Jacobites attempted a landing there in 1690, with the aid of French forces under Admiral Tourville. When Torbay folk sighted the French fleet they instantly prepared to meet the attack. Says Macaulay :

"The beacon on the ridge above Teignmouth was kindled, Haytor and Cawsand made answer, and soon all the hilltops of the West were on fire. Messengers were riding all night from deputy-lieutenant to deputy-lieutenant, and early the next morning, without chief, without summons, five hundred gentlemen and yeomen, armed and mounted, had assembled on the summit of Haldon Hill. In twenty-four hours all Devonshire was up."

Tourville sent his ships into action to wipe out what he termed "a weak unfortified place called Teignmouth, and coming very near, having played the cannon of their galleys upon the town, and shot near two hundred great shot therein to frighten away the poor inhabitants." According to an official report drawn up for King William, Teignmouth suffered severe losses and the village of Shaldon was virtually wiped out. Such was the distress in and around Teignmouth after this attack that an appeal was made throughout the whole of England and about £11,000 was subscribed for the relief of Torbay's gallant defenders.

It was about the year 1817 that Teignmouth rose to favour as an ideal holiday resort, and during the next twenty years the population of the town increased by nearly 2,000.

King Said "Beautiful"

Teignmouth was a flourishing seaside resort in 1825 with a theatre, public rooms and a library. To-day, this town possesses splendid facilities for holidaymakers of all kinds—with a marine parade about one mile in length bordered by lawns and flower gardens. When King Edward visited Teignmouth a few years ago he told the inhabitants "You have a beautiful town to look after."

The sea-front is spacious and very open and there is a high sunshine record to make the place ideal for those in search of rest and pure air. All buildings stand well back from the shore, and the space between is occupied by wide lawns and ornamental gardens. Teignmouth has a fine pier with a pavilion for concerts, dancing, and a sun-bathing extension. Improvements to sea-walls and promenades have cost the town some £15,000. There is a fine pavilion on the Marine Parade, built recently at a cost of £5,000. Another £4,000 has been expended in building shelters and other conveniences for visitors.

Teignmouth's holiday season occupies nearly the whole year, but the busiest months are those between Whitsun and the end of September when more than 20,000 visitors are entertained.

Even when the town is full, and all accommodation taken, there is plenty of room on the spacious front at Teignmouth. From Smugglers Lane to the estuary of the Teign there is a really beautiful stretch of beach which is never crowded even in the height of the summer season. Long stretches of firm sand make conditions for bathing superb, and swimming and water polo competitions are very frequent.

A four-mile stretch of estuary, bordered by thickly wooded slopes makes Teignmouth an ideal centre for yachting, and many fine yachts are built in the yards along the river. Fishing of both the salt and fresh water varieties may be enjoyed to the full. Mackerel, whiting, dabs, and pollock are abundant, and the bass fishing is said to be the best in England.

Thousands of pounds are spent each year on improvements, but these must be carefully planned to preserve the natural beauties of this spot at the east end of Torbay. Teignmouth is also an ideal centre from which to visit the beauty spots of south Devon. Along the coast pleasure steamers take visitors to view the beauty of the Exe, Dart, and Tamar, while inland excursions are arranged to all parts of Dartmoor and the wild scenery of Cornwall.

"Over the Bay!"

Although Teignmouth is not actually within the precise limits of Torbay it is so closely associated with those seaside resorts within the exclusive semi-circle as to partake of all the amenities provided by nature and man in this glorious holiday haven. There is no stretch of coastline in England so favoured by nature and improved by man as that which links the Torbay towns. Go where you will around Torbay and there is scenery to delight the eye, associations to occupy the mind, and facilities for almost any form of sport or pleasure. For those who take an interest in ancient things, however, Torbay is a treasure-house awaiting explorers.

Just stand on the front at Torquay, with your back to the Grand Hotel, and as twilight gathers gaze out upon a stage for Time and Tide—the destruction of the Armada, the Dutch fleet of 670 vessels which brought a new king to England, the arrival of Napoleon in the *Bellerophon* from which he was transferred to the *Northumberland* on his way to exile on lonely St. Helena.

Twinkling lights of the town, rising high in lofty terraces toward the east, toward the west the fairy lights of Paignton, and before you are darkening waters washing history to your feet. Truly has the poet written :

"Over the Bay ! Over the Bay !
List to the tale of a bygone day . . ."

The Dog You Left Behind..

by E.M. Dulling

WHEN it's time again to talk of holidays, to bring out the trunks and the shrimping net and all the strange impedimenta that goes with holiday-making, there's one small member of the family in whose eyes we see misery.

The puppy can't always go with the family, even though it is heart-breaking to leave him at home, and the next best thing to having him with you is to know he's being made as happy as possible in the circumstances at a Dog's Hotel.

Some people leave dogs in the care of neighbours, thinking no doubt that this arrangement is as good as any, but many know from bitter experience that this method of disposing of a pet for a week or so is full of discomfort for everybody.

Usually something happens. The neighbour may carry kindness too far, overfeeding the brute; on the other hand her mind may work on lines of "one good meal a day," and her idea of what constitutes a good meal may not coincide with your dog's.

In your absence he may have developed hitherto unsuspected habits, making a general nuisance of himself. You learn that he has done everything from tearing up his guardian's new hat to biting the baby. You hardly believe it, of course, when your neighbour hands the delinquent over with a "Glad-to-be-rid-of-him" expression and recounts with much bitterness a seemingly endless tale of his misdeeds. Probably the good neighbour is telling the truth, because often dogs do things utterly foreign to their nature out of sheer annoyance.

You should give your dog a holiday, too, sending him to some good boarding kennels where he will be with people who understand him. Then you can start *your* holiday with a clear conscience.

Holiday kennels should be big, light and airy with clean straw beds. The floors should be sprinkled with sawdust every day in summer and covered with straw in winter. Even the most fastidious dog could not find fault with these quarters, and if he feels lonely he has only to show his desire for canine conversation and his next-door neighbour will respond immediately.

Dog visitors are not kept in "a cage" all day. Outside the kennels is a long concrete run known as "The Lounge." It is seven or eight feet high and covered with wire-netting to prevent the acrobatically inclined from becoming too ambitious.

Here at various times of the day some of the guests may be seen racing up and down while their more lethargic colleagues lean against the wall and enjoy forty winks in the sun.

Also, the dogs are exercised off the premises. Every morning while the kennels are being "swept and dusted" the kennel maids put their charges on leash and off they go, *en masse*, twice round the park and home again for a drink !

The service is excellent. An efficient staff sees that nothing troubles the life of canine guests. There is a full-sized bath with hot and cold running water at the end of each run for those who wish it—if any!

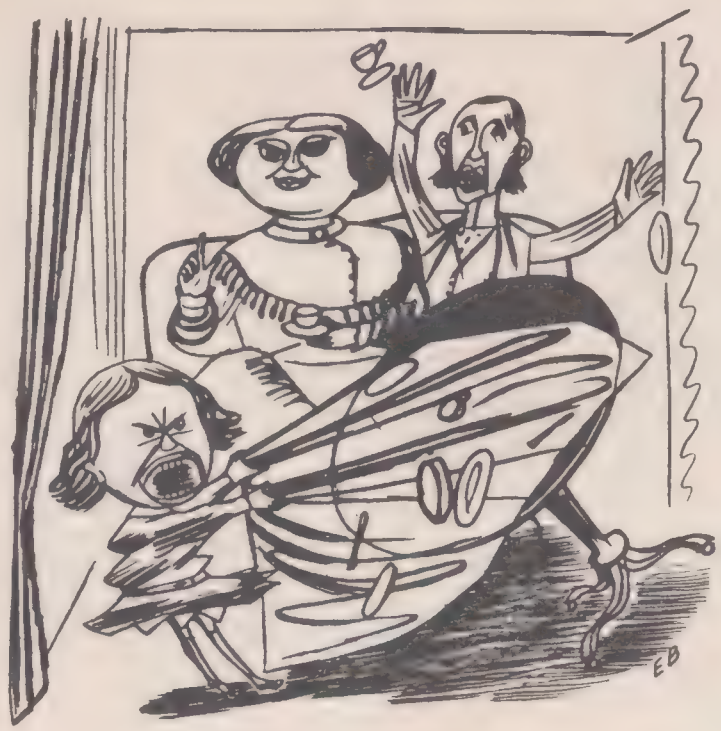
The service is excellent and all that you would expect from people who, as well as being efficient at their job, are essentially dog-lovers. They see to it that nothing disturbs the life of their canine guests.

Then there is the Beauty Parlour, where the guests may have a shampoo, haircut, pedicure, manicure and massage. They can even have a bath.

It is amusing to notice how dogs react to "beauty treatment." Spaniels, whose ears are combed into silken fans, wire-haired terriers, whose strong and silent looking jaws are made even more strong and silent looking by the removal of a few tufts of hair, and the lovable animal whose pedigree is better left unquestioned, all take their toilet very seriously. Certainly Milady, after a morning at her Beauty Bar could not be more pleasantly conscious that she is "easy on the eye" than these dogs of ours.

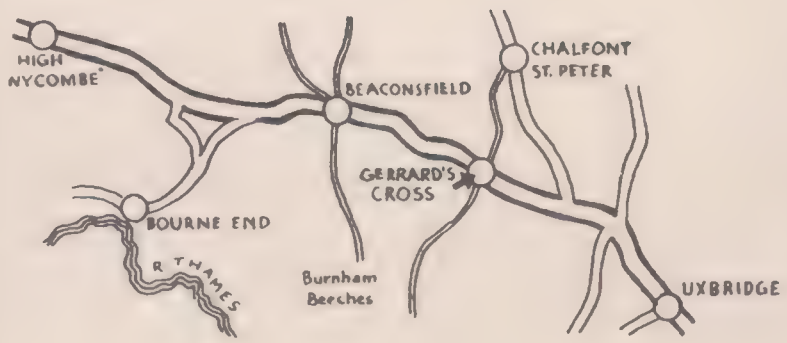
Nearby are the hospital kennels, and as soon as any dog shows signs of being off colour in any way he receives skilled and sympathetic attention from a veterinary surgeon.

Fresh water supplies are brought to each "room" twice daily and each dog has his own earthenware drinking trough. There is high tea at six p.m. Only one meal a day—but what a meal ! The pups, of course, are allowed two meals. So don't leave the pup to the mercy of anybody-who-will-take-him-in.



GERRARD'S *CROSS*

BUT SHELL'S *PLEASING*



YOU CAN BE

SURE OF SHELL

Concluding STOWAWAY TO MARS

● Dugan pulled the lever and turned the valve-wheel. Joan stepped out.

TWO space-ships have landed on Mars. The first to arrive was the *Gloria Mundi*, carrying a party of Englishmen—Dale Curtance, Doctor Grayson, Andrew Froud, and Geoffrey Dugan—and Joan Shirning, a beautiful stowaway who, as the daughter of a scientist, wanted to prove her father's theories about life on Mars. The second space-ship, the *Tovaritch*, sent to Mars by the Russian Government, is commanded by Karaminoff, who has gone to the *Gloria Mundi* to tell Dale that the Soviet Government is opposed to any attempt by the English to annexe Martian territory. There is a quarrel, and the Russians go back to their space-ship, pausing on the way to tear down the Union Jack, hoisted by Dale, and to replace it with their own flag. Meanwhile, Joan has been kidnapped by one of the machine-like people living on the planet and taken to the city of Hanno, where she meets Vaygan, one of the few men left on Mars, who teaches her to speak his language while she is in a trance. He says she is to meet the other people still alive there, explaining that men are disappearing from his world while machines take their place. He shows her a television screen in which she sees an American space-ship crashing in the desert. Then she is shown the decaying city of Hanno and, after promising that her comrades shall return safely to earth, Vaygan makes love to her, saying that she has brought life back to a dying world. . . .

DUGAN knocked up a switch and the spare bulb of the searchlight mounted at the window in a temporary reflector went dead. He snatched up a pair of field-glasses and pointed them at the group on the sandhill close by the bushes. For some minutes he watched the flashes from a bright piece of metal held in a man's hand. Then he lowered the glasses, flashed out the sign for "message received" on the searchlight bulb, and turned to the others.

"They say their air supply is good for another eight hours yet," he said.

The four looked at one another.

"Well, *is* there anything we can do?" asked the doctor.

"Damned if I can think of it," Dale muttered.

Froud looked again at the party on the

by JOHN BEYNON

Back *to* Earth

sandhill. In the dry air it was possible to make out even at that distance the over-alled figures of the four Russians and the ring of imprisoning machines.

"I'm feeling a bit of a swine," he said. "Sheer human decency ought to have made us warn them. Instead, I just encouraged Karaminoff to go head first into trouble."

"I shouldn't worry about that. They wouldn't have believed us, and they were bound to meet the machines sooner or later," the doctor told him.

Froud grunted. "Maybe. All the same, there's a hell of a difference between trying to save a man and shoving him in. However, he did at least have the sense to get back when he saw what was coming out of the bushes. But what the devil can we do about it? They've got them the same way as they got us. They've been there nearly six hours now, and it's not likely they'll be interrupted this time . . ." He broke off. "Hi, Dugan, they're flashing."

Dugan put up his glasses once more. After a minute :—

"Can't read it. Must be signalling their own ship again," he announced.

Froud pressed his face against the window in an effort to look astern. The fact that the window was set in the curving bow restricted his field, but he could see enough—half a dozen of the grotesquely assembled machines posted unmovingly opposite the entrance port.

"Still there," he said gloomily. He crossed the room and sat down on the side of one of the couches. "This is a hell of a mess. It's dead certain that if we go out there we'll get caught too, and that won't help anybody. But if we're ever going to get away, we've got to get out sooner or later to upend the ship—and that's going to be no light job. Seems to me as if Joan and Burns had the better deal, after all—at least, it was over quickly . . . Why the devil can't they let us alone, anyway?"

"To divide their planet between us?" asked the doctor.

"Rot! Those things out there can't reason like that. If they were human

(*continued on next page*)

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Continuing Back *to* Earth

beings, there'd be some sense in their resentment. But machines . . . I ask you, why should machines attack us at sight?"

"Metal, I think," Dugan contributed unexpectedly. "They seem to be short of it. You saw how they rebuilt themselves from one another's parts. They could get a lot of metal from a ship like this."

"That's true," Froud agreed. "With us out of the way they could break her up. I wonder if you've hit it?"

"I suppose it wouldn't be possible for us to remove ourselves?" the doctor suggested tentatively. "I mean, to shoot the *G. M.* along the ground by use of the tail rockets?"

"We'd be more likely to dig into a sand-hill and bury ourselves on a surface like this," Dale said.

"And it wouldn't do us much good if we did move a few miles," Froud added. "Our friends the nickel-plated nightmares would just come along, too."

"Well, damn it all, we can't just sit here doing nothing," Dugan said explosively. But he offered no alternative. Nor, it seemed, could anyone else. For a time an uninspired silence hung over the room.

"It's all so darned silly," Froud murmured at last, "that's what gets me down. We push off with world acclaim, we successfully avoid all the perils of space and arrive here safely, only to find (*a*) that the place is overrun with idiotic-looking machines; (*b*) that two other rockets have also pushed off, but without the acclaim; and (*c*) that our only safety from the said idiotic machines is to stay bottled up in here. It simply isn't good enough. It's not at all the sort of thing that put Raleigh and Cook in the history books."

"Besides," said the doctor, "think of the yarns of heroism you'll have to invent for public consumption if ever we do get back."

Dugan began to flash his light again.

"Asking if their ship's still bottled up, too," he explained.

They watched him transmit, and receive his answer.

"Well?" asked Dale.

"Yes. They left two men aboard the *Tovaritch* and machines are now parking round the entrance to keep 'em there. The two they sent back—the one I pipped and the other—don't seem to have turned up. Either the machines have jumped on them, or they're holding out somewhere behind those dunes."

"Then there were eight altogether on the *Tovaritch*. Pretty good," Dale admitted grudgingly.

"It's a pity," remarked Froud, "that nobody thought to load a few hand grenades. One or two among that bunch by the door ought to tangle 'em up enough to put 'em out of action——" He paused as if a new thought had struck him. "I say," he went on excitedly, "why don't we make some? There are enough explosives on board of one kind and another, God knows."

They all turned to Dale. He thought for a moment.

"All right. I expect some more machines will turn up, but it's worth trying."

"Anyway, it may give us long enough to get Karaminoff and Co. out of their jam," Dugan agreed. "I'll signal him what we're doing, and he can pass it on to the men on the *Tovaritch* to do the same."

"Pity we can't signal them direct," Dale said. He looked out of the other window. "If she'd only landed a few feet farther to the left we could have seen her windows and there wouldn't be any need for this three-cornered——" He broke off suddenly as a string of machines came scuttling at top speed round the flank of an intervening sandhill. "Hullo, what the devil's happening now?"

The others crowded up to him. They watched the machines swerve on to a course headed for the bushes. A moment later they were followed by a dozen or so more, also travelling fast. Away to the left, Froud noticed a series of reflected flashes crossing the crest of another dune.

"More active ironware on the way," he announced. "What the dickens is up now? Whatever it is, these nearer chaps don't seem to care for it. Watch their dust."

The unwieldy cavalcade lumbered past, making the best speed its ill-assorted parts would allow. Froud dashed across to the other window.

"The ones round Karaminoff are sheering off, too," he reported. "Streaking for the——"

"Good God!" said Dugan's voice. "Look at that!"

He pointed wildly at an object which had suddenly made an appearance on the top of the dune between themselves and the other ship. A strange, tank-like device supported by innumerable short legs which ended in wide round plates. It stopped abruptly on the crest. The sunlight reflecting from its curved casework and the glittering of its lenses made it hard to look at.

A sudden discharge of bright blue flashes snapped from its bows, and immediately consternation smote the fleeing machines. There were no missiles, no visible causes for the turmoil into which they were thrown, yet the disorganisation was complete. They lost their course and began to run this way and that with a wild, senseless flourishing of tentacles and jointed levers. Their ill-matched legs bore them on erratic lines so that they fouled one another and crashed ponderously together. A number tripped and fell, breaking or twisting the legs of others. There was a fresh salvo of flashes from the large machine, and the confusion grew.

Had such a thing been possible, the crew of the *Gloria Mundi* would have said that they were watching machines go mad. They became a berserk mass of milling, flailing metal, surging this way and that, hopelessly tangled and interlocked, crashing and buffeting back and forth in an insane mêlée. The tank-like contrivance trundled down the hill, still emitting its blue flashes and driving the machines to even greater frenzies of self-destruction. A dozen or more coffin-shaped objects ran in its wake. Except for the lack of one pair of legs they were identical with that in Joan's pictures.

"Well, thank Heaven for some machines which look as if they had been built by men who were at least fairly sane," said Dugan.

"Allegory," said Froud. "Order putting paid to Chaos."

"But why should there be chaotic machines at all?" asked the doctor.

"Why," Froud countered, "should Chaos ever have existed?"

The big machine ceased its fusillade. The recent besiegers appeared to have reduced themselves to a few heaps of scrap metal. Froud admired the efficiency of the operation. He said admiringly:—

"You know, that's one of the bigger ideas. Just send your opponents potty, and watch them wipe one another out. We must take the notion back with us. Now, what do you suppose happens next?"

* * *

At first, Joan did not know why she awoke. The room was silent and dark. Vaygan had not woken. She lay still and quiet, pressed against his side, with her head on his shoulder, listening to his breathing; her left arm lay across his chest, rising and falling gently with its rhythm. Then, gradually, she became aware of another sound—a faint, familiar humming somewhere close by which told her that a machine was in the room. She held her breath to listen, and then relaxed. What did it matter? Let the machines run about like the silly toys they were. They no longer had any importance.

There was a cold touch on her shoulder, and a harsh, metallic voice spoke out of the darkness. She sat up swiftly. Vaygan woke, too, as his arm fell from about her. He put his hand over hers.

"What is it?" he asked.

"A machine," she said, almost in a whisper. "It touched me."

With his other hand he found the switch, and the ceiling diffused a gradually increasing light. The machine was standing close beside the bed with its cold, blank lenses turned full on them.

"What is it?" Vaygan repeated, but this time he asked the question of the machine.

As before, Joan was unable to follow the harsh rapidity of its mechanical speech, but she watched the expressions on Vaygan's face as he listened, and her heart sank. After a few questions which involved lengthy answers, he turned to her. She knew from the look in his eyes what he was going to say before she heard the words.

"The medical report was unfavourable—you carry dangerous bacteria. It says that you will have to go."

"No, Vaygan. It's wrong. I'm healthy and clean."

He took both her hands in his.

"My dear, it is true. The tests can't lie. I was afraid of it. The Earthly bacteria you carry might start a disease here which would wipe all my people out—and you, they say, are not immune from many of the bacteria we carry. It would

(*continued on page* 66)

What it Means to You— *—by Francis Williams*

Land-Hungry Nations

IN view of Germany's demands for Colonial expansion, it is clear that the whole question of the future of British Colonies is going to be in the forefront of world problems in the near future. It is obviously one on which an informed public opinion is desirable.

Although Britain ought not to agree to handing over Colonial territory to Nazi Germany because of the probable treatment that would be meted out to native populations by the present rulers of Germany who have given plenty of evidence of their methods in dealing with non-Aryans, Britain cannot refuse to make any advance from her present policy of imperialism.

The most intelligent line of advance, which would not involve the transfer of territories would, I believe, be an adoption of what is known as the mandate system in all British colonies that are not ready for self-government.

The mandate system for Colonial territories is an integral part of the League of Nations system and is embodied in the Covenant of the League of Nations under Article 22, which lays it down that the interests of backward communities not able to stand by themselves shall be regarded as "a sacred trust of civilisation" and that the administration of those territories shall, therefore, be entrusted to advanced nations, as mandatories, for the League.

The League Covenant was, however, drawn up at the end of the war by the Powers victorious in that war and, therefore, although the principle of the mandate system was acknowledged, it was only applied to the Colonies of ex-enemy Powers, whose people became "a sacred trust of civilisation."

The peoples of Colonies belonging to the victorious Powers were left to the mercies of individual countries, which could use their colonies purely for purposes of commercial exploitation or for raising native armies or indeed for any other purpose they wished without the inconvenient question of the proper civilised relationship between advanced and backward peoples being brought into the matter.

It seems especially desirable now to meet the legitimate claims of those countries which, lacking colonies, feel that they are at a definite economic disadvantage. Failing other means, they seem prepared to go to war to get colonies, and in the interests of native peoples the principle of the mandate system should be accepted as covering not merely the colonial territories that formerly belonged to those Powers defeated in the last war, but to all colonial territories.

What exactly this would involve and what effect it would have both on Britain's own position and on the world political and economic situation I will try to show later.

For advice on current economic problems, write to the Economic Advisory Bureau, "The Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope.

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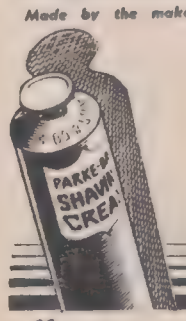

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Continuing Back *to* Earth

be both suicide and murder for your people and mine to mix."

"Oh, let me stay. Let me stay here with you . . . "

"It is not possible. They say you must go."

"They? The machines?"

"Not just the machines. My people say it."

Joan dropped back and hid her face in the pillow. Vaygan slid one arm round her bare shoulders. With his other hand, he stroked her hair.

"Joan. Joan. Listen. You could not stay here. Even mixing with us you could not live our life—for you it would be only a slow death. You would be lonely as no one has ever been lonely before. Your heart would break, my dear—and mine, too, I think. I could not stand seeing you crushed by hopelessness. The very old and the very young have nothing to share. For a few moments you and I have met. For a time at least I have known through you how I might have lived; almost I have known how it feels to belong to a race in its youth. Now it is finished, but I shall never forget, for you have given me something which is beautiful beyond all I ever dreamed."

Joan raised her face and looked at him through tears.

"No, Vaygan. No. They can't make me go now. A few days—a week. Can't they let us have just a week?"

The voice of the machine broke in harshly.

"It says that there is not much time," Vaygan told her. "The rocket must start just after dawn, or it will have to wait another day."

"Make it wait, Vaygan. Keep me here and make it wait one more day."

"I couldn't if I would." He looked at the machine. "It's their world now, and they don't want you. That is the message you are to take back to Earth with you. Earth is to leave Mars alone. Some years ago they sent a ship to Earth to prospect, and when it came back, that was their decision. They mean it, Joan."

But she seemed not to hear him. She put up her hand and gripped his shoulder.

"Vaygan, you shall come back with us. Why shouldn't you come back? There'll be room in the *Gloria Mundi*. I can persuade Dale to take you—you can get him some more fuel if necessary. Yes, you must. Oh, say you'll come, Vaygan, my dear."

He looked sadly into her face.

"I can't, Joan."

"But you must. Oh, you shall."

"But, my darling, don't you see? I must not mix with your race any more than you with mine."

"Oh, Vaygan. Vaygan."

"Hoy!" said Dugan. "You're the prize scholar. What's this chap trying to tell us?"

Froud joined him at the window and together they watched the antics of the machine below. It was scratching characters very busily on a carefully smoothed piece of ground.

"Quite a little sand artist, isn't he?" Froud said. "As far as I can see, it's an instruction that we must leave one something after dawn."

"What do you mean—'one something'?"

"I suppose it's a measure of time of some kind."

"Very helpful. Hi, Dale!"

"What is it?" Dale looked up irritably from his calculations.

"Sailing orders, but we can't read 'em."

"Well, if you can't, you can't. My reckoning came out at one hour and twenty minutes after dawn, which means that we've now got"—he glanced at the clock—"thirty-two minutes to go."

Froud drifted over to another window. Across the intervening dunes he could see the *Tovaritch* glistening in the early light. Like the *Gloria Mundi* she had been raised to the perpendicular with her blunt nose pointing to the sky. He frowned, wondering how the machines had accomplished the erection in so short a time, wondering too if the occupants of the *Tovaritch* had also suffered the indignity of being flung in a heap as the ship suddenly tilted beneath them.

"There's one thing I can't forgive," he muttered to no one in particular, "and that's their keeping us bottled in here while they tipped it up. I'd have given a lot to see how they did it, and to get some pictures of it."

"It was too dark for pictures, anyhow," the doctor told him consolingly, "but I do wish they'd given us some warning. Nearly cracked my skull on the floor as we went up. Would have done if one wasn't so light here."

Froud took no notice of him. He was going on:

"I've covered a few dud assignments in my time, but of all the flops, this is the floppiest. We come here, we get chased about by crazy machines and we get told to go home again by slightly less crazy machines. We don't know what makes them work, who made them, how they made them, where they made them, when they made them, nor why they made them. In fact, we don't know a blasted thing, and the whole outing has been too damn' silly for words. We've lost Joan, poor kid, and Burns was laid out for nothing. If this is interplanetary exploration, give me archæology."

"On the other hand," the doctor put in, "we know that life still exists here by the canals. I've got some specimens, you've got some photographs. Dale has proved that it is possible to make a flight between——"

"Hullo!" Froud interrupted. "Here's something in a hurry, just look at it." He watched a bright speck tearing towards them and covering the successive lines of dunes at a prodigious pace.

"It looks different from the rest. I believe it's carrying something. Where are those glasses? It is. It's holding a man in those tentacle things. It's coming here. Stand by the airlock, Dugan."

Dugan obediently pulled over the lever for the outer door.

"How's he going to reach it——?" he began, but a shout from Froud cut him short.

"It isn't. It's Joan. Joan!" He dropped the glasses and waved frantically. An arm lifted in reply as the machine passed round the rocket and out of his sight.

All four of them crowded round the inner door of the airlock watching for the glow of the indicator.

"How are they going to get her up to it?" Dugan asked anxiously.

"Don't you worry. A little thing like that's not going to—— There!" Froud finished as the warning light switched on. Dugan pulled over his lever and turned the valve-wheel. A few seconds later the door opened and Joan stepped out.

She did not seem to notice their welcome. She unscrewed her glass-like helmet and slipped off her overall suit without heeding the questions fired at her. When she looked up they saw that she was crying.

"Please, not now. I'll tell you later," she said.

They watched in astonished silence as she ran to the trap-door and disappeared into the room below. At last Froud scratched his head ruefully. He bent down and picked up the silvery suit she had dropped.

"Now where on earth—on Mars, I mean—do you suppose that she got hold of this?"

Joan lay on the couch in the little cabin. She was speaking softly in a voice which did not reach to the other room. He had promised that he would switch on the screen. She knew that in that room, far away in Hanno, her face was looking at him from the wall and her voice whispering in his ears. She had so much to tell him—so many might-have-beens . . .

It seemed no more than a minute or two before Dale's voice called:—

"Couches everyone!" and, "Don't forget your straps, Joan."

"All right," she told him weakly as her hands reached for them.

Only a few minutes left. She whispered more urgently in the empty room. Seconds now. She could hear Dale counting the past away, slowly and deliberately.

"Five—four—three—two—one——"

"Oh, Vaygan! Vaygan . . . "

* * *

The story of the *Gloria Mundi's* return is well known. Since even the schoolbooks will tell you how she landed in North Africa on the seventh of April, 1982, with only a litre or two of spare fuel in her tanks, it is unnecessary for me to give a detailed account.

The experiences of her crew, and particularly those of Joan, started arguments which are not dead yet, for, while one school of thought regards them as evidence that man on Mars has really mastered the machine and used it for his own ends, the other adduces them as proving the direct opposite. And there, for lack of corroborative detail, the matter see-saws to the contempt of a third body of opinion which does not believe a word of their stories and declares that the whole flight was a hoax.

In the early excitement of their return it was enough for the people of Earth that man had at last flung his first flimsy feeler into space. Dale and his crew were fêted; even the learned societies rivalled one another in honouring them, and never perhaps has so great a publicity value been attached to so few names.

And never before, thought Mary Curtance, had the floodlight on the Curtance family reached one-tenth of its present candle-power. But now, in the months of waiting, she had learnt to tolerate it with a better grace; she accepted it for Dale's sake and kept secret her hope that the noise and the shouting would soon die away. It was a hope destined to be granted far sooner than she expected.

The carping spirit, which accused the expedition in general, and Joan in particular, of failing to take full advantage of the chances, began to show itself very soon, and the swing of popular opinion from hero-worship to recrimination was as painful as it was surprising. The animosity against Joan was said to have its origin in the American refusal to believe her report of the wreck of their rocket. Be that as it may, within a few weeks she was incurring revilement and persecution for every one of her actions since the start. In a few short days she fell from the position of a heroine to, at best, a liar and a waster of opportunities. It was no good that the others should stand by her. They were shouted down.

The gale of public opinion was dead against her and she could only run for shelter.

Out of Russia, too, came trouble in the form of a rumour that Dale had deliberately disabled the *Tovaritch* on Mars and left Karaminoff and his crew there to die. And as the weeks and months passed away without sign of her the slander gained wider credence.

And so ended the flight of the *Gloria Mundi*.

It was five years before the public mind could forget its pettiness and reinstate Dale in a position analogous with that of Christopher Columbus. Dugan, Froud, and Doctor Grayson shared with him in this return to public esteem, but Joan did not.

Six months after the *Gloria Mundi's* return, in a little cottage among the Welsh mountains, Joan had died in giving birth to her child. But the tale of Vaygan's son belongs to a different story.

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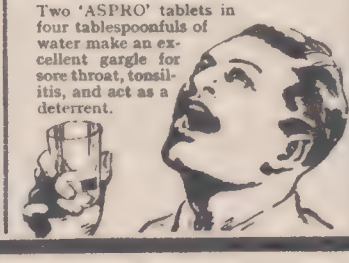

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"... Memories of whiskered young men still linger to gladden the days of these repressed dear Victorian things."

PAPA *on* *Parade*

BIG, whiskered Papa and meek Mamma are discussing the annual holiday. For the last three years they have been to Brighton, and Papa pompously declares they shall all go to Folkestone, a tiny place frequented by "fashionables."

Mamma would prefer Brighton, because a titled relative died there, and that is a social advantage. But she is a good, Victorian wife, and always agrees with her husband.

Even so, the rooms they have occupied for three years in succession in Brighton are ultimately taken for a month, a fortnight ahead, and during these two weeks, Mamma and the five maids, whose wages are ten pounds a year, are packing from morning till night the innumerable things required by Papa, Mamma, and the seven children. The governess, the nurse, and the maid, who will accompany the family to Brighton, do their own packing.

The eagerly anticipated day of departure at last arrives. Three four-wheelers take the family, the retainers and the luggage to the station. Field-glasses are slung over Papa's shoulder. He wears a length of muslin about his straw hat as a protection against the sun.

When the cabs are unpacked of their contents, big, pompous Papa stands helplessly in the midst of the family, with the trunks and carpet-bags surrounding them like a zareba. But Mamma takes charge, and, after bullying the porters, she shepherds the family into a first-class compartment, taking care to separate the two daughters, who are not on speaking terms. The governess travels second-class; the maids third.

It is a tedious journey to Brighton, with uncounted stops at wayside stations. The ladies are fatigued and resent the collection of smuts on their veils, and Papa, who has removed his boots for the journey and worn dancing pumps, complains the whole thing is a bore.

Their destination being presently reached, Mamma again takes charge. Under her direction, the family and luggage and retainers are packed into three four-wheelers, and conveyed to their lodging in Kemp Town with a sight of the sea from the front bow-windows. They are respectfully, so respectfully, received by the landlady. The two little maids, whose faces are shining with recently applied yellow soap, stand awe-stricken in the background.

Again meek Mamma takes charge, yet she gives Papa the impression of his being in command. She allots the bedrooms.

Then the family sits down to a mighty shrimp tea, and, after a rest, Papa, Mamma and the seven children go down to the beach and condescendingly greet old friends among the stall-vendors and nigger-minstrels.

Seven o'clock finds them back in their lodging, where dinner is served to the elder members of the family. After dinner, Papa goes out to smoke a cigar, because this isn't done in the presence of ladies. He must have smoked a succession of cigars, as he does not come back till late.

After breakfast the next morning, long family prayers are read by Papa, who then takes the boys to the sea to bathe. Mamma and the girls go shopping, presently finding themselves in the famous Library at the corner of St. James's Street. Mamma selects novels for family reading, preferring those flavoured with piety.

Luncheon at one, and then Papa reads the "Social Gazette," containing the names of "Fashionable Visitors." This is carefully scanned so as not to miss friends and acquaintances on whom it will be urgently necessary to call and shower cards.

And then . . . and then, the bathing garments for the young ladies having been unpacked, Mamma, who is armed with an umbrella, conducts her daughters to the sea for the purpose of bathing.

Of course, the ladies' bathing place is carefully protected from Peeping Toms and like inquisitive men. A policeman patrols the adjacent promenade and moves on those who are tempted to linger. The girls ungarb (ladies never undressed in those days) in stuffy bathing machines, while Mamma, with umbrella at the ready, keeps guard without.

At long last, when the girls emerge with their pretty hair stuffed into hideous bathing caps, and their exquisite figures concealed in ill-cut serge bathing dresses, including long serge skirts, Mamma puts up the umbrella to shield her darlings from possible long-range glasses.

A horse drags the machines into the sea, and the girls, attended by the bathing-woman, descend the steps and, clinging to the rope attached to the machines for the purpose, scream as the sea breaks over their bodies. More likely than not, they are ducked by the bathing attendant. Flushed with the rare adventure, the girls return with Mamma for tea.

In the evening, Papa, Mamma and the girls might promenade on the Chain Pier (now, alas! a construction of the past), or they might attend a concert at the Pavilion where they will hear cornet solos and a succession of sentimental ballads.

The Victorians kept holy the Sabbath Day. Profane books were hidden the night before. The family comes down to breakfast on Sunday with a solemn appreciation of the day. And after this meal, which is eaten almost in silence, preparations are made for going to church.

Papa might even don a top-hat for this affirmation of Social Responsibility. Mamma and the girls wear their sober Sunday garments exquisitely cut. The boys and the girls are well overlooked before the bibles and prayer-books and hymn-books are distributed. Then, led by Papa and Mamma, the family procession heads for the most fashionable church.

After the long service (the sermon lasts an hour) the family parades on the famous lawns at Hove. Papa raises his hat to friends and acquaintances who are accompanied by their womenfolk. Mamma is not unaware of rival bonnets and shawls.

In the afternoon, the children are sent in the charge of the nurse to the Afternoon Service, and Mamma and the elder members of the family attend church in the evening.

If the weather is fine for the holiday, long hours are spent on the beach with occasional bathes. There is also the distraction of shopping for the ladies. Sometimes, elegantly attired, they accompany Papa when calling on friends, which means shedding visiting cards in the hall on leaving. The boys are permitted to amuse themselves.

The girls are *never* allowed out alone, although the elder girls would give a good deal to meet—of course, in an orthodox fashion—the whiskered young men who have smiled at them on the front. Out of doors they are always chaperoned by Mamma or the governess.

And, when the family returns with the luggage and retainers to Kensington, the sweet things believe they have had the most thrilling of times. Memories of whiskered young men still linger, to gladden the days of these repressed dear Victorian things.

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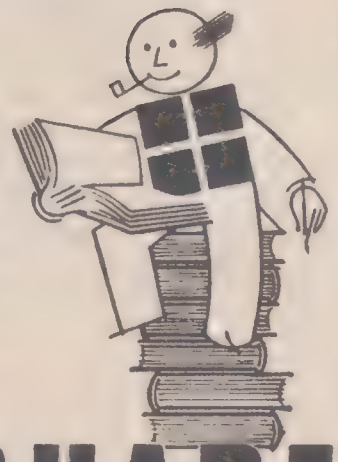

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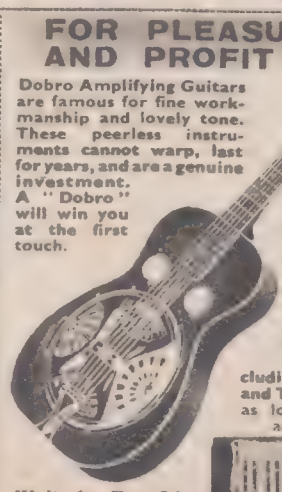

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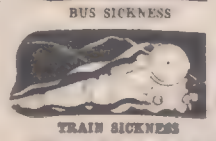

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INTRODUCING

The Lady in Red

by S. L. BENSUSAN

This cub does not seem to be worrying about his chances of making a "living" in fresh fields and pastures new. . . . .

ON a moonlit night in January, round about eleven o'clock, I heard the sharp, short cry of a vixen, a newcomer to the wood; the local hunt had been scattering foxes in all directions. A few nights later the cry was repeated and answered; two dog foxes had heard the summons. With three marauders in the immediate neighbourhood, it was not surprising to hear that a farmer had lost ducks; nor was the discovery of a dead dog fox altogether unexpected. I saw it stretched out on some dried bracken; a fine beast, about four feet six inches from black muzzle to white tail tip. There was no sign of a wound; in all probability it was poison.

In twenty-four hours the body had been removed; so destruction must have been deliberate. Vulpicide is still recognised in a corner of this county, even though it be forced on a reluctant smallholder as an alternative to serious loss. Two distinct barks, one deep and one light, told that the other dog fox had escaped, that love had cast out fear; then the hunt returned to the neighbourhood, and the dog went away, whether to death or safety would be hard to tell; probably the latter, because it was a very bad scenting day.

The vixen remained and was to be seen at all hours; the usual rule of sleeping by day and hunting by night did not bind her. She took two rabbits out of humane snares which then ceased to be humane; she was found fast asleep on a bed of last year's leaves in a hollow that a wintry sun was warming; she was seen in the valley between the two woods in the early morning when it was light enough to recognise her for what she was.

Careful watch was kept on certain fox earths in a well-shadowed slope in the centre of the wood, but these showed no signs of usage, and presently her home—or was it homes?—became clearly visible in a sandbank. There were two entrances, and each had been dug deep, the mounds outside being considerable. Why, when she was heavy in young—it was now March and her condition was revealed by the aid of glasses—she should dig two holes so deeply is a question hard to answer.

It is usual for the vixen to have one earth for herself and another for her cubs, but they are not often so close together. There was no mistake about her use of both entrances; the scent glands, so fatal to the fox when hounds are on her trail, are not only active in flight. It is one of the few rewards of the countryman who eschews tobacco that his sense of smell is acute, but where the fox is concerned there are some who would say that the gain is doubtful.

A problem then presented itself. What was to be done in a wood that is kept for a sanctuary, in which some effort is made to save the innocents from the attacks of their enemies? Fox cubs are pretty creatures to look at, but they demand much; and often when they begin to develop independent life, and even while she is suckling them, their mother requires and commandeers ample supplies. It would have been easy to destroy the litter, but to maintain a sanctuary by the slaughter of the innocents is hardly logical.

So the hunt was consulted, and the huntsman came along, complete with kennel terrier on a lead, and the intelligent animal "owned" to the cubs, to quote an interested but distant onlooker.

"If you'll give them to the middle of April," said the huntsman, "I can take them away safely to where they'll be welcomed and properly looked after."

So we left it at that; but the vixen had something to say, too. Next morning there was a new earth in the sand, fifty yards or more from the first, in a night she must have tunnelled it and carried the babies from the one that had been investigated too closely by two humans and a terrier to satisfy her sense of security. Rain came twenty-four hours later, and there were no marks outside the old earth, while the sand held its records of the vixen's footmarks round the new one.

For food just then so far as one can tell, she was catching rats and digging out baby rabbits from the "stops" on which they were born. As her footprints were clearly discernible by the side of a pool of water, it may be that frogs were taken, too. She had selected a bank that enjoys as much sun as the spring months have to bestow; in a little while it would be covered with bracken and foxgloves; for the time being it was safe.

The hillside stoops to a meadow that falls away to an alder-fringed stream, and then the land rises to another hill-top, on which my cottage stands. The small study, with its large casement windows, looks across the valley to the fox earth; it is possible to sit in an arm chair by a log fire and detect through a field glass any movement round the earth. The wood lies quiet and it may be in response to the silences the vixen moves freely. She was seen crossing the meadow in broad daylight carrying a full-grown rabbit in her mouth.

There are a few birds about the place, some geese on the water which is wired off on the woodside, some chickens and guinea fowl among the larches round the house; but a vixen does not touch domestic poultry near her earth; she does not wish to be living too near to the scene of her thefts. As far as one could tell, the dog fox took no part in the care of his offspring; there was but the vixen in the wood, and it was possible to picture her vigilant, alert, ready to move her family at the least sign of danger or disturbance. Indeed, a new earth was prepared near the old home of the foxes a hundred yards away, but was not used. Presumably it was her work; perhaps it was scraped out to meet some emergency that never arose.

Imagination plays curious tricks; it brought the cubs to the entrance of their earth long before they showed themselves. Look steadily enough and the eye would invent a movement that the glasses refused to confirm. But the day was to come when little balls of fluff made hesitant way to the open, and sat and blinked at a world in which they were to perform no creditable part, so innocent as yet that the young rabbits, whose numbers neither fox nor stoat can reduce, looked on with intense interest, sitting up on their haunches with pointed ears as though prepared to run and hide if occasion arose.

Sometimes the vixen sat near; doubtless the strain of the cubs' support was growing heavy. And then one morning the huntsman returned; he had not forgotten how to use a spade; and there was an assistant equally well informed, and a sack.

The cubs, in fresh fields and pastures new, will be fed till they can feed themselves, and then will go out into the world to take their chance; not a very bright one, perhaps, for they will lack a mother's training; but theirs must be a better fate than death in infancy could have provided. And in the small hours of late April nights I heard the disconsolate bark of the vixen grieving for her children. Happily, grief is short-lived in the wood; nor will she stay there long. If she does not leave of her own free-will, her earths will be filled in after nightfall, and she will be forced to find another hiding place, so that the wild pheasants may hope to rear their young in peace and the mother rabbits to bring their little ones to maturity.

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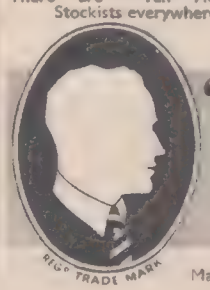

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She was as white as death and shaking. The superintendent began to talk in his brisk and businesslike way.

"WHY don't you do your duty as a clergyman? You get up in the pulpit Sundays, talking about folks leading moral lives. And there's some sitting there, as you should know well, that's a disgrace to the village, carrying on as they are. You ought to act, and not just keep on gassing. Taking in a lodger may be a blind for taking in a husband who's too trusting, and it's time something was done about it."

This, written in not too well-formed block lettering, came out of an envelope similarly addressed to me, when I was reading my post at the vicarage breakfast-table one morning some few years ago.

At the time I was in temporary charge of a typical rural parish in one of the southern counties. It was a parish set in the most delightful surroundings, was easy to work, and so far I had found my parishioners the most pleasant and kindly folk it had been my happiness to meet.

I had, indeed, been wishing the living could be mine permanently, but that was not possible. The patron preferred a married man, which I was not. I was there merely till the man he had already chosen could arrive home from India. Meanwhile, contrasted with the wear and tear of my parish in the industrial Midlands, which ill-health had forced me to give up, the peace and charm of this country place had been a pleasant relief.

I had not even, till now, noticed much of that trouble for which country parishes are noted. True, I had sensed here that tittle-tattle and scandal occasionally raised their heads. But not till I sat with this letter in my hand had I personally been drawn into any such trouble.

It was with a feeling of shock that I read again this anonymous communication, the most poisonous possible form of scandalmongering, clearly the outpouring of some vicious mind with a grievance against some probably quite innocent persons. My first and natural inclination was to put it into the waste-paper basket and forget about it.

However, I felt I could scarcely do that, having in mind my position here. It was always possible, I reminded myself, that this might prove the beginning of a serious affair, requiring even police investigation in the end. Such cases had come before the courts, I knew, though I hoped that would not happen here.

So I locked away the letter in my study, deciding to say nothing to anyone for the moment, but await possible developments. Before that day was through, I realised that the matter might indeed be more serious than I had hoped.

I was not the only person who had heard from this poison-letter-writer, I learned from my lady-organist. I will call her Miss Black. She was a young woman in her twenties, and helped in the village general store, which was also the post-office and had a small lending-library. Miss Black looked after the last two.

"Can you spare me a minute, vicar, please?" she addressed me in a distressed and urgent way, after I had transacted some postal business. "I've received a most dreadful letter," she confided in me, having looked round carefully to be sure nobody could overhear us. "I think you ought to see it, because it mentions you, and—also I'm wondering if I ought not to report it to the police."

The piece of paper which she laid on the counter between us, and the block-letter writing on it, clearly came from the same source as the one I had received. The suggestion about a lodger and a husband was there, too, and the writer mentioned having communicated with me, urging Miss Black—as a church-worker—to assist in stopping this scandal.

"It seems to me that the writer of these scurrilous letters is busy making scandal, rather than stopping one," I said to her, admitting that I had received a similar communication. "Whoever the author is, they have been careful not to mention names, anyhow. After all, I believe quite a number of families here have a lodger in their homes."

She looked more distressed than ever as she leaned towards me with an air of confidence.

"That's true, vicar," she said, and went on rather desperately in undertones: "You must know that I would be the last person to make scandal. But, of course, I can't help hearing a deal of the gossip about the village. And I ought to tell you that some nasty things have been said lately about that writing-man who's lodged at the Home Farm these last couple of months."

She took me by surprise there. The Wrights (I will call them), who kept that small farm, were a particularly nice young

Poison Pen

couple, only about two years married. I had been introduced to their lodger once when calling there, and found him a quiet and very retiring man, a Mr. Craven, whom I understood to be engaged in some literary work.

Certainly I had noticed him both in church and about the village a good deal with Mrs. Wright. But any idea of a scandal in that direction would never have occurred to me, nor did I think it possible now. I said so to Miss Black.

"As for going to the police," I added, "there is nothing they could do—at present, anyhow. We must wait and see if this poison-letter-writer sends out any more of these effusions. In your position here, you can easily watch the local posts for envelopes bearing that block-lettering, and let me know whenever you come across any. Then, if it persists, we may have to act." Any hopes I entertained that the matter might not persist were quite vain. In the course of the next week Miss Black reported to me that nearly a dozen such envelopes had passed through her hands and been delivered. Also, the person posting them had seemingly felt afraid of doing so locally, as had been the case with the first. The others had all been dropped into boxes in the nearby market-town.

That, naturally, increased our difficulties in discovering the culprit. Nearly everybody in the village went to the market-town at least once a week. The police-superintendent there, whom I saw with Miss Black, was doubtful of success, though promising to do his best.

Meanwhile, I could not help but be aware that the poison in those letters was working in the village. Although nothing was said directly to me, for the superintendent had urged that Miss Black and I should be silent about the letters and our interview with him, I knew that the names of Mrs. Wright and the lodger at the Home Farm were being freely coupled by gossiping villagers.

Strangely, the persons most concerned seemed to be completely innocent of what was going on. I purposely called there one afternoon, taking tea with the Wrights and their lodger. I quite expected that some whisper of the scandal brewing must have reached them, and that something might be said. But I appeared entirely mistaken.

I was half-inclined to take the husband on one side and warn him as to the position in the village. But he was called away before I could make up my mind to do this. Anyhow, I felt a sense of revolt against disturbing a household which seemed too tranquil and content to be harbouring any such intrigue as had been suggested.

However, that evening—as I came away from the weekly choir-practice with Miss Black—I was to be shocked by news which shattered all that seeming tranquillity. At the vicarage gates I was hailed by the village doctor from the wheel of his car, which he had slowed down at sight of me.

He had promised to look in for a pipe and a chat, but now excused himself.

"Perhaps you haven't heard yet, padre," he explained, very serious. "There's a bad job on at the Home Farm. I'm just for there. That writing-fellow who's been staying there—he's been found—shot dead, I believe."

As the doctor's car hurried on into the night, I heard Miss Black give a horrified little gasp and a moan. She was white as death, and looked like fainting, so I insisted on helping her indoors. To my relief, though she remained looking ghastly, she controlled herself.

"Do you think Steve Wright killed him?" she asked me under her breath, and moaned again before I could answer, adding: "Oh—I swear I never meant anything like that to happen! Oh what have I done? What have I done?"

That so surprised and startled me that I could only stare at her in silence for a moment. Then, her palms pressed over her eyes, she said:

"This is terrible. It means—I'm really responsible, and I'll have to tell the police."

"Come, come, Miss Black, you mustn't let this news upset you so!" I urged her soothingly. "How can you be responsible?"

"If Steve Wright has killed that man, I must be," she insisted. "And that's what will have happened, because of those poison-letters."

"Nonsense," I said. "I had tea with the Wrights and Craven this afternoon, and it didn't seem to me they knew anything about the letters or the scandal. In any case, it's been nothing to do with you——"

"Yes, it has, vicar," she interrupted me, shrinking away from the touch of my hand which I had laid on her shoulder.

"I was the writer of them," she staggered me by saying in a low, hoarse voice. "And I sent one to him right at the very beginning."

"You?" I gasped, amazed and only half-believing, and asked her: "But—whatever could have been your reason?"

IT all came out brokenly, amid tears, the tragic folly and mad jealousy of a woman scorned. I learnt that she had been wildly in love with Wright before his marriage, and had never forgiven him for marrying his present wife. In Craven, lodging with them and being about so much with Mrs. Wright, she had seen a means of—as she hoped—separating husband and wife.

She had started the snowball of gossip in the village, but not satisfied with that, had embarked on her poison-letter campaign. Stupefied, I listened to all this, how she had purposely drawn me into it, written to herself and then gone with me to the police so as to be least suspected.

"But I never for a moment dreamed that murder would come of it," she ended despairingly, risen to her feet. "Vicar, I'll have to tell the police the truth——"

As it happened, at this very moment, the superintendent from the market-town was asking to see me. He was standing in the doorway behind my housekeeper, so I had to call him in. I saw that Miss Black, white as death and shaking, had sunk into a deep chair.

Then the superintendent began to talk in his brisk, businesslike way. It was about the dead man, Craven. He astounded me by talking—not of his murder, but his suicide. He astounded me more by saying that Craven was a man much wanted on a big embezzlement charge, and by changing his name and hiding quietly down here in the country, had been lost to sight. The matter of the poison letters, however, had given our superintendent an idea, from our description of Craven.

A man from Scotland Yard had come down that late afternoon, identified and been about to arrest him when he shot himself. The superintendent thought Miss Black and I would like to be told. He little knew what intense relief he left behind with us. There had not, after all, been murder as well as poison in the ink used for those—by Miss Black—ever bitterly-regretted letters.

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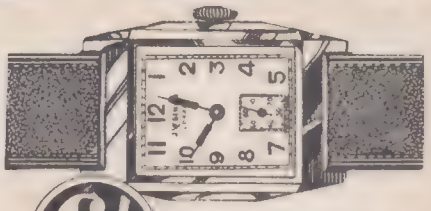

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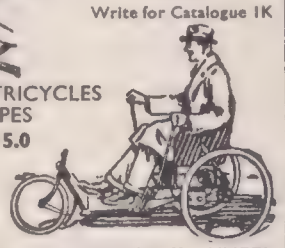

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STA-BLOND THE BLONDE'S OWN SHAMPOO

Continuing

The Legacy Murders

stand you. What are you talking about?"

"What are they *all* talking about? You must have heard something. Your ears are big enough."

Lavinia flushed painfully. Her ears were her sore point.

"Sit down."

Lavinia sat. Her knees were trembling and she was glad of the support.

"Please, dear Valerie. I swear to you that I know nothing. The Canon told me——"

"So you have seen the Canon."

"I met him just now in the garden. He told me that you had received bad news."

"You will tell me next that you never heard of Arthur Scott-Digby."

"Arthur Scott-Digby?" echoed Lavinia.

"Well?"

"I'm trying to think. I do seem to remember the name. I've heard it somewhere. Is he a friend of yours, Valerie?"

"Friend?"

Lavinia shrank farther back in the chair.

"Think again," continued Valerie.

"One of your characters, perhaps," faltered Lavinia.

"He is certainly a character—a character invented. Does that assist your memory?"

Lavinia began to see light. Words she had caught at the garden-party came back to her. She heard once again the voice of Edward Calcott:

"*Arthur Scott-Digby . . . too priceless.*"

Valerie, watching her like a cat, sprang in fury.

"Do you dare to tell me that the name means nothing to you? I can see it in your face. You knew what they were doing to me and you gave me no warning. You stood by and allowed them to play this vile hoax upon me."

"Hoax? I know nothing of a hoax. Please, Valerie, you must know that I would never be a party . . ."

In her distress she laid a hand on the arm of her patron.

Valerie flung her off.

"Don't touch me!" she screamed. "Didn't I save you from worse than death? Yet you sit there and lie to me. Where would you be now but for me? Answer me that."

Lavinia stared hopelessly into a face no longer white, but red with passion.

"You would still be at Dearhurst . . . in a mad-house . . . gibbering."

Lavinia raised her hands, covering her face. Her mind was shaken to its depths. That Valerie should say such things.

"Listen," continued the voice, and now it was deadly cold again.

"Go from this room. Go upstairs. Pack your boxes and be gone within an hour. I have done with you. Do you understand? I will never see you again. Go. . . . Damn you! . . . Go to hell."

Lavinia, with a loud sob, turned and bolted from the room.

Freddy Reeves blew an impatient blast on his horn.

Naomi was always late and always had the same excuse, namely that she could never tell in advance how long the Passion Fruit would keep her. The fact was true; but not the inference. Naomi, though often kept over-hours, seldom had a valid excuse for her failure to appear on time. Still, she was Naomi.

He sat back in the bucket seat and gazed thoughtfully at the dashboard. The speedometer registered up to a hundred and ten, but there was not a road in England where it was safe enough to go all out. He must get Greerson to help him take her round Brooklands. He would do that next week.

Meantime, where the dickens was Naomi? He made to press the button of the horn again when a slightly breathless voice arrested him.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Freddy, dear. So this is the new bus, is it?"

"This," said Freddy, "is the new bus."

He let in the clutch as he spoke and they shot forward.

"Where are we going?" asked Naomi.

"Into the wide world," said Freddy. "I shall try her out at Brooklands one day. She will do a hundred, you know."

He glanced at his companion as he spoke. Naomi was looking pale, but what a darling with her freckled face and snub nose and her wide-set eyes and supple figure. Naomi was the goods. He had often told her so. Should he tell her so again?

"If you look at me like that," said Freddy, "I shall kiss you at once. And then . . ."

"You'll bash a beacon," she finished for him. "Better keep your eye on the road."

Naomi, of course, was not one for kissing. She had often told him so. Nevertheless, she could do what she liked with him. It was no good pretending otherwise. She could also do what she liked with Ted Calcott.

"But what can she see in the fellow?" demanded Freddy of his secret self. "No sense in it."

He drove on.

"Freddy," said Naomi suddenly, "I've got the sack."

He turned his head and looked at her. Her face, usually smiling, was grave.

"I say," he whispered in an awed voice.

"Daddy caught me reading one of those letters and he felt it was his duty to go at once to my employer."

"And she slung you out? Hard lines."

"You could scarcely expect her to do anything else, Freddy. Besides, I'm not worrying about the job. It's the whole thing. I feel a perfect beast."

"Nonsense! The woman has a hide like an elephant."

Naomi shook her head.

"It's no use, Freddy. We've been behaving like a lot of cads—if cads can be male and female."

"What did the Passion Fruit say to you?"

"I have not seen her. She sent me a message by Daddy telling me not to come back."

She paused a moment.

"We are all up to the neck in this business," she continued. "I feel we ought to do something, but I can think of nothing that won't make matters worse rather than better."

"Does anybody else know what has happened?"

"I rang up Ted Calcott this morning. He is calling an extraordinary meeting of the Society and he asked me to give you the message."

Freddy stared ahead along the fairway. They were clear now of the built-up area and the by-pass opened up invitingly in front of him.

"What do we do at the meeting, anyway?" he demanded, accelerating to seventy.

"I shall tell them exactly what has happened and what I feel about it. We must then consider how to put things right, if we can."

"It seems to me," said Edward Calcott, looking round the table, "that the draft now before us simply proves what I have been saying from the outset. Certain members of the Committee"—here he glanced at Naomi Garnett—"may regret that we ever started this business and be anxious to make amends. I respect that feeling and would be quite willing to give it suitable expression. But the thing is impossible. Anything we may say or do at this stage can only make matters worse, and the only reasonable course at this stage is to let the matter drop. We've been trying for the last hour to frame an apology. You have the result in front of you. The text in no way represents what we feel about the matter. Nor does it in any way undo the mischief."

Silence fell upon the group.

An extraordinary meeting of the executive committee of the Literary Society had been summoned. This was the inner ring—the Esoterics, as they called themselves. All six members were present—Joshua Stanton, Edward Calcott, Adelaide Tring, Freddy Reeves, Naomi Garnett, and Cyril Sidebotham. They were all sitting rather solemnly round the dining-room table in Councillor Stanton's house in Jordan's Drive. Stanton, as president, was in the chair. Calcott, as secretary, sat beside him. The Councillor had assumed an air of tired importance. He gnawed the tips of his straggling moustache and his fat fingers played with a red pencil. Opposite Calcott, Freddy Reeves was sitting between Adelaide Tring and Naomi Garnett. Cyril Sidebotham sat at the foot of the table with a puzzled expression on his baby face.

Councillor Stanton cleared his throat.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "I should read the draft aloud once more, slowly and carefully."

May 23rd, 193-.

"DEAR MISS BEAUCHAMP,

"We desire to express to you our most sincere regret for the deception in which we have allowed ourselves, without due consideration of its possible consequences, to become involved. We have asked ourselves more than once whether you were not aware of the foolish trick that was being played upon you and whether you were not merely waiting to see how far we would go with a view to turning the tables upon us in the end."

"That was my idea," said Cyril Sidebotham, nodding his bald head with approval. "It gives her a way out."

Naomi made a gesture of dissent.

"Valerie Beauchamp will see that at once. She isn't a fool."

"Nevertheless it provides her with an opportunity of saving her face," insisted Sidebotham.

Naomi almost wrung her hands.

"I don't think she cares a straw whether she saves her face or not. It goes deeper than that. Do you realise that she is sitting alone in that great house, letting this thing eat into her hour by hour?"

"Alone?" echoed Councillor Stanton.

(*continued on page 76*)

PASSING SHOTS

A campaign to persuade the Americans to drink more tea is reported to have met with little success.

We suggest the authorities should prohibit it.

◆ ◆ ◆

A horticulturist has named a rose after his fiancée. A correspondent says he is going to name a new antirrhinum after his mother-in-law, but he will always think of the flower by its common name of snapdragon.

◆ ◆ ◆

A professional declares that there are far too many wooden-headed drivers on English golf courses. Not to mention on English roads.

◆ ◆ ◆

"What should I get on a home-made seven-valve wireless set?" asks a correspondent. About five shillings.

◆ ◆ ◆

"The real hiker always slips a book into his rucksack," states one of that fraternity. A railway time-table?

◆ ◆ ◆

"High seas are often fatal to smaller fish such as herring and haddocks," says a Grimsby trawlerman. So, for that matter, are high teas.

"What do you need when sowing grass seeds on a bare lawn?" asks an amateur gardener. Faith.

◆ ◆ ◆

A wireless lecturer says that before long we may expect an invention that will enable us to go to sleep readily. What's the matter with wireless lecturers?

◆ ◆ ◆

"There is only one word in the English language," asserts a grammarian, "that can take the place of anything of neuter gender." That's just it.

◆ ◆ ◆

"If you had your way, what would you reduce your wife's dress allowance by?" asks a correspondent. To-morrow.

◆ ◆ ◆

Australian cricket authorities are hailing a Sydney errand-boy as a bowling genius. We understand that he specialises in a very slow delivery.

◆ ◆ ◆

A magistrate observes that left-handed people often have a criminal strain.

To them right is wrong!

◆ ◆ ◆

The average married woman, says a novelist, has the worst memory in the world.

We agree—she remembers everything.

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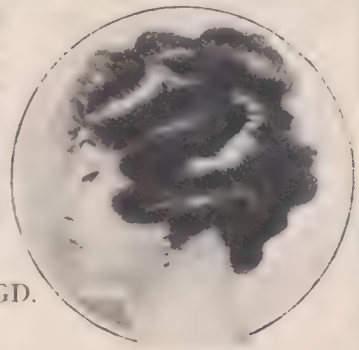

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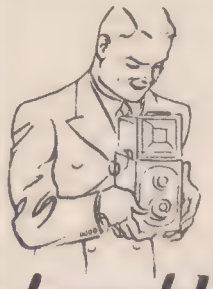

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Continuing

The Legacy Murders

"She has sent away Lavinia Brown and dismissed her servants. She believes them all to be parties to the fraud."

There was an uncomfortable silence.

"Shall I continue?" demanded Councillor Stanton.

He looked round the table and, in the absence of objection, went on reading:

"However that may be, we feel that the time has come, with all respect, to apologise in complete sincerity and without reserve, to assure you of our continued esteem and to express the hope that you will dismiss the matter from your mind and consent to meet us, as before, on a footing . . ."

Councillor Stanton stopped abruptly. Cyril Sidebotham, facing the window, had risen from his chair with an exclamation of alarm. He was staring straight in front of him into the garden. With one accord all turned and followed his gaze.

A figure stood outside upon the terrace—slight, dark and looking fixedly into the room. The face was white. The eyes, with the light behind them, seemed to blaze with a fire of their own. They commanded the silent room and all within it.

The figure turned. The face was withdrawn. There came a sound of dry gravel crunched under a heel which grew fainter as the steps receded.

Councillor Stanton looked for a moment at the paper in front of him. Suddenly he tore it across and flung it on the table.

"Calcott is right," he said, and his voice was shaking, "there is nothing further to be done."

Valerie Beauchamp closed behind her the wooden gate in the brick wall of Councillor Stanton's house in Jordan's Drive and walked towards her car. Why had she been drawn to the meeting? She had not had any clear idea of her intentions. Had she meant to intrude upon them, denounce them, unburden herself of some of that load of hate and misery which she carried? She did not know. She had entered the garden, drawn like a beast following a scent.

But now she had seen them. She knew now that such creatures lived, sat round a table, tore her to pieces, mocked and defiled her.

She climbed into her car.

Edward Calcott was opening the gate which she had just closed. Was he coming towards her? Had they sent him as ambassador? She would pay no attention to him. Never would she see or speak to any of them again.

But Edward Calcott, turning sharply to the left, made off towards the tube-station. He had his own affairs. He was not concerned with her, except as a source of diversion. He was starting, she remembered, on his holidays—to Marseilles, of all extraordinary places.

She let in the clutch and began to drive away down the street.

A fast drive in the late evening would perhaps rest her mind, an alternative to the sleep which was denied.

She had been alone now for two days in "Avilion"—sent her servants packing and lived alone with her wrath, not stirring from the house. No one had come to her—except the tradesmen, bringing milk and bread, and the postman, bringing letters which she had not opened, not even the one marked "Urgent" in an envelope bearing the printed address of her literary agents.

That evening, after making herself a cup of tea, she had left the house for the first time since the Canon's visit and, driving down to Jordan's Drive, had seen the cars outside the house of Councillor Stanton. She had guessed at once that a meeting was in progress and a force, stronger than herself, had drawn her to the window.

If only she could get even with those vile creatures. For that she would give every penny she had in the world, her reputation, even life itself. She had spent two sleepless nights, twisting the problem this way and that, rejecting one fantastic plan for another. How to get at them!

Suddenly, for no reason, she felt her eyes pricking. Tears were rolling down her cheeks. She stopped the car. These were her first tears. But she must not weaken. She must keep intact the anguish that must be henceforth her mainspring and counsellor.

She found herself passing through Kingston.

* * *

Police Sergeant Allthorpe sat at his desk. He was in shirt-sleeves for the morning was hot and routine work in the office flustered him. It was difficult to keep cool with so unwieldy a weapon as a pen in the hand.

"Give me truncheons every time," he said to himself.

But alas! office work was important to a man's career, and Sergeant Allthorpe was ambitious.

One could not look for promotion on crime alone or even on misdemeanour. Crime in the suburb was rare and of the minor variety. It hardly gave a man a chance. Even the few opportunities that came were deceptive and, after one exciting week as a gongster, he had been severely reprimanded for excess of zeal.

Sergeant Allthorpe sighed heavily. His pen described circles in the air before committing itself to the grey paper.

There came, however, a sharp knock at the door.

"Come in," he said.

Police Constable Canning stood in the doorway.

"Lady to see you, sir. Seems a bit excited."

The constable, even as he spoke, was thrust violently aside and a woman rushed past him into the office.

Sergeant Allthorpe did not, for a moment, recognise in these twisted features the face of Miss Lavinia Brown, companion to the lady novelist of "Love Among the Bluebells," which even he had read.

His sleeve was grasped and shaken.

"Officer," said Miss Lavinia Brown, "come quickly . . . Miss Beauchamp . . . dead in her bed . . . murdered."

"Hold up, miss," said Police Constable Canning.

But Lavinia Brown had become a dead weight and was slipping from his arm to the floor.

Next Week:

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A New Colour Scheme.—"He was in full flight, his long legs moving like well-oiled pistons, and his pullover a mere *scarlet blue* against the background."—*The Happy Mag.*

And Even Then It Was Late.—"The 'plane reached Nairobi exactly a quarter of an hour after the scheduled time, having covered a distance of 14,500 *miles* in 14 *hours'* flying time."—*East African Standard.*

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Every Man and Woman who desires to have a good Head of Hair and Banish Baldness, if it is setting in, should read this account of the Causes of Loss of Hair, and how a Practising Hair Specialist is restoring Healthy Hair Growth by Scientific Treatment.

THOUSANDS of men and women are on the way to baldness and do not know it. So says the well-known Consulting Hair Specialist, Mr. Arthur J. Pye, of Blackpool.

How many people, for instance, whose hair is full of dandruff or scurf, realise that they are on the way to baldness? Probably very few. Yet dandruff is one of the most certain causes of baldness. It is a disease that is slow but sure in its attacks. The invariable tendency is for it to go from bad to worse if not checked.

Dandruff, or scurf, chokes the Follicle or Hair Sheath. The growing hair, unable to penetrate the barrier, is dwarfed and cannot reach the surface of the scalp. Baldness has thus already begun. YET THE HAIR-ROOTS ARE ALIVE AND MAY REMAIN ALIVE FOR YEARS.

It is this fact that explains the success—otherwise seemingly in the realm of the magical—that Mr. Pye is able to achieve in advanced cases of baldness.

FALLING HAIR—AND WHAT FOLLOWS

Another sign of coming baldness is Falling Hair. Since a certain number of hairs are due to fall out, at infrequent intervals, when they have ceased to grow, in order to make way for new hairs growing up in their Follicles, **A FEW MORE OR LESS ARE NOT NOTICED.** It is only when the disease known as Falling Hair has persisted for some little time, therefore, that it is observed. As with Dandruff, Falling Hair is **NOT DUE TO ANY FAULT IN THE HAIR ROOTS.** It is caused by a weak and relaxed condition of the Follicles.

HAIR FALL STOPPED IN SEVEN DAYS

Mr. Pye supplies a strengthening treatment that acts upon the Follicles with extraordinary rapidity and effectiveness, so much so that within seven or eight days Follicles that were gaping open, leaving the hair entirely unprotected, are so tightened up that a positive tug is required to remove a hair from the scalp.

As the above facts indicate, the onset of baldness is generally due to causes which are preventable, and, if present, can be removed by scientific treatment. It is rarely if ever the result of an hereditary tendency.

Treatment, however, to be successful, must be based on individual diagnosis, and specially prepared for each type of case, since the symptoms vary in different cases, and different treatment is essential. Furthermore, in many cases **EXTERNAL** treatment needs to be supported by **INTERNAL** treatment. For while some hair troubles can be treated **THROUGH THE SCALP,** others can only be corrected **THROUGH THE BLOOD.** It is by working on these principles that Mr. Pye has succeeded in overcoming baldness and other hair and scalp troubles even in cases which seemed practically hopeless.

Mr. Pye's methods have proved equally successful in banishing the causes of Greyness.

FREE DIAGNOSIS AND ADVICE

Mr. Pye offers to diagnose the hair and scalp troubles of readers of this paper entirely free of all charge or obligation. He will also send readers a free copy of his informative book entitled "HOW TO END HAIR AND SCALP TROUBLES." All you are asked to do is to fill up the special Diagnosis Form provided and post it to Mr. Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool 9.

ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS

Is your Hair falling out?.....
Receding at Temples?.....
Is Hair Thin on Top?.....
Are you Bald on Top?.....
Going Grey?.....
Is Scalp Irritable?.....
Is Hair Coming Off, leaving Round Bald Patches (Alopecia)? .....
Are You Completely Bald?.....
What is Your Age?.....
Have You Dandruff?.....
Is Scalp Dry or Oily?.....
What Severe Illness?.....
How long ago?.....

To ARTHUR J. PYE,
5 Queen Street, BLACKPOOL, 9.

Please send me your book, individual diagnosis of my case, and personal advice free and without obligation.

NAME .....
(Block Capitals)

ADDRESS .....

.....

ALL LADIES

who wish to be becomingly

SLIM AND ATTRACTIVE

SHOULD TURN TO PAGE 4

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must also get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

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CLOSING DATE, JULY 31.

No entries received after that date can be considered. ACT NOW—buy a tube of BERTRAM'S DUAL-ACTION DENTURE PASTE, and send in your entry.

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You're Telling Us!

WHAT IS TRUTH? asked Jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Having allowed a millenium and nine centuries to elapse, Mrs. Laura Brock, a "reet good Lancashire lass," writes to ask whether we know Pilate's present address because she has found an answer to this high and ghostly question.

Since Pilate went the way of all flesh, taking to asbestos underwear like any other noble Roman, we have not heard of him crashing into the public prints, even though his progeny still seem to be in the wholesale butchery business in Africa and in Chicago. He may, of course, be called on to become a regimental saint or a war-lord at any minute now, and in the meantime the ghost of his immortal question dances a skeleton-rattling fandango in the corridor of time, immune to the blasts of fire, lightning, mustard gas and streptococci of the learned truth-seekers.

WE DOUBT WHETHER even the dum-dum bullets of Mrs. Brock's fireworks will shoot the evil spirits out of such a well-endowed trouble-maker as Toothless Truth. Still, we feel sure her story would appeal to that salty old villain Pilate, who was either a rogue or a humbug, because he was always willing to learn a new trick, especially if it was full of original sin.

"Once upon a time an Urban District Council decided to celebrate an august occasion with festoons of flags," begins the wife of Brock. "Pulling the straws from their hair and the mud from their hob-nailed boots, the villagers pranced to this merry feasting with whoops of joy. That the local authority, which they believed was merely an institution devised for invading their liberty, affronting their dignity, incommoding their pursuit of happiness and for preventing their horses from wandering on the high-road, should offer them free junketing was too much for sobriety.

"The villagers imbibed freely; the brass band played frequently and rowdily so that the birds were terrified into leaving the barley and wheat to mature," adds Mrs. Brock.

IT IS PROBABLE that one of the birds, annoyed at this attempt to wrest somebody else's worldly goods from him, whispered to the tax-gatherers that this *wasegoose* was provided by public money.

"When the auditor came to examine the accounts," adds our fair correspondent, "he found an item of four pounds for flags and bunting for which he threatened to surcharge. The local lads of the council met in gloom until one of them, a fellow whose brains were specially designed for politics, had an inspiration: 'Flags,' he cried. 'Get me those bills that came in for flagging and paving.' And so it came to pass that he proposed a resolution that 'these flags are things we walk on, therefore their cost should be added to the council's outlay for street-paving.' Carried unanimously.

"The district auditor found all the accounts in order; the extra, even unexpected cost of paving a village where only cobblestones grow exacted no comment. Is it not true that flags are things you walk on?"

What is truth? asks Mrs. Laura Brock; and stays to answer "those who tell the truth are those who are never found out." And we are bound to admit that there is some truth in what she says. The ability to discern essential truth seems to be as rare among men as it is among guinea-pigs. Exhibit a new truth to mankind and you will probably be stoned to death; offer the most idiotic explanation to the most inane problem and you will probably go down into history with the other immortal scallywags who were never found out.

FROM THE TENDER THEME of truth let us turn to poetry, the sentimental outpourings of immature minds. There must be something in the atmosphere, a sort of cosmic rash that has caused so many people to break out in poetry, and we have a feeling that there is some colossal devilry behind it all, some inhuman plot to make us read these heritages of barbarous ancestors. There is Jeromy Sykes, another Yorkshireman gone wrong, who has been inspired to write an unsound sonnet because scientists are listening to worms feeding. He burbles:—

Oh, gentle worm, can it be true of thee,
That thy manners are not all they should be?
That one can hear a none too gentle swoop,
When'er thou art partaking of thick soup?
Should pork be served for dinner or for lunch,
The "cracknel" would'st thou like the vulgar crunch?
The orange—can it be one of they joys
to consume it with a horrid sucking noise?
Oh, noble one, it sounds to me most queer,
That thou should'st gurgle when thou swallow'st beer
Yet all some famous men are longing for,
It is to hear stone ginger oozing through thy straw.
So carry on they row, important mite,
Disappoint not those who watch thee day and night,
And let them know the knowledge that they yearn,
For knowest thou, even scientists will turn?

Peep at the scenery through their legs

With whoops of joy

SERVICE on motoring, travel, holidays, dress, finance, home, education, and every other practical subject is given free by "The Passing Show" Advice Service, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Enclose stamped envelope with query.

It has been said that a pretty lyric, deftly done, has all the charm of a carving. But in face of the distinguished ex-soldiers, reformed schoolmasters, moony old ladies and adolescent intellectuals who form the greater part of the poetry circles that still invest this otherwise civilised land, we firmly believe that no really first-rate man ever wrote poetry after he took to long trousers, and we are even more convinced that the snide fellows who encourage youth to write poetry are as near primitive man as you'll ever get.

On cold, wet nights in the winter when our rheumatism shows definite signs of increasing old age and we are too sad to work, we take down a book of poetry, shuffle into an old armchair and fall asleep. Otherwise, we never read poetry and we are quite prepared for the whips and scorpions of those who are ready to hoot when they discover our ignorance of the clang-tint of the poets.

AS AN EXAMPLE of the sort of thing that happens to those who take to poetry we have Charles Maitland Luke, fra' Aberdeen, who pleads that absent-minded people should be treated with sympathetic consideration instead of ridicule.

"I am not so absent-minded as the professor," writes Charles Maitland Luke, "who put himself in the hall-stand and his stick in the bed; but whatever task I perform, I always forget to remember whether I have finished it. As soon as I dropped this letter into the pillarbox, I could not remember whether I had put the stamp on the envelope. And that night, when in bed, I could not even remember whether I had posted the letter or left the durned thing in my coat pocket." Let this be a warning.

If you do see eye-to-eye with poets and peasants you'll probably want to take Mr. E. Wharton's advice, which is that next time you want to admire a distant view, stand with your legs apart and bend your head down so that you can look through your legs at the view behind.

"This seems to bring out the colours and objects more clearly and vividly," says this sage of Clapham. Oh, that we may be allowed to shake the hills with our laughter when we see the assembled pedestrians lined up on Striding Edge to peep at the scenery through their legs.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS

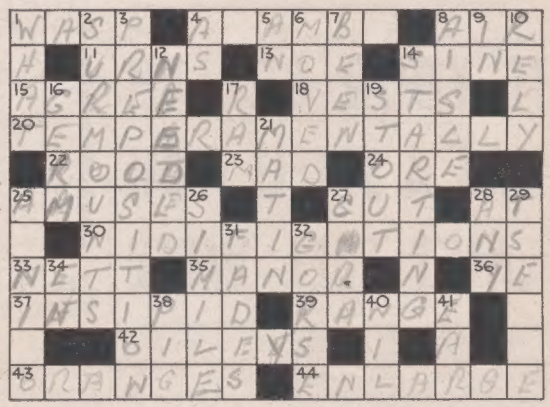
1. Insect mainly has been.
4. With hands on hips and elbows bent.
8. Largely nitrogenous.
11. Short of full turns, but may be full vessels.
13. So to encase it conceals a digit.
14. It's a sinecure (hidden).
15. Consent or concur.
18. May cover stout hearts.
20. Meet pally art men (anagram).
22. A perch if you prefer.
23. Not completely made.
24. Metal in the raw.
25. Beguiles.
27. This for severance.
28. Half 1 down.
30. Home buildings, possibly in the bush.
33. May hold sack or water.
35. Upset citizen of Rome for this.
36. Part of tree for you of olden days.
37. Lacking in taste.
39. A mighty implement with termination of one of 43 for London suburb.
42. They provide lubrication.
43. Fruitful apostrophe of mountains.
44. Increase dimensions.

B	A	L	D	■	L	E	A	P	F	R	O	G	■	H
■	V	E	E	R	I	N	G	■	E	U	L	O	G	Y
C	O	A	L	E	S	C	E	■	E	M	I	R	■	P
I	N	D	I	S	P	O	S	E	D	■	O	G	R	E
N	■	E	N	T	E	R	■	G	■	S	O	U	R	■
C	A	R	E	■	D	E	R	A	I	L	■	N	I	B
H	■	S	A	M	■	A	D	M	I	T	■	N	O	■
■	T	■	T	O	A	D	Y	■	P	E	A	T	■	R
R	I	S	I	B	L	E	■	U	■	R	A	S	E	■
E	C	H	O	■	S	N	A	G	G	Y	■	P	E	A
D	■	E	N	J	O	Y	S	■	N	E	W	N	■	■

Solution to last week's puzzle

CLUES DOWN

1. An interrogative word.
2. Overcomes something.
3. I rope in post (anagram).
4. Take the heart out of 1 across.
5. Gender indeterminate.
6. Changed situation.
7. Something was.
8. A side passage.
9. Concludes 21.
10. Break the lyre to depend upon it.
12. Something required here.
14. Art with weapon of 1 across for a beginning.
16. Beware the malignant mite.
17. Battering implement.
19. Robust we might say.
21. Morning service.
25. No bail in white.
26. I smile at the comparison.
27. Attention.
28. No discrimination between this, that or the others.
29. Mixed double set for an insect.
31. Loses colour.
32. Scope of small wood.
34. Parisian article.
38. A lump of iron.
40. Mighty river (curtailed.)
41. Cranial appendage.



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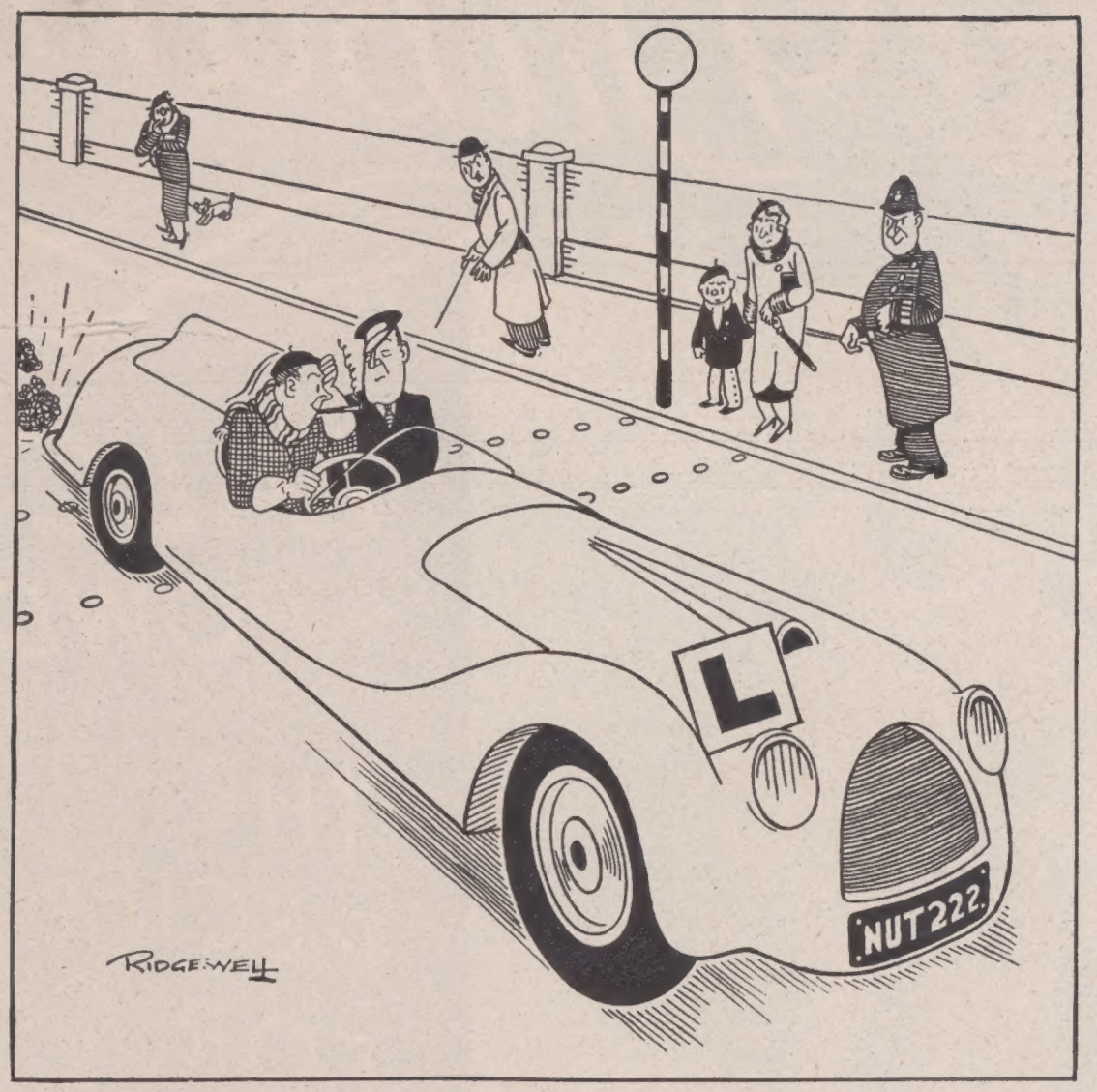
Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Post Free all over the World (except Canada): 15s. 2d. per annum, 7s. 7d. for six months, 3s. 10d. for three months. For Canada, 13s. per annum. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post, and entered as second-class matter May 17, 1929, at New York Post Office, N.Y. Agencies for the Colonies: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd., Australia and New Zealand For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association Ltd. For America: International News Co. Also on sale at W. H. Smith & Son's, Ltd., Bookshops at 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris, and 75 Boulevard Adolphe Max, Bruxelles and Messageries Dawson, 13 Rue Albouy, Paris.

A6

AD-MISSIONS OF AN OFFICIAL TESTER



BERTIE BLICESTER: *"Dash it all, old chappie, I can't think why the jolly old bus is missing like this."*

OFFICIAL TESTER: *"Missing her Esso Ethyl, I guess."*

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